The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

October

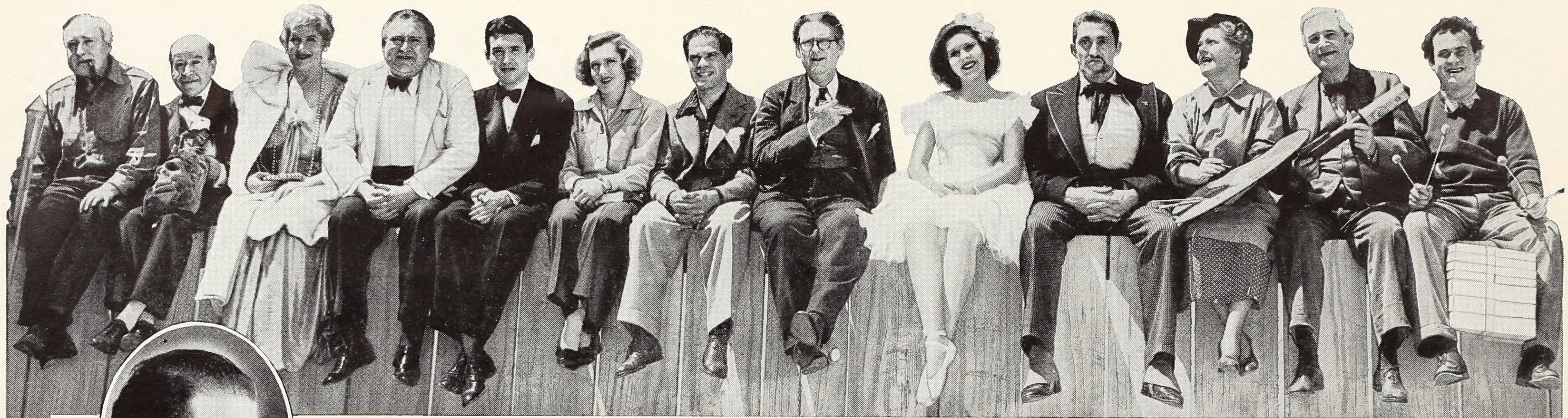
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Hollywood Fashion Is Spinach!

by Elizabeth Hawes

ary Cooper
and
erle Oberon





FRANK CAPRA

The Great Pulitzer Prize Play Becomes the Year's Outstanding Picture!

Frank Capra's

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

JEAN ARTHUR ★ LIONEL BARRYMORE ★ JAMES STEWART ★ EDWARD ARNOLD

MISCHA AUER · ANN MILLER · SPRING BYINGTON · SAMUEL S. HINDS · DONALD MEEK · H. B. WARNER

Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART

Screen play by Robert Riskin

A Columbia Picture

Directed by FRANK CAPRA

"This explains it— I'm letting 'Pink Tooth Brush' spoil my smile!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA AND MASSAGE



Ashamed of yourself, quite ashamed, aren't you? You knew about "pink tooth brush." Your dentist had warned you. But you wouldn't follow good advice. You thought you were different—that you'd get by! What a shock to find you didn't! You're regretful now! How miserable to feel that your own carelessness has put your smile in danger.

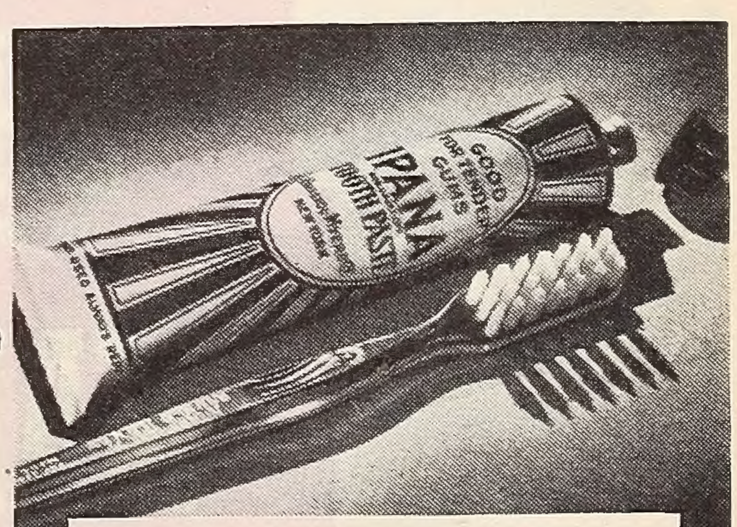
But now you're wiser! Now you're going straight back to your dentist! And this time when he stresses special care for your gums as well as for your teeth you're going to listen. And if he again suggests the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage—you're going to follow his advice.

No Wise Person Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

IF you've seen that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* Let him decide. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums grown lazy and tender—gums deprived of hard, vigorous chewing by our modern soft, creamy foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation in the gums is aroused—lazy gums awaken—gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Get an economical tube of Ipana at your drug store today. Adopt Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a brilliant smile that wins admiring attention.



TRY THE D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



THE LIFE, THE SINS OF A ROYAL BAD-GIRL!

The world has read and remembered the story of Marie Antoinette...

glamorous Queen of France. Of her virtues . . her intrigue and brilliance as a queen but . . more than anything else . . we read of her scarlet history as the playgirl of Europe . . . of her flirtations . . her escapades with the noblemen of her court . . her extravagances even while her subjects starved. * Now the screen gives us . . "MARIE ANTOINETTE" the woman . . we see her, as tho' through a keyhole . . not on the pages of history . . . but in her boudoir . . in the perfumed halls of the palace of Versailles . . on the moonlit nights in her garden . . A rendezvous with her lover . . we follow her through triumphs and glory . . midst the pageantry of that shameless court . . we see the tottering of her throne . . the uprising of her people . . her arrest and imprisonment . . and we follow her on that last ride through the streets of Paris to the guillotine. NEVER . . not since the screen found voice . . has there been a drama so mighty in emotional conflict . . so sublime in romance . . so brilliant in spectacle . . so magnificent in performance . . truly "MARIE ANTOINETTE" reaches the zenith of extraordinary entertainment thrill!



NEVER HAS THE SCREEN WITNESSED A GREATER PERFORMANCE THAN THAT OF NORMA SHEARER AS THE "ROYAL BAD-GIRL"

NORMA SHEARER · TYRONE POWER

in Metro · Goldwyn · Mayer's Finest Motion Picture

The Private Life of

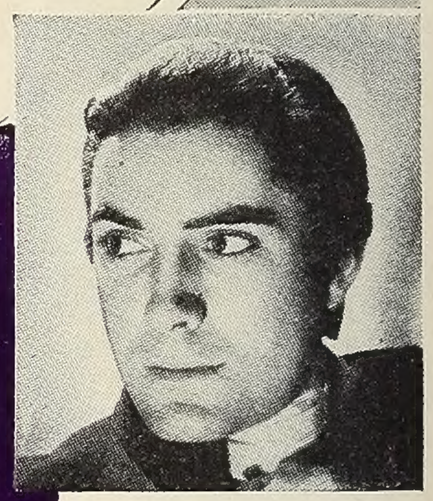
MARIE ANTOINETTE

JOHN BARRYMORE · ROBERT MORLEY

ANITA LOUISE · JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Gladys GEORGE · Henry STEPHENSON

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II · Produced by HUNT STROMBERG



ROMANTIC TYRONE POWER AS THE MAN WHO OFFERED HER THE LOVE SHE COULD NEVER FIND IN HER STRANGE MARRIAGE

AUG 31 1938

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative | TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor | FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

October, 1938 | Vol. XXXVII, No. 6

The New Dons of California!

And we don't mean Ameches, although we admit that Hollywood could do with a few more like Don. What we're talking about is the new invasion of movie stars—right into the heart of the California country where the great Dons used to ride. It's Hollywood aristocracy now which rules and rides, and in our next issue we will tell you all about the great invasion of movie fame and money into the fastnesses once sacred to mighty names of long ago. It's a romantic story—romantic as any which has ever come out of Hollywood. Read about Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Barbara Stanwyck, many other important stars who are following in the footsteps of the old Dons of California; see new, exclusive pictures of their domain.

Do Famous Stars Spoil Their Children?

That's a question we are often asked. The world knows and appreciates the sweetness and unspoiled simplicity of such famous movie performers as Shirley Temple, Freddie Bartholomew, Jane Withers; but it is still curious as to the children of noted stars. It must be a temptation to spoil these treasured youngsters. Bing Crosby, for instance—are his much-publicized sons real kids, or pampered pets? Well, we'll be telling you in a fresh, informal, and honest article in the next issue.

Don't miss November SCREENLAND, on sale October 5th.

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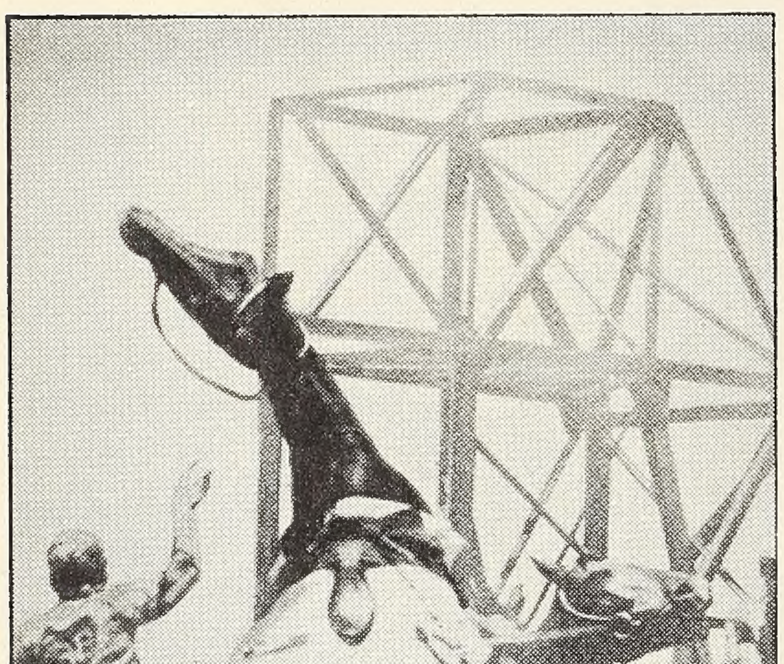
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Paramount Discovers the Gol-Darndest Family in the U.S.A.



"You may be my brother, but you're a louse for my money." Joe Beebe (Bing Crosby) gets a piece of David Beebe's (Fred MacMurray's) mind.



"Hold him, Mike, he's rearin'." Uncle Gus attempts to toss Mike Beebe (Donald O'Connor) at the barrier as the big race begins.

MAYBE you think your family takes the platinum ear-muffs for getting themselves into one continuous tub of hot water and parking there. You haven't met the Beebes, that amazing brood, whose family biography bounces blithely upon the screen in Paramount's newest contribution to the nation's mirthrate, "Sing You Sinners" When "Ma" Beebe (Elizabeth Patterson) says, "Bringing up a Beebe is just one big headache," "Ma" is really guilty of understatement. For, when it comes to sticking their necks out, to taking it on that portion of the human chassis known as the chin, the Beebes capture every prize, including the Scandinavian. And that goes for all of them, Joe (Bing Crosby), David (Fred MacMurray) and little Mike (Wesley Ruggles' new discovery, Donald O'Connor).

Take Joe, for instance. Joe claims only dumb guys go in for hard work. So what does Joe do? Joe bets on the horses. As if that isn't bad enough, he buys one. And what a horse! Uncle Gus Beebe may have been an all right gee-gee, with a little horse sense before joining the Beebe family. Now he is just another Beebe in "Ma's" bonnet, acting up and sowing his wild oats exactly like Joe. But if you think Joe and Uncle Gus pile the worries on "Ma's" shoulders, you haven't met David. David looks like the only sane, sober, serious one of the brothers Beebe. So what does he do? Well, he takes one look at those bangtail friends of Joe's, buckety-bucketing round the track, and he forgets all about Martha (Ellen Drew, Paramount's newest lovely-to-look-at), he forgets all about being

the family meal ticket, and he goes just as haywire as Joe and Uncle Gus.

And what about Mike, baby of the Beebes? What about him? Why he makes more trouble for "Ma" than all the rest put together. For it's Mike who gets himself into a canary-colored jockey jacket and rides the Beebe entry in the big race. Yes, and has "Ma" reaching for those smelling salts as he gets thrown at the barrier. No siree, sir, you can't beat the Beebes. And you can't beat Paramount and Paramount's Producer-Director Wesley Ruggles when it comes to whipping up the grandest comedy of the year . . . which is, of course, the bounding biography of the brawling, betting, beloved Beebes ... Paramount's "Sing You Sinners."

Paramount Postscript . . . If you're wondering why the Beebe biography is called "Sing You Sinners," just wait'll you hear the Beebe Boys sing the new Paramount hits: "A Pocketful of Dreams," "Small Fry," "Laugh and Call It Love," and "Don't Let That Moon Get Away."



"You're not the only catfish in the sea." The Beebe Boys give out with their number, "Small Fry," as Ma Beebe tells 'em "Sing, You Sinners."



"You can't call us Beebes any names like that." A quiet afternoon with the Beebes as the family unites against a very common foe.

Coming soon to your favorite theatre, Paramount's boisterous biography of America's funniest family.



Slaphappy Joe Beebe (Bing Crosby)



Martha (About-to-Be) Beebe (Ellen Drew)



Two-Fisted David Beebe (Fred MacMurray)

Bing Crosby • Fred MacMurray

"SING YOU SINNERS"

with Ellen Drew • Elizabeth Patterson • Donald O'Connor

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY

Wesley Ruggles



"Ma," Boss of the Beebes (Elizabeth Patterson)



Uncle Gus Beebe (Courtesy the Crosby stables)



Mike (Small Fry) Beebe (Donald O'Connor)

NEWS FROM THE BIG PARAMOUNT LOT

"ARKANSAS TRAVELER"



"PARAMOUNT'S 'Arkansas Traveler'," writes Bing Crosby's radio buddy, Bob Burns, "is the story of a very lazy man, which is me. In fact, he's so lazy he makes the ordinary lazy man look like a bundle of nerves. Yet he's got a lot of common sense. For where the hard-workin' feller has it easy on account of when work is offered him all he does is take it, the lazy feller has got to figure ways of gettin' around workin'. And that takes a heap of sense. Paramount has gone and teamed me with a person you'll be glad to see. He's got a face on him that's like my Uncle Snazzy's. Once you've recovered from the shock, you'll never forget it. His name is Irvin S. Cobb."

"MEN WITH WINGS"

When they called the roll of stunt flyers assembled on the Paramount lot for the breath-taking plane flights in "Men With Wings," Paramount's Technicolor cavalcade of American aviation, they discovered this was the biggest bunch of air aces to hit Hollywood since Producer-Director William Wellman's first aviation triumph, "Wings."

Another Award Winner...

Coast critics are predicting Frank Lloyd, many times winner of the prized Motion Picture Academy Award, has a potential winner in Paramount's "If I Were King" starring Ronald Colman.



CALL YOUR THEATRE

ASK THEM TO LET YOU KNOW WHEN THESE PARAMOUNT PICTURES ARE PLAYING

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE



To Norma Shearer, for her magnificent "Marie Antoinette"

IT IS one thing to play a Queen and make her majestic, regal. It is quite another thing to play a Queen and make her a real person, a flesh-and-blood woman, to be loved and pitied. To Norma Shearer all honor and applause for achieving in *Marie Antoinette* a characterization not only impressive and commanding, but poignantly appealing. As the radiant young girl, as the disillusioned woman, and finally as the unbearably tragic victim of the guillotine, Miss Shearer gives a superb performance that grows in dignity and beauty as the long and lavish picture runs its course. A splendid return to the screen she has graced so long, and definite proof that she is indeed the First Lady of the films, "Marie Antoinette" will live.



Hauntingly tender love scenes make "Marie Antoinette" a romance to be long remembered. Right, Norma Shearer as the Queen, Tyrone Power as *Count Axel Fersen.*



HEADING THE PARADE IN MOTION PICTURES' GREATEST YEAR!

Here's the new season's high level in new entertainment. Packed with action! Crammed with surprises! Be there when this fast-moving romance is shown in your theatre!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

GARDEN OF THE MOON

JOE VENUTI AND HIS SWING CATS • JOHNNIE DAVIS • JERRY COLONNA



DIRECTED BY BUSBY BERKELEY • Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay From the Saturday Evening Post Story by H Bedford-Jones and Barton Browne • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren, Al Dubin and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture.

Hear these great new song hits: "GARDEN OF THE MOON," "LOVE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT," "CONFIDENTIALLY," "THE LADY ON THE TWO-CENT STAMP," "GIRL FRIEND OF THE WHIRLING DERVISH."

BOTHERED BY CONSTIPATION?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!



Take one or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. No bottles or spoons to bother with. No disagreeable concoctions to mix. Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.



You sleep through the night . . . *undisturbed!* No stomach upsets. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up!



In the morning, Ex-Lax acts . . . *thoroughly* and *effectively!* It works so gently that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.

Now improved—better than ever!

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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BETTY WALES WRINKLE REDUCER helps to prevent and smooth away lines and wrinkles. This marvelous Liquid Cream, containing vitamin-rich Fruit Oils, needs nothing additional,—no facial masks or combination treatments. You have only one article to buy,—and it's very economical! Your postal card will bring full information FREE, or send $1.00 for Trial Size, good for 60 treatments! Money refunded if you're not delighted with results.

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DIETING TO REDUCE CAN BE FUN



Diet plus exercise is the safe, sensible way to remove excess fat. Now at last, there's an **aid** to make dieting easier . . . **more fun!**

New **DEXDIET** consists of liberal diet, daily walks and **energy-food** lozenges to be enjoyed between meals. Has proved **easy** and **effective** for many. Clinic records of 1500 men and women show real reductions in 65 cases out of every 100.

DEXDIET now offered under no-risk-to-you Money Back Guarantee so that **YOU**, too, can discover whether you are one of the happy, *lucky "65!"* **Mrs. W. P. of Earnest, Pa. writes:** *"I've lost 14 lbs. since I started your method. I have never found anything like it for reducing."*

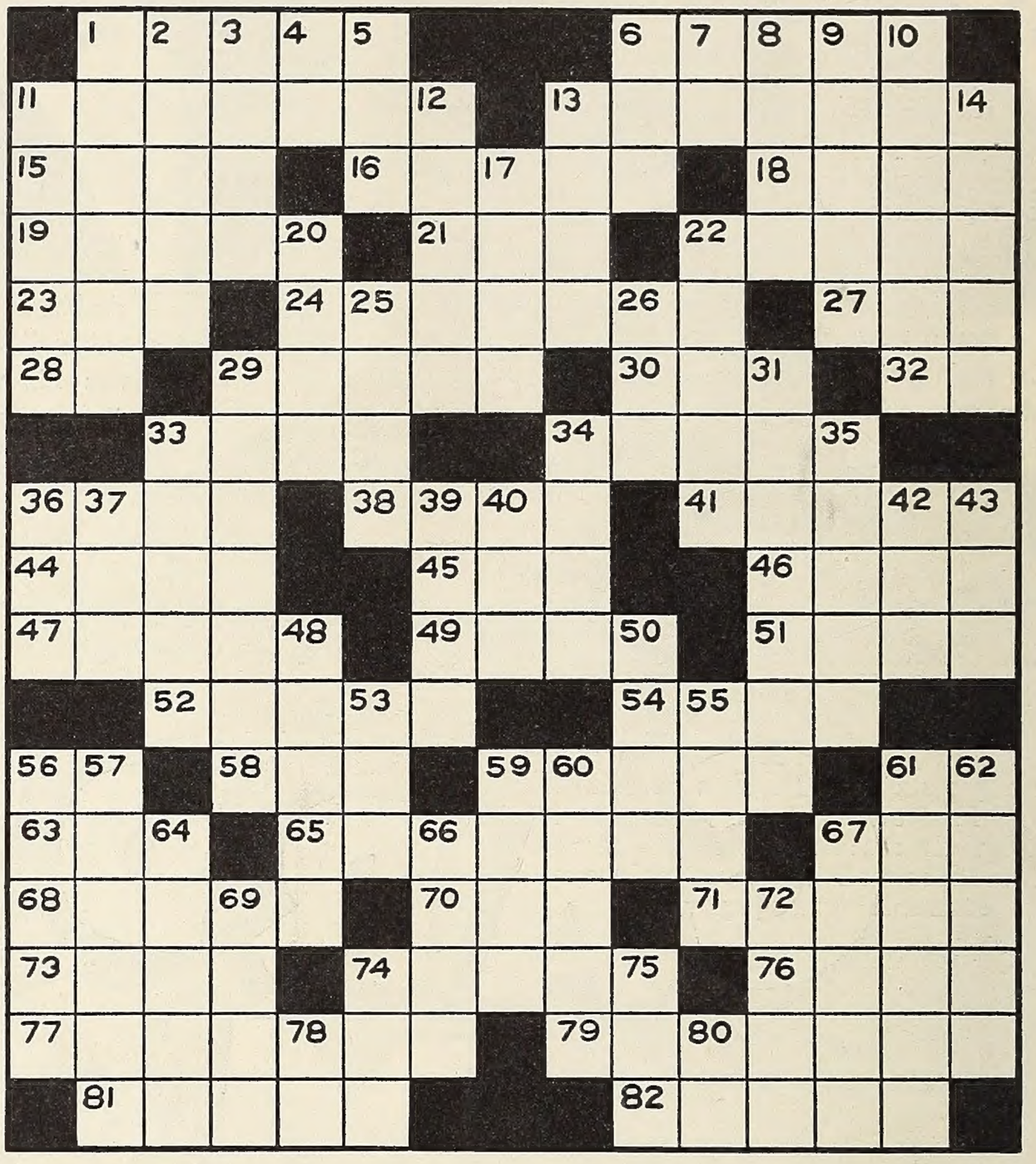
DOCTORS! Write for special Physicians' Bulletin "C"

7 DAYS' TRIAL Are **YOU** one of the lucky "65?" Find out. Be sensible about reducing. **WRITE TODAY**. . Just say: *"Send FREE sample and details of no-risk trial offer.*

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SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



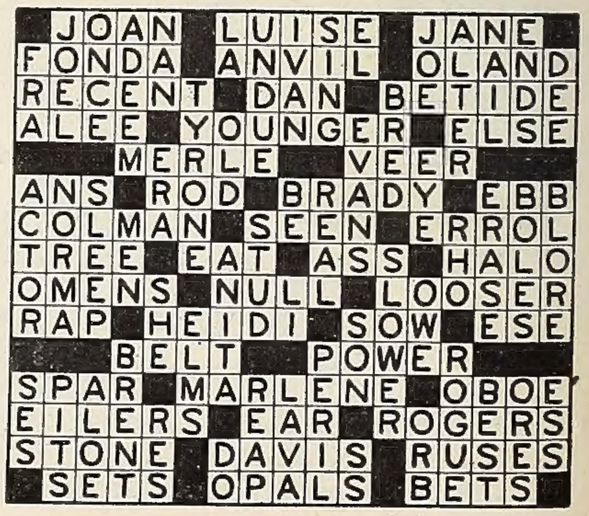
ACROSS

1 One of five baby sister movie stars
6 He co-stars in "Blockade"
11 Co-star of "Three Blind Mice"
13 Heredity
15 Ireland
16 Once more
18 The end of a prayer
19 Malicious burning
21 Everyone
22 His new one is "Racket Busters"
23 Pastry
24 This star is famous for his tap dancing
27 Feminine saint (abbrev.)
28 Steamship (abbrev.)
29 Tiny insects
30 "—— Love I'm After," a movie
32 The elder (abbrev.)
33 Festive
34 To wash
36 "A —— Is Born," with Janet Gaynor
38 Knot
41 Weird
44 English title
45 Vegetable
46 A military unit
47 Receded (as tide)
49 Slippery
51 Stout cord
52 A strong vegetable
54 He's featured in "Racket Busters"
56 Exclamation
58 "Dead ——," a movie
59 Fury
61 Exist
63 Star of "Every Day's a Holiday"
65 The villain in "Blind Alibi"
67 "Four —— And a Prayer," with Loretta Young
68 Command
70 Breed of dog
71 Outer crust
73 Wooden pins
74 These grow on pine trees
76 Solo
77 He's featured in "A Trip to Paris"
79 The most popular box-office baby
81 Early English priest
82 Finished

DOWN

1 He's featured in "Men Are Such Fools"
2 Come up
3 Famous divorce city
4 "— Happened One Night," a movie
5 Greek letter
6 What a fish swims with
7 "— the Avenue," a movie
8 Not far away
9 Ladies
10 Actors' managers
11 Jumps
12 Semi-precious stone
13 She's married to Errol Flynn
14 Come in
17 Woeful exclamation
20 This is used for fastening wood
22 Star of "Jezebel"
25 Oliver Hardy's co-star
26 Narrow inlet
29 She starred in "Angel"
31 "Marie Antoinette" is her new rôle
33 The famous Swedish film siren
34 He's featured in "Port of Seven Seas"
35 He plays "Robin Hood"
36 Look
37 A tag
39 Not closed
40 She's Mrs. Joel McCrea
42 Mischievous child
43 What you see with
48 Eating car on a train
50 Measure of length
53 Queer
55 Catcalls, hisses
56 Amid
57 His new one is "Professor Beware"
59 A woodland creature
60 Insists
61 Deceived
62 Inset (variation)
64 Sharpener
66 Onto
67 Star of "The Divorce of Lady X"
69 Biblical character (famous for the "mess of pottage")
72 Not soft
74 Kind of fish
75 That girl
78 Note of the scale
80 "— Old Chicago," a movie

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



A TIP ABOUT BATHING TO A GIRL WITH A DATE TONIGHT



After your bath, don't fail to give underarms Mum's sure care!

WHAT a wonderful *lift* a bath gives to a girl who is going out in the evening. It starts you off so gloriously fresh and alive.

But even the most perfect bath can't protect you all evening long. Underarms must have *special* care—that's why smart girls, *popular* girls, follow every bath with Mum! They know that a bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—but Mum keeps underarms sweet through the hours *to come*—makes odor impossible.

Many a girl who starts out fresh, loses that freshness before the evening's over. If you want to avoid worry about underarm odor—if you want to be a girl who gets a *second* date and a *third*—remember, no bath protects you like a bath plus Mum. Then you'll never risk offending others, never risk spoiling your own good times. Always use Mum.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute is all you ever need to apply Mum.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is completely harmless to every fabric. And Mum is gentle, actually soothing to the skin. You can use it immediately after shaving the underarms.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop perspiration—it simply banishes all odor, all day or all evening long. Hours after your bath, Mum will keep you as fresh and sweet as when you started out.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT USE FOR MUM —Thousands of girls use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's gentle, safe, sure. Avoid worries and embarrassment with Mum.

ONE HALF MINUTE AND YOUR CHARM IS SAFE



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Do This If You're NERVOUS

Help Calm Jumpy Nerves Without Harmful Opiates



IF you fly off the handle at little things and at times feel so nervous, cross and jumpy you want to scream—if you have spells of "the blues" and restless nights—

Don't take chances on harmful opiates and products you know nothing about. Use common sense. Get more fresh air, more sleep and in case you need a good general system tonic take a TIME-PROVEN medicine like famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made *especially for women* from wholesome herbs and roots. Let it help Nature tone up your system—build more physical resistance and thus help calm jangly nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and make life worth living. Give it a chance to help YOU.

Tune in Voice of Experience Mutual Broadcasting System: Mon., Wed. and Fri. See your local newspaper for time. WLW Mondays through Friday.

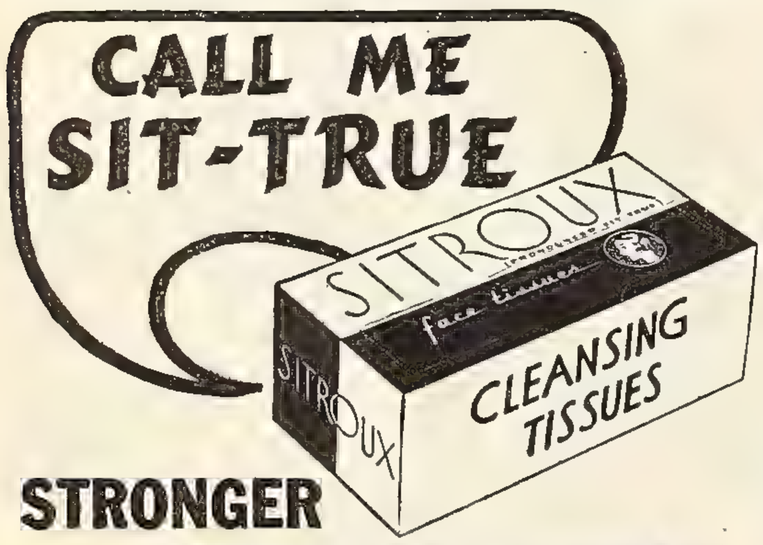
Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND



NOW, at home—you can easily, quickly and safely tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural-appearing color. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

WANTED ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS

For Immediate Consideration . . . . Send Poems to
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TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Mother Carey's Chickens

RKO-Radio



You must not miss this transcription of a well-loved novel. It's all entertainment—folksy and human, but also stimulating and aglow with humor and outright fun. Fay Bainter scores as the mother who struggles to keep her loyal brood together, for all her poverty, and Donnie Dunagan as *Peter*—well, see him and cheer. Anne Shirley, Ruby Keeler, James Ellison, are all fine.

Love Finds Andy Hardy

M-G-M



Latest, and best, of one of the very best series ever. *Andy* has his troubles trying to raise money to buy a car for twenty-five dollars to take *Polly* to a dance in style. Mickey Rooney gets laughs at every turn as the boy he is making all America's young brother. Ann Rutherford and Lana Turner, Lewis Stone, Cecilia Parker and Judy Garland make up a swell cast. Excellent.

Little Miss Broadway

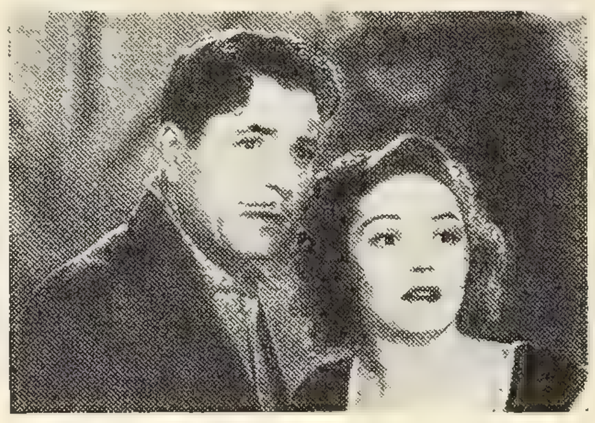
20th Century-Fox



A vehicle—which means Shirley Temple, star, must bring to bear the full force of her trouping talents, with song numbers and dance routines added, in order to pull the story along. She is an orphan adopted by down-and-out actors and saves them from dispossession from their home by a grasping landlord. George Murphy, Edna May Oliver, Jimmy Durante score hits.

I'll Give a Million

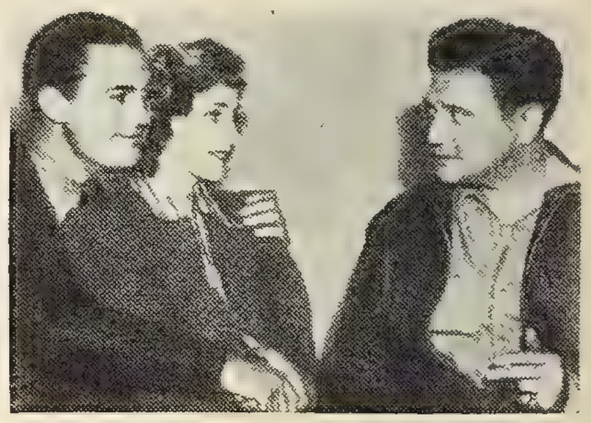
20th Century-Fox



Here's something! A comedy with a really novel idea turned into a brisk, spirited and hilarious procession of amusing events by grand acting and expert direction. A millionaire known to be posing as a hobo makes the Riviera a heaven for tramps—all get royal treatment, because each *might* be the rich man. Warner Baxter, Peter Lorre, Marjorie Weaver, outstanding.

Sky Giant

RKO-Radio



Aerial stunts, as real as they are thrilling to read about in the papers, reflect in one's attitude toward films about aviation, with the result that when a fairly good story like this plays against a background of daring in the skies the audience reaction is sure to be favorable. Richard Dix, Joan Fontaine, and Chester Morris are all good in melodrama that has its stirring moments.

Give Me a Sailor

Paramount



Martha Raye's picture by right and reason of an energetic comedy performance. Bob Hope makes an ideal partner for Martha and between them they make an ordinary story thoroughly amusing. Martha is a Cinderella who can cook like nobody's business, but amazingly wins a prize for her beautiful legs when she enters a cooking contest. Light, but lots of hearty laughs.

The Affairs of Annabel

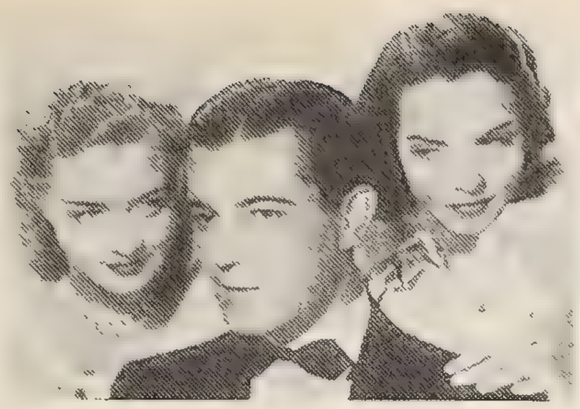
RKO-Radio



Pounds lighter but still funny, Jack Oakie co-stars with Lucille Ball in the inaugural effort of a new series about an actress and her press agent. It is comedy of the sure-fire brand and seems certain to please everybody. Lucille Ball, with her best opportunity so far, makes good on the high promise of her previous performances. She fences cleverly with Oakie for laughs.

A Desperate Adventure

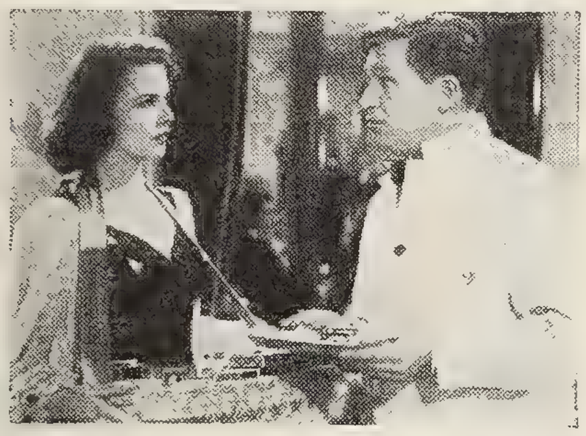
Republic



Ramon Novarro continues on the comeback trail, but this seems more interesting as the début of Margaret Tallichet, for whom great things are promised, and who well may live up to the rosy prospects. She is pretty, has a definite personality. The film? Fairly interesting account of a romantic artist who finds the girl of his dreams but likes her young sister better.

Passport Husband

20th Century-Fox



Stuart Erwin as a swain who becomes a convenience when his light o' love, exotic dancer, Joan Woodbury, must marry a citizen or go back where she came from. There are other complications, when Joan's two "big shot" admirers would like to see her widowed so they could get the pin-ball game factory Stu inherits. It is unpretentious comedy well played and directed.

Booloo

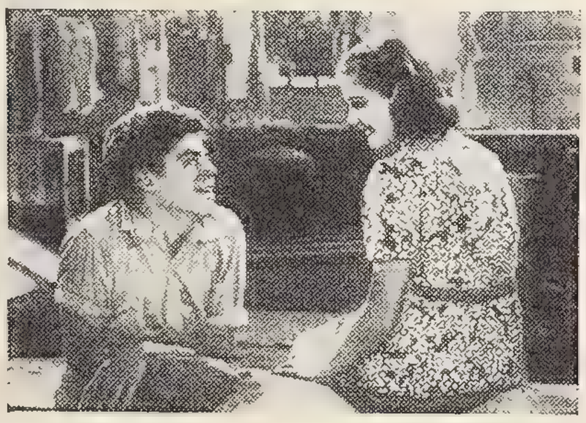
Paramount



Some perfectly swell scenes made in the Malay jungle almost, but not quite, obliterated by a silly yarn about one of those tribal princesses about to be sacrificed. Both the animals and the human actors ought to picket Hollywood as unfair to troupers. They're in it to stay—the spectator can look from screen to ceiling and await the next feature; it's bound to be much better.

Little Tough Guy

Universal



Grim, but no more so than "Dead End" and "Crime School," in which Billy Halop and the other "Dead End" boys appeared, this is at times gripping melodrama realistically concerned with how young fellows veer toward careers in crime. Halop is starred; plays ably as the lad embittered by the conviction of his father for murder. Huntz Hall, Marjorie Main in a good cast.



"A MAN CAN'T RESIST the appeal of soft white hands", says ANN MILLER*, charming picture star. Even hard-working hands can be attractively smooth — Jergens Lotion helps prevent roughness and chapping.

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says **Ann Miller***

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

*Ann Miller with James Stewart in Frank Capra's *"You Can't Take It With You"* (A Columbia Picture)

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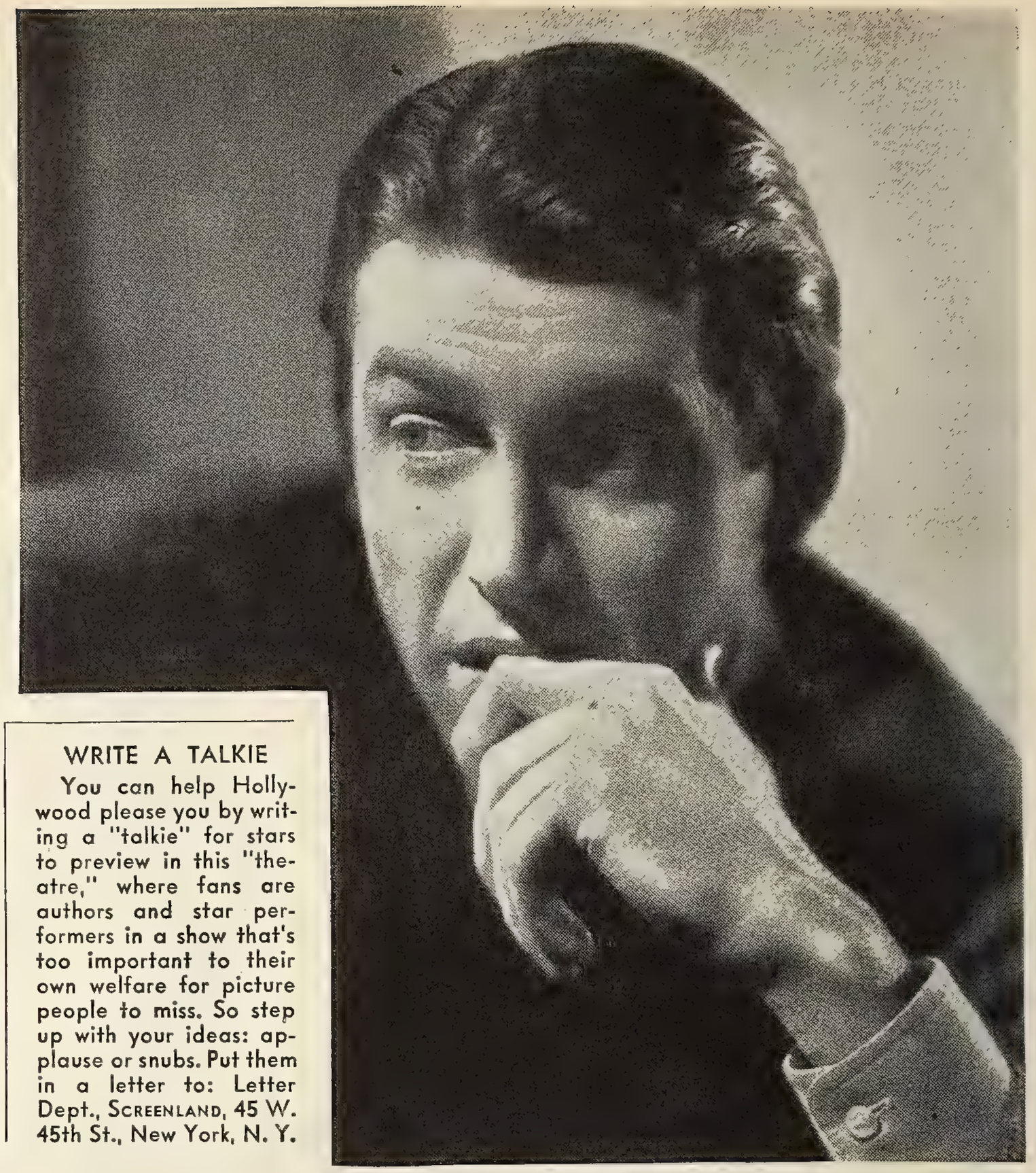
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WRITE A TALKIE

You can help Hollywood please you by writing a "talkie" for stars to preview in this "theatre," where fans are authors and star performers in a show that's too important to their own welfare for picture people to miss. So step up with your ideas: applause or snubs. Put them in a letter to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Salutes and Snubs

"He's real, he's believable, he's so human!" say letter writers in Salutes that make James Stewart head man of the month. Meet your ardent fans, Jimmie!

REBEL REFRAIN

GARY COOPER

He's "restrained." Not he among those
Actors who believe in "giving."
They must hold a mirror under his
nose, To see if he is still living.

Ann Aventure.
Washington, D. C.

CYCLE-SATED

Will Hollywood, please for goodness sake, forbear to inflict on a much too overfed public any more carbon copies of "My Man Godfrey"? The original was so good it deserved the greatest praise, but Hollywood's flattery of repeated imitation is neither praise nor praiseworthy, and after "Bringing Up Baby" and "Fools for Scandal" the time has come for somebody to call a halt, because the "Godfrey" formula has been worn too thin and the public likewise.

H. T. Williams,
Glen Rock, N. J.

THOSE ANVIL-CHORUS BLUES

To be faddish is human, I suppose, but after all doesn't it get tiresome the way Hollywood commentators, professional and gratuitous, pick up the chorus and sing in unison? A few months back it was all "Yea, Eddy!" so far as Nelson Eddy was concerned. Of late the vogue seems to be an anvil chorus for the baritone of the screen, radio and concert stage. Why all the topical talk about Nelson Eddy's lack of acting ability? He is acting as well in his recent as in his first films, and singing better, if anything. Eddy is good, very good, according to the box office.

Carlene Bass,
New Orleans,, La.

TAYLOR TROUBLE

I don't like Robert Taylor. Want to know why? Well, it's because you just can't get a seat in the theatre when his pictures play. The box offices as well as the rest of us hope Bob keeps on making lots of pictures.

Mary Crowley,
Ludowici, Ga.

SALUTING STEWART

Nothing like an early start. So here's my nominee for next year's acting honor award: James Stewart, who by his sensitive and sincere performances in "Of Human Hearts" and "The Shopworn Angel" puts himself out in front of the younger actors. He possesses a trait rare in actors—he is always believable.

Virginia P. O'Donnell,
Union City, N. J.



INTO a psychiatrist's chambers streams an endless tide of life's misfits. The lonely . . . the bitter . . . the repressed . . . the misunderstood.

And now before me stood yet another. I was certain, and later examination proved me right, that there was nothing organically wrong with her. Her face, her body, bloomed with beauty and vitality. Yet, emotionally, she was at the breaking point.

Gently, I probed for her history. She was 28, single, college bred, lived in a good home with parents of some means, but was definitely of the recluse type.

"Men friends?"

Her lips quivered as she leaned close to me. The flood-tide of her emotions burst through the gates of her control.

"You've hit on it, doctor, I'm lonely . . . desperately lonely," she sobbed. "Every girl I know is married, but no man seems to want *me*. They come—they go—I cannot hold them. Even my women friends seem to avoid me. I go nowhere . . . see no one. And, oh doctor, I want gaiety, friends, admiration, love . . . love . . . love."

She had risen; her face was almost against mine. In that instant I knew I had spotted the cause of her trouble. It was obvious.

But never in all my years of practice did I face a harder task than that of telling this unhappy girl the simple truth.* But tell her I did.

Today she is one of the happiest and most popular girls in our little city, and soon will marry a well-to-do Easterner who simply adores her.

Why Risk It?

Nothing is so fatal to friendships and romance as *halitosis (bad breath). No one is immune. And the insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when you have it; never realize when you are offending.

Why run the risk at all? All you need do to make your breath sweeter, purer, more wholesome and agreeable to others is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. This amazing deodorant halts food fermentation in the oral cavity, a major cause of breath odors; then overcomes the odors themselves. And it's so delightful to use.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and between times before business or social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

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"I notice the girls with lovely eyes are using WINX MASCARA!"

WINX is *different!* Its texture is so *fine* and it clings so closely that it looks more *natural.* Makes lashes seem *softer* and longer...gives your eyes exotic, alluring *beauty.* Try WINX *today!*

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Get WINX mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil...in the GREEN PACKAGES... at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

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Inside the Stars' Homes





One of Hollywood's prettiest hostesses is British Miss Barrie, who planned her Hallowe'en party expressly for you SCREENLAND readers. Above, Wendy prepares the festive table for her guests.

Come along to Wendy Barrie's gay Hallowe'en party, complete with pumpkin pie, bobbing for apples — and the Big Apple!

By Betty Boone

THREE roses march in pairs up the curved walk leading to Wendy Barrie's front door. The house is an English one, with a double peaked roof, and the first time Wendy set eyes on it, she knew it for her own. "I was driving down this street on my way to the studio, a little over a year ago," she told me, "when I saw this house. It had a sign on it—OPEN—but it was too early for anyone to be there. I peeped in the windows and ran around it crying: 'Here is my house!' to myself. It was six o'clock in the morning and the real estate office that handled it wasn't open, either. 'I'll call them from the studio,' I thought, and dashed on. I couldn't get to the telephone until noon, and by that time the house was taken. Was I upset? It turned out that my best friend, the wife of a studio executive, had got in ahead of me. She was quite mad about the house, too, and wouldn't give it up. I used to be invited to dinner there, and I was furious because they didn't know how to arrange the furniture properly. I would move the chairs around and tell them what was wrong, but they wouldn't listen. Always I knew it *had* to be my house. I never felt like a visitor. When they put a double bed into my bedroom instead of the twin beds, I was terribly indignant. But after a year, they had to go to England, and they were scarcely out of the place before I was in, bag and baggage. And here I am!

"The first thing that occurred to me on my possessive tour is exactly what would occur to you, darling. Just *look* at this dining room! What does it say?—Why, *Hallowe'en!*"

Wendy's right. It might have been made for a Hallowe'en party. White congoleum on the floor, with a slim black border, white



chairs with orange seats, a white table with a unique black glass top, and orange drapes over the white curtains at the windows. "You should see that table at night, the only lights being candles that reflect in the black glass!" she gloated. "I've never had a Hallowe'en party in my life, so I'm going to get a thrill out of this one. I've been making a centerpiece—look, pumpkin filled with these red flowers from my Oriental tree, and oranges with faces. I adore making faces in things. Yes, certainly, I'll serve pumpkin pie. I hate it, but most Americans love it, and I want my guests to be happy!" She laughed and her eyes crinkled up into slits that showed off the length of her lashes, in that Wendy way. "George makes marvelous pie. He'll tell you about it." (George is Wendy's cook and chauffeur.)

PUMPKIN PIE

Beat the yolks of 4 eggs until thick and smooth with 1 cup of sugar, add to them 2 cups of cooked pumpkin that has been pressed through a sieve, 2 cups of milk, ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ground mace, and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg (all the spices are Burnett's). Mix well, stir in the stiffly beaten whites of 4 eggs and pour the mixture into a pastry-lined pie tin and bake until firm in a hot oven.

"Did you ever dip apples? I never did, but we're experimenting. They call them 'taffy apples' and I can't imagine what they're like. But I'm told one can't have a Hallowe'en party without them. Or without popcorn balls."

TAFFY APPLES

1 cup brown sugar
½ cup water
1 cup granulated sugar
2 tablespoons cider vinegar

Boil all the ingredients until they spin a thread. (218° F.). Color the syrup red, unless you are using bright red apples. Use wooden skewers. Coat the apple well in the syrup. Pierce a cardboard box and let apples stand upright with skewers through the holes, so as not to mar the glaze, until dry.

POPCORN BALLS

Measure 4 cups popped corn and spread closely on a greased slab or cookie sheet. Cook ½ cup Duff's Molasses and 1 teaspoon butter, stirring occasionally, until it reaches the soft ball stage. Pour syrup on corn and mix well by folding over and over with spoon. Grease hands with butter and shape into balls. Do not press too tightly.

"I think we'll make it a costume party.

(*Continued on page 93*)



Giving those big red apples a high polish, Wendy proves that preparation insures the success of a party. Now read the story for fun and favorite Fall recipes.



This thrilling coiffure was attained after a shampoo with Special Drene for Dry Hair. All the natural glamor, brilliance and beauty of the hair is fully revealed. Hair is also left manageable—right after washing. This is the beauty miracle of the amazing new Special Drene for Dry Hair.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

New Glory for Your Hair

IT IS now unbelievably easy to reveal all the natural radiance and beauty of your hair. Glamorous natural radiance, beautiful beyond your fondest dreams.

Drene performs this beauty miracle because it not only removes loose dandruff flakes, grease and dirt—*but also removes the beauty-clouding film often left on the hair by other types of shampoos.*

Drene is so different from other types of shampoos, that the process by which it is made has been patented. It is not a soap—not an oil. It cannot leave a dulling film on hair to dim and hide natural lustre. Nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. And because Drene contains no harmful chemicals it is safe for any type and color of hair.

A single application—and dirt, grease and perspiration are thoroughly washed away. Hair is left sparkling clean, naturally brilliant—without the need of vinegar, lemon or special after-rinses of any kind. So clean that the permanent wave solution can spread evenly, thus helping to give a soft, lustrous permanent.

And because different types of hair require a different type of shampoo to reveal full individual beauty, there are now two kinds of Drene—Special Drene for Dry Hair—and Regular Drene for normal and oily hair.

Ask for the type of Drene shampoo created to reveal the beauty of your individual type of hair—at drug, department or 10c stores—or at your beauty shop. Whether you shampoo your hair at home, or have it done by a professional operator, a single washing will thrill you with the new-found brilliance and glamorous natural beauty Drene reveals.

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REGULAR for Normal or Oily Hair
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A MODERN GIRL HAVING A MODERN GOOD TIME . . .
SWANK CLOTHES, SWELL DATES, SWEET ROMANCE . . .
THAT'S SONJA NOW, *SO* DAINTY, *SO* DESIRABLE, *SO* INCREDIBLE!



All dressed up, and plenty of places to go, as the queen of a co-ed campus! Laughs sail through the air like ski-jumpers! Love calls in the good young American way — forever and ever! And the sumptuous ice climax will bring you to your feet with shouts of wonder and delight!



SONJA HENIE
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RICHARD GREENE
in
MY LUCKY STAR
with
JOAN DAVIS
CESAR ROMERO
BUDDY EBSEN
Arthur Treacher • Billy Gilbert
George Barbier • Louise Hovick
Patricia Wilder • Paul Hurst

Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • From an original story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger
a 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Snow-deep in the rhythms of Gordon & Revel!

"I've Got a Date with a Dream"
"Could You Pass In Love"
"The All American Swing"
"This May Be the Night"
"By a Wishing Well"

Every woman in America will be crazy about Sonja's twenty-eight new Fall costumes styled by Royer!

The Editor's Page





An Open Letter to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



The youthful veteran seen above with Janet Gaynor in a scene from "The Young in Heart" is celebrating his 15th year in motion pictures. Top left, reason for his success: concentration. Right, friendly Fairbanks, Jr.

DEAR OLD-TIMER:

How does it feel to be a pioneer, anyway? Well, you don't look like a veteran of the Hollywood wars, and that's something. In fact, when facing a camera it's everything. And so I congratulate you, Young Doug, on completing your 15th—don't count 'em—year in this heavenly, hectic industry, and looking, feeling, and acting better today than you ever did.

It's something of a record, you know. And something of which to be very, very proud. I don't mean to get all misty-eyed and sentimental, but I can't help cheering your unique career. Unique because you are the only one practically born and brought up in the movies who has weathered every storm and tempest, including front-page marriage and romance, without ever letting all the glamor interfere with your job.

I remember, I remember the first time I met you. We'll skip the date, shall we? Anyway, you were very young; you were trying hard to overcome the handicap of being the son of a famous father. You were well-mannered and very much in earnest, so courtly about a good notice I gave you; but there was all the time a twinkle in your young eyes, and I thought, "Can this be an actor with a sense of humor?" Then when I saw you again, much later, you were the very new husband of the very colorful Crawford. I was the embarrassed audience of one as the bride and groom enacted real-life love scenes, just for me; and I was wishing the interview over when I noticed, once again, that twinkle in your eye. All was still swell.

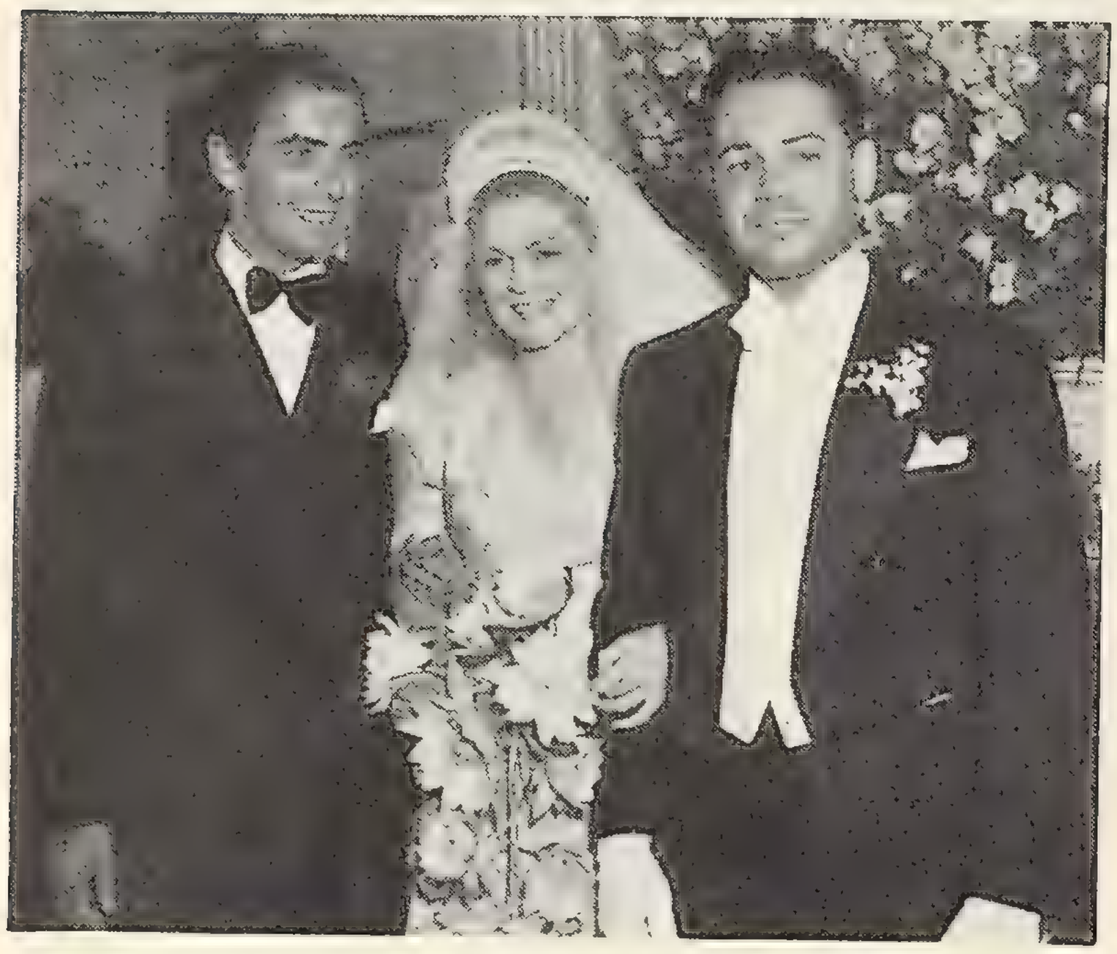
Another time and another meeting. This occurred at what we might call the Noel Coward-Lunt-Fontanne period in the life of a young actor. You were pretty pompous, as I recall, about poetry, great acting, and England; you were pretty bored; and there was positively no twinkle in your eye. It was mutual. I remember thinking, "I was wrong about this lad," and resolved to stop watching you getting more bored, more elegant, more mannered both on and off the screen. And then you fooled me. You began to grow up, and nothing has stopped you since. You produced pictures in England; you stopped elevating your eyebrows at reality and got down to work. Result: Hollywood, which hadn't concerned itself much with the fate and future of another Fairbanks, held out its arms and enfolded you to its broad if businesslike bosom. Every good rôle in town was offered to you. You picked the right ones to play, each different: amusing escapist for Irene Dunne, smooth sophisticate for Darrieux, down-to-earth idealist for Ginger Rogers. Now you're a bright shining light in a picture also employing such grand troupers as Roland Young, Janet Gaynor, Billie Burke—and I hear it's the best thing you've done, "The Young in Heart." Off-screen you are a charming, poised, very handsome fellow, an international eligible, a suave escort for famous beauties. On-screen you have few rivals for brilliant versatility. Most important of all, there's that twinkle in your eye. I hope you always keep it.

Delight Evans

Hollywood Whirl

All Photographs By Len Weissman

Panorama of picture town! Camera shots to let you see for yourself private life romance and celebrity news in the making

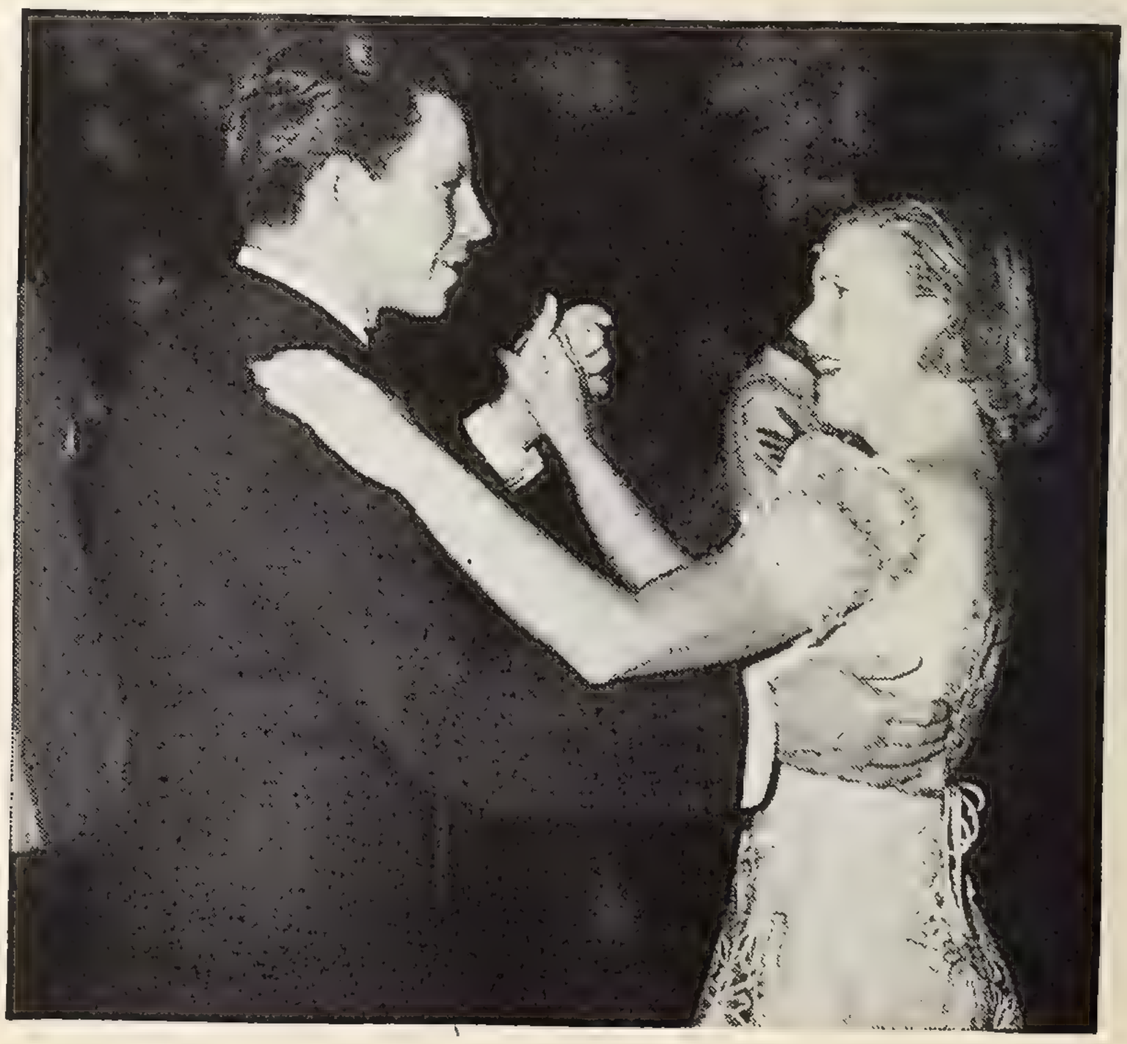


Mr. and Mrs.! It was a lovely wedding, folks. You'll be glad our camera caught Claire Trevor in her bridal gown, above, with husband Clark Andrews, and Tyrone Power. Right above, bride and groom smile at well-wishers.



A party at the Westside Tennis Club brought stars out in their best bib and tucker. Miriam Hopkins and Errol Flynn engage in animated conversation, left below. George Murphy and Jean Arthur didn't sit out this dance, below.







You're seen with such charming ladies—if you're Reginald Gardiner; above with Joan Bennett and Crawford and Hedy Lamarr. Did he enjoy himself at that polo match!



Speaking of polo, you'll always find Spencer Tracy rarin' to get into the thick of a match. Spencer and Walt Disney, another polo enthusiast, talk between chukkers.



Constance Bennett was in a particularly merry mood when called to the microphone at a preview, but her companion, Gilbert Roland, center, and Fredric March seemed startled when this flash shot was made. Below, Anne Shirley, Florence Lake and Ginger Rogers in a chummy conference, at the recent Motion Picture Horse Show.



Preview! Above, Gary Cooper, wearing dark glasses to shield his eyes from the glare (there's plenty on the sets where Gary's making "The Lady and the Cowboy") attends a premiere with his wife. Below, Joan Crawford and Jack Benny are mutually interested in the program of events in the horse show held at Will Rogers Field.







Picturing stories behind the biggest story of the new movie season! Norma Shearer's return to the screen was celebrated with hearty gaiety at this party at the Trocadero. Left, you find Pat Paterson (Mrs. Charles Boyer), Basil Rathbone and Charles Boyer at one of the tables. Center left, Spencer Tracy, James Stewart (standing) and Norma, as Spence and Jimmy congratulate "the first lady of the screen" following the preview of "Marie Antoinette." Below, Loretta Young was escorted by Writer John McLain, thereby giving his fellow reporters a new couple to watch for romantic developments. Paul Muni and Franchot Tone with honor guest, Norma Shearer; bottom left. Jeanette MacDonald, Norma and Gene Raymond, merry trio; bottom right.

All Photographs
By Len Weissman









Luise means it! Max Reinhardt, who gave Luise Rainer her first opportunity to become an actress, receives well-wishes from the now famous screen star on the opening of his Work Shop, Reinhardt's newest artistic endeavor, right. At the race track! Center below: Director Wesley Ruggles, his brother, Charles Ruggles (also a bit famous in films), and Wallace Beery snapped at the races. Carole Lombard and Clark Gable have a good time, as usual, at a festive party in a popular Hollywood café; right center. Leo Carrillo was a pillar of needed strength, when Penny Singleton and Helen Mack tried to keep their feet on the ground in the Hollywood Roller Bowl, bottom left. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy attending a recent film premiere, bottom right.













Ralph Steiner

Hollywood

By Elizabeth Hawes

Noted Designer and Author of the Best-Selling Book, "Fashion Is Spinach"

Miss Hawes, the picturesque lady to the left, starts something with this article. Her opinions, audacious and perfectly honest, are her own, not this magazine's. Next month, SCREENLAND will present an answering blast from Orry-Kelly, famous Hollywood fashion authority, illustrated with Orry-Kelly creations defending film fashion.

A FRIEND, male, came in suddenly and found me surrounded by dozens of shiny pictures. "What in the world is that?" he asked.

"More and More Glamor from Hollywood. Want to see?" I answered between hysterics and despair.

"Bette Davis is one who usually dresses alright," he said picking up a batch of Miss Davis's pictures.

"Yes, the top one is ok,—but please look at the next."

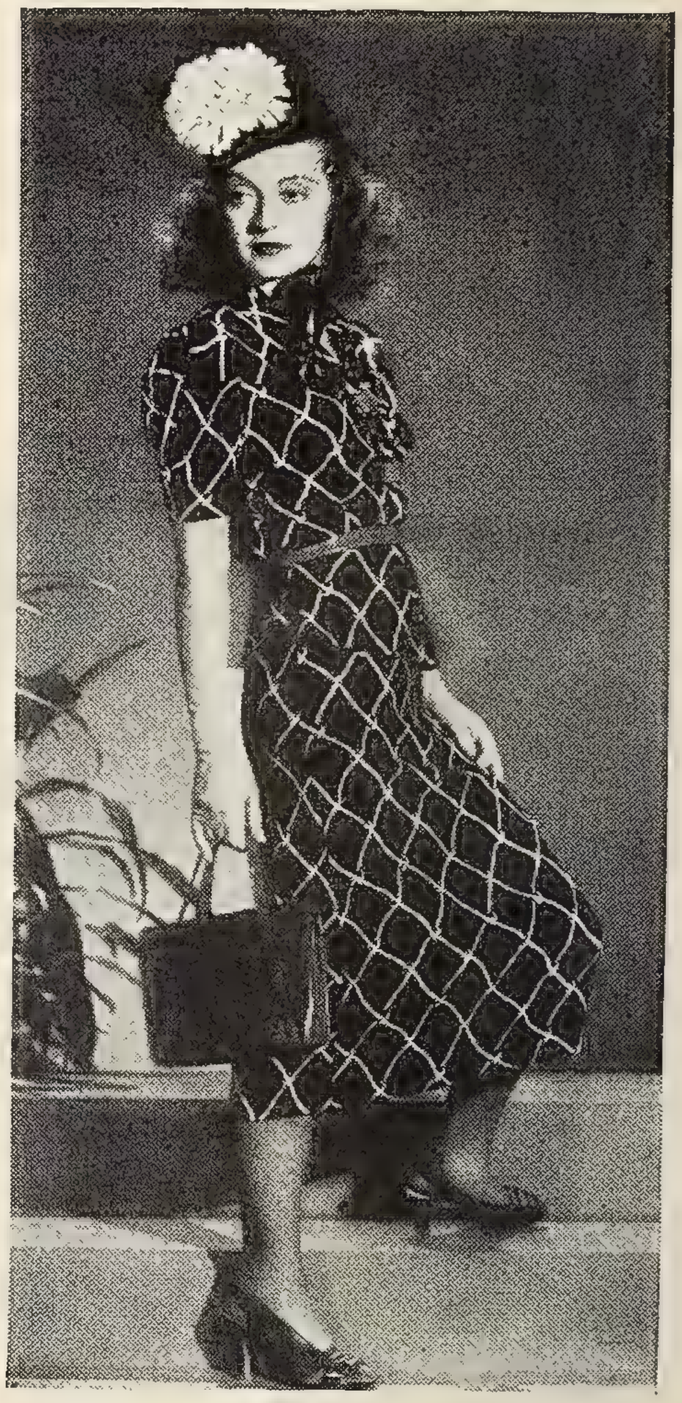
"Don't judge so hastily," responded my friend, "maybe it's the part she's playing."

We turned the picture over and regretfully noted that, while Miss Davis's newest picture just then was "The Sisters," the photo was "For Afternoon Wear." Miss Davis's hair was protruding largely from a small coal scuttle which had been turned up-side-down on her head and to which someone had appended a three times life size rosette or flower. Her afternoon costume was completed by a little two piece printed number which looked as if it might be seen any day at $3.75.

I don't mind picking on Bette Davis (although I might choose two dozen others) because she does have good clothes in general. Probably the press department told her she had to have Fashion pictures done that day and she raked up some old things out of the closet and obligingly posed, looking as bored as she felt. I've seen pictures of Claudette Colbert wearing evening clothes in which I feel quite certain Miss Colbert would never be caught dead except before the camera. Miss Crawford was represented putting up a brave front in enough silver fox to give her a good backache. And More and More lovely ladies slid through my hands, beautiful and well-built ladies, disguised as Movie Actresses. Loretta Young, one of the more beautiful to my mind, reached a high point in a taffeta negligée with some toeless, high-heeled galoshes zipped up over her ankles, "Specially designed boots of bright green suede," the cap called them. I called them Spinach and sat down to contemplate the entire subject.

The subject is complicated. All Fashion is Spinach to me, and certainly Hollywood provides some of our best. Fashion in women's clothes is the costume which is here today and gone tomorrow, the dress where trimming has taken the place of line, where tricks have supplanted usefulness, where the desire for something NEW has entirely overcome the aesthetic wish for something beautiful.

Alongside Fashion there exists that thing called Style, the functional, useful, anatomical, beautiful answer to what a certain woman can best wear at a certain time,



Fashions which represent the Spinach to which Elizabeth Hawes refers. *"I don't mind picking on Bette Davis,"* says Miss Hawes in the accompanying article, *"because she does have good clothes in general. . . . Miss Crawford putting up a brave front in enough silver fox to give her a good backache. Loretta Young, one of the more beautiful to my mind, reached a high point in a taffeta negligée. . . . Claudette Colbert wearing evening clothes in which I feel quite certain Miss Colbert would never be caught dead except before the camera."*

in a certain place. Stylish clothes are here today and tomorrow and, in fact, until they fall to pieces. There's plenty of Style in Hollywood, as there is almost everywhere in the United States. Obviously it doesn't catch the eye of the press department. It's too stable for them to see,—or perhaps they just don't know enough about it to be able to write it up, except when it shows the legs!

The most stylish and really swell pictures of clothes that come out of Hollywood are off-screen sport clothes. A detailed study of eight movie magazines leads me to believe that it isn't the beauty and fuctionalism of these clothes that gets them into print. No indeed. It is because they are shorts that show legs, slacks that swathe hips, and bare shoulders, simple bandanas tied over well-turned breasts, simple bathing suits that show off delightful shapes. Gentlemen of the Hollywood press departments, there are many many clothes that build up a girl's glamor and never show a bit of skin. Many of these clothes, in fact, don't show every line of a girl's anatomy. Are you living to a large extent in the long-past era of Theda Bara and the sequin robe? If *you* are living in the past, Press Agents, the stars aren't. The designers aren't. And neither is the public.

The whole Hollywood clothes picture seems to have got caught in a vicious circle which nobody has the time

Fashion Is Spinach

Is it true what Elizabeth Hawes says here of Hollywood Fashion? Most daring feature SCREENLAND has ever published, it's also the best reading. Let us know what you think!



or energy to break. Maybe nobody dares try a change. Maybe it's true what they say about Hollywood, that it's such a world by itself, people who live and work there are not quite like the rest of the United States.

I had a very sad experience a few years ago which would lead me toward that conclusion. I once dressed a girl who was my pride and joy. She picked things out of my collection with an eagle eye for the style which was going to be all over the place,—three years later. She dressed simply, and she had glamor alright. She had so much glamor that she got her movie job, dressed in her simple clothes. She rose, quickly.

After she'd been in Hollywood two years and I'd made her some off-stage clothes from time to time, she decided she didn't like my clothes at all any more. That's alright and doesn't make me mad. I said I'd do some special designs for her, what sort of thing was she thinking about. Do you know what she was thinking about? She was thinking of a sequin robe she'd had in her last movie, a sequin robe with a white fox cape. She was thinking about Glamor as Hollywood runs it up.

Unluckily for me, I lost my sense of humor at that point. I should have made her a sequin robe to end all sequin robes and a white fox cape that would have smothered her. And then I should have made her a stage version of an off-stage glamorous dress. Instead of any of that, I just let her walk away. But it gave me a good deal to think about. The Hollywood star has an awful problem. She must be glamorous. She must have clothes that will show up on the screen. She hasn't much time and her available designers are as much under the Hollywood spell as she. She ends, 90 per cent of the time, in a fine version of Spinach.

The few movie ladies I know, the very few for whom I ever do any clothes, have made a great impression on me. They shed their movie glamor like lightning when they leave Hollywood. They get special clothes for real life, good clothes with good lines, subtle clothes. In Hollywood, when they aren't in front of the camera, they wear the best of sport clothes, gay, simple, functional. Why don't they put up a fight and get themselves stage versions of the same kind of clothes for their films?

Do they really think the public likes Spinach? If the American public liked Fashionable Spinach, French clothes would never have been successful in the United States. Many French models may be wrong for our lives here, but in basic design they are beautiful clothes. If the American public liked Fashionable Spinach, they wouldn't spend 75 per cent of their time in simple sport clothes. They wouldn't wear cotton evening things in summer. They wouldn't keep shops like Best and Co. making money. They wouldn't have made a best seller





Hawes speaking:

"Bette Davis, looking very un-Spinachlike in a simple suede outfit. The hat is silly, but why not?"

"Wendy Barrie" (far left) "in simple, functional tweed."

"Betty Grable." (Left, below.) "There's nothing nicer than a sailor suit."

out of 80,000 words I happened to write on the subject,—or written me as many letters.

Sure, when the public goes to a movie, they want something a little more extra than routine life. They want better clothes than they can afford, perhaps, and more of them. They want the clothes heightened in effect. They want 150 per cent of beauty and sex appeal. But they don't want green suede boots and seven miles of silver fox. They don't want sugar sweetness and a thousand yards of tulle ruffles. Do you, public? They laugh, some of them, and others try to copy the movies and get laughed at—or look cheap and tawdry in the five yards of tulle which mass production allows for a copy of the thousand on the screen.

Since I have such a high estimate of the public taste, since I firmly believe that movie stars themselves have perfectly good taste, at whom are we going to throw this ball of Spinach? I would blame the stars for not making a stronger stand. I would blame the public for not booing and tearing up chairs in movie theatres, and I think all of that might have some effect, especially if the public would scream. But looking around for a real scape-goat, my eye has to fall upon the Hollywood designers.

It would be a ticklish business for a New York designer to criticize one from Movie Land, so thank heaven I don't feel like doing it. The only Hollywood Designer I've met is Adrian. He has all my sympathy and no blame from me for whatever may go out under his name. He told me a little story that goes like this: "What good would it be for me to make a wonderful dress for a certain star whom I will call Mabel? Every time I do anything for her, she cuts off the skirt and puts a bow in her hair."

Oh, Adrian, I know just how you feel. But Mabel also has my sympathy. Once someone convinced Mabel that she was the cute type and that she should, therefore, cut off her skirts and put

Here are hand-picked Hollywood Fashion examples—Spinach, or Non-Spinach? Read what distinguished designer Hawes says of them, without prejudice, fear, or favor



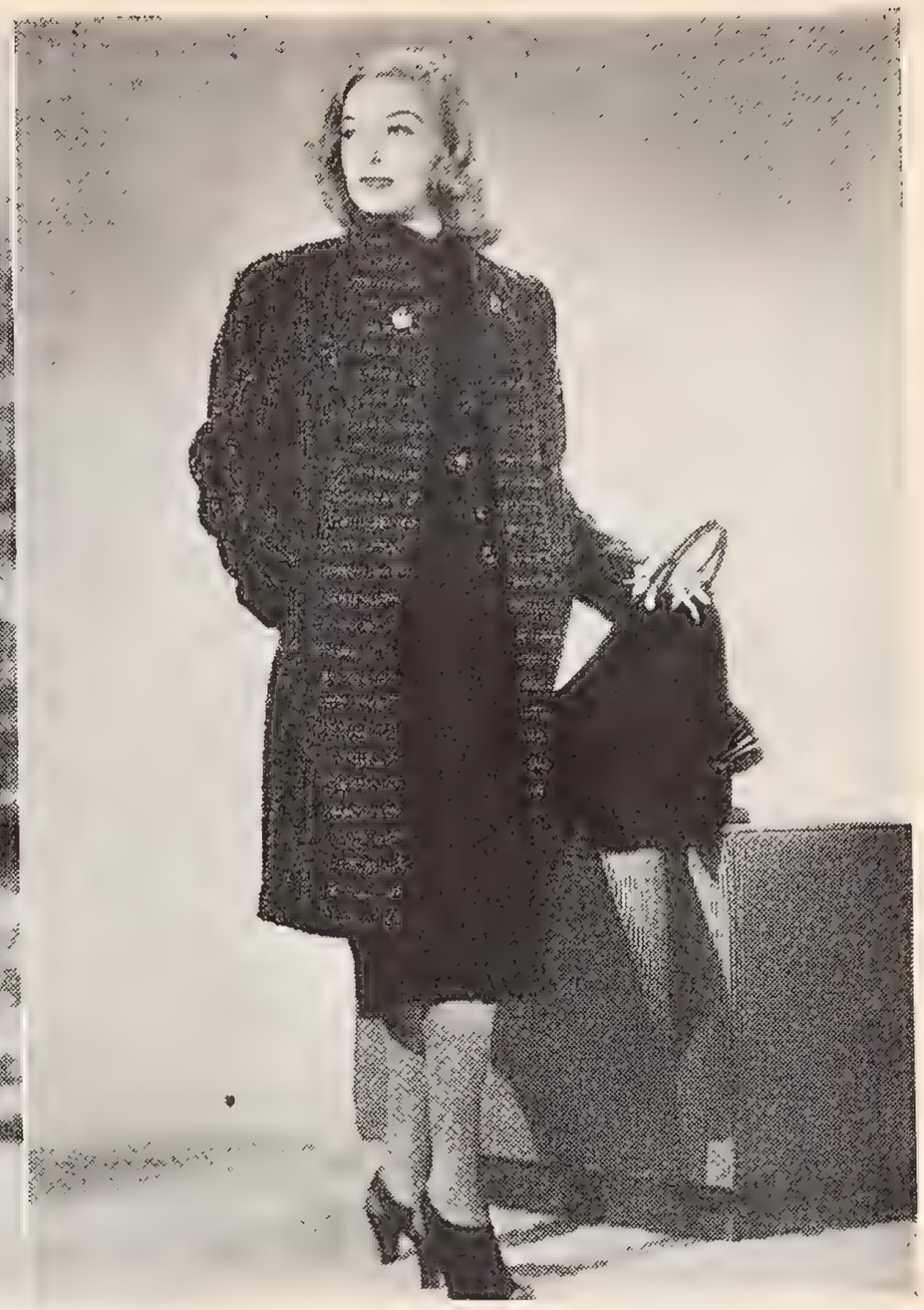
Says Hawes:

"There's nothing better than a trench coat." Worn by Ilona Massey, right.

"Vicki Lester" (far right) "has a fine traveling outfit, although I could do without the diamond clips and holes in the toes of her shoes."

"Very routine, but nevertheless charming and simple robe de style." Betty Grable, below.





When a book called "Fashion Is Spinach" became a best-seller, it proved that the women of America are vitally curious about what's Fashion-right. See what Hawes says



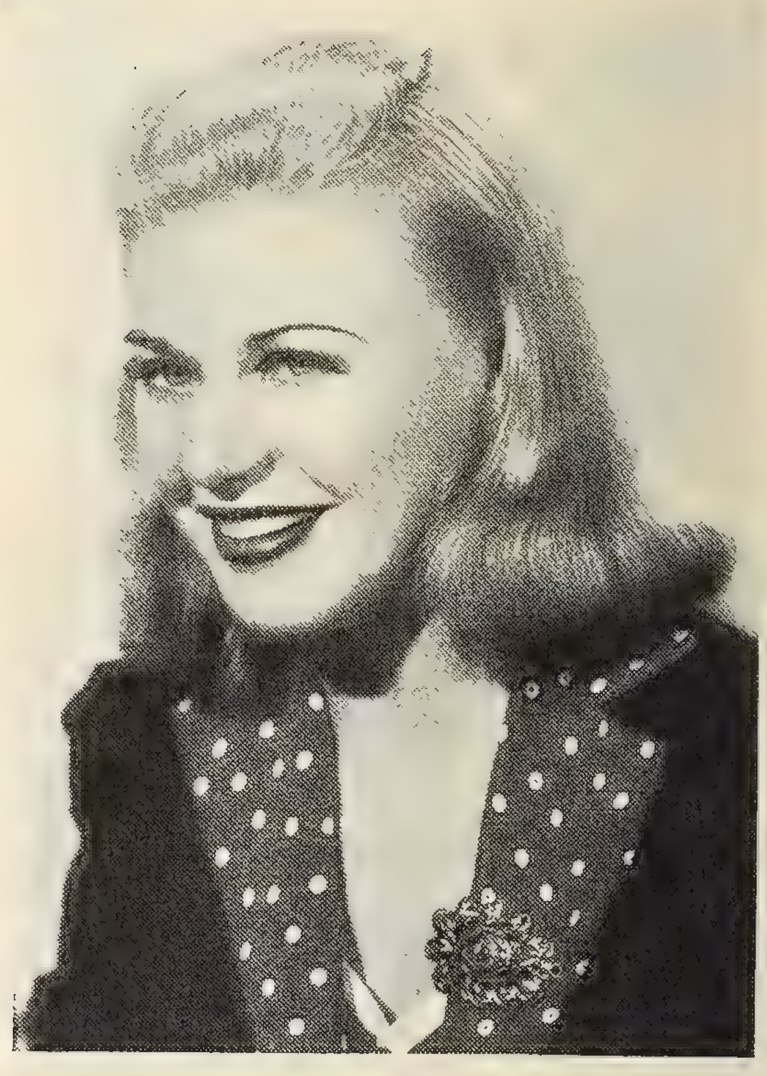
bows in her hair. Mabel's definitely on the skids now, but that same little man is probably ruining Mary Ann and Alice and Louise for you, Adrian. Maybe they were the best dressed girls in New York once. Maybe they got their contracts looking that way. But now they only revert to type when they step out of Hollywood. Their hair is curly instead of straight, blond instead of black. Their noses are short and not long any more. Their eyebrows are thin now, and their teeth pearly. In five or six years, they'll probably be on the skids because the carefully prepared type they represent will be out, out of Fashion, out of public favor, out among the extras.

God help the movie star,—and God help her designer. Since they both get paid plenty of money, it is idle to waste too much sympathy on them, I suppose, although neither seems very happy about the clothing situation. If the devil is the producer, he might come out of Hollywood, New York's El Morocco and the Stork Club long enough to find out that all débutantes don't wear beige fox in the day and white tulle at night. Mostly he might find out that some quite ugly girls are damned attractive and that there are other methods of attraction beside cutting your dress to your navel in front or hiding your bare back under a ton of fur.

Luckily for the producer, it has been definitely proven by now that it certainly isn't the clothes which made the movie. God gave the stars their anatomy, male and female, and love makes the world go 'round. All the Fashion Spinach in Hollywood hasn't been able to ruin the movies. But oh for a really ugly movie girl, replica of a million Rosie O'Gradys. Dress her up right. Send her out on the screen. Wouldn't it be nice to know whether a perfectly ordinary, human lady, subtly dressed, could accomplish as much as a Glamor girl in Spinach? It happens in real life, Hollywood. And that is certainly lucky for us, isn't it, Public?



Newest, most glamorous Hollywood sensation is Hedy Lamarr. You saw the actress in "Algiers." Now see the girl herself, above—athletic, given to such pleasures as candid-camera-snapping and hearty eating. Ginger Rogers, right, another outdoor glamor girl.



By Liza

Glamor Gets a Face-Wash!

Glamor girls go wholesome and healthy—even Hedy Lamarr turns out to be folksy. Find out why

HEARING that Glamor had turned on its detractors in Hollywood and was making them eat fricassee of crow, I invested in a theatre ticket the other evening and took a good look at Hedy Lamarr. Hedy, as you all know, is the smoldering femme fatale who does a pretty bit of luring of sad-eyed Charles Boyer in the American version of "Pepe Le Moko," now known as "Algiers." And judging from all the celebrating at the various box offices where "Algiers" is breaking records, Hedy is also doing a pretty bit of luring of the entire population.

Never in my time, and my time is your time, have I known the press to become so extravagant in their praise of a film actress. Absolutely no restraint. They've called her everything from a new Garbo and Dietrich to a sultry charmer—we haven't had a sultry charmer around since Pola Negri—and the word "exotic" which had fallen on evil days, no self-respecting reporter would touch it with his typewriter, they proceeded to restore with a flourish to perfectly good standing!

As a leader of the Anti-Glamor group—I was planning to lead my army in through Brentwood and Holmby Hills and make merry with a lot of Rolls Royces, false lashes, and silver foxes—I was quite upset to hear about Hedy. Here I've been wearing my fingers to the bone lately, especially on key "s" which doesn't register unless I fairly knock the daylights out of it, writing long dull articles about how Glamor was as extinct as the dodo, and gardenias and tuberoses were too, too silly, and the so-called Glamor Girls ought to get wise to themselves and either give up completely or acquire some of that natural earthiness of Myrna Loy and Sonja Henie. Freckles, I gushed, were the thing, and unless you had the pink cheeks of an ice skater you might just as well hide your head in shame. And this lolling about on a chaise lounge in something by

Schiaparelli, really now, how absurd—one should be out hoeing corn or roping steers.

And I must say the Exhibitors egged me on in my folly by publishing a blast heard round the world (they tell me Marlene heard it in far-off France, and was très depressed) to the effect that some of our glamorous personalities were just a lot of poison at the box office. And then they published a list of the favorites according to box office receipts and the only members of the girls' team were Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Sonja Henie and Myrna Loy. Those girls sort of reek of health and good clean living—and anything but glamor. No wonder I was taken in. Glamor is dead, I wrote with priggish delight, never having had any.

Then along came Hedy. And a diet of crow. Hedy of the soft voice and wanton eyes is a Viennese actress and her one claim to fame, before her arrival in Hollywood about eight months ago, was that she had appeared in "Ecstasy," a European picture, without benefit of Schiaparelli, or any old rag. She has lovely black hair, which is quite a relief in the land of the bleach and the henna, and fascinating hazel eyes that take to close-ups like a duck to water. She is five feet seven and weighs 108 pounds and is just about the most breathlessly beautiful actress we've ever had on the screen. She is twenty-three, the daughter of a Viennese banker, and the ex-wife of an Austrian munitions magnate. When she popped up in Hollywood quite unexpectedly with a Metro contract it was hoped, by quite a number of the feminine stars, that she would not be able to master English. But she did.

Well, as soon as I saw Hedy giving Charles Boyer the come-on in that languorous manner of hers I knew she had made a liar out of me. I knew that Glamor was just about as dead as a barrel of dynamite with lighted fuse. And I also knew that I'd better do a right about face quick like a flash. So hold your hats, here we go again.

I have decided—and nuts to you, Mr. Exhibitor with your poison stars—that that fatal allure, which we call glamor, is most necessary to the movie industry. It's the only thing that makes movie stars interesting, sort of sets them apart from the rest of us, as it were. Here we were in the biggest slump that Hollywood has ever had, with nobody going to the movies, well, practically nobody, and all the stock-holders yelling what's wrong with pictures and why doesn't somebody spend two bits and see Robert Montgomery—and then in the midst of the excitement Hedy Lamarr walks across the screen and immediately the line forms on the right! What was wrong with pictures, it seems, was their lack of glamor.

The glamor in a picture is always supplied by its star, and what with the stars in Hollywood all gone hayseed and healthy these days naturally we can't expect anything but beaucoup wholesomeness. Now wholesomeness has its place in the—in the—well, there must be some place for it, but not in Hollywood. It sort of stunts things. Time was when all the big stars were just as exciting as Hedy, and like mysterious creatures they showed themselves only at night dripping with sables and mascara. Hollywood was fun in those fabulous days when thousands of gardenias were ordered for a simple little supper party, and extras threw rose petals for Gloria Swanson and her marquis to walk on. Then someone, darn 'em, discovered health. And immediately all the little stars who had been having such a good time ruining the inner linings of their stomachs with mixed drinks and rich foods went on a diet, went on the wagon, and went on something terrible about health and good clean living.

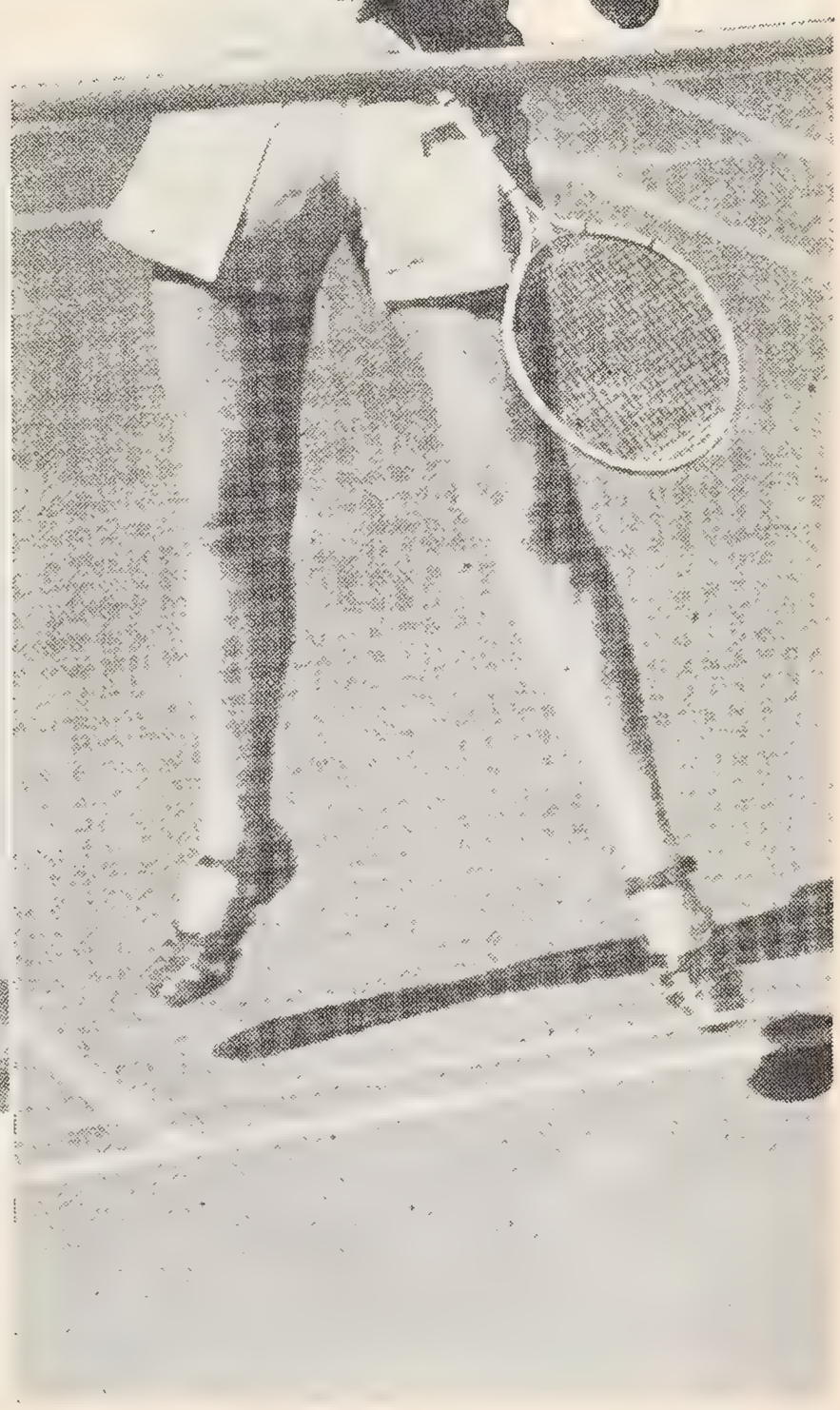
Those gay irresponsible people of the theatre you've read so many merry tales about (*Please turn to page 84*)



Have you joined the Anti-Glamor group, along with Liza? She was all for suntans and freckles until along came Hedy Lamarr and changed all that. Joan Crawford, right, goes in for badminton. Irene Dunne, below, is a good golfer, and member of the Hole-in-One Club. Carole Lombard, lower left, likes ranch life. Are they still glamor girls to you?







If Colman Were King!

By Ida Zeitlin

FRANCOIS VILLON in the person of Ronald Colman rises from his seat in the Fircone Tavern, and looks down at the gaunt faces of his boon companions. His beard is matted, his face is dirtstreaked. Unrecognized in a corner skulks Louis XI, all ears. "If *I* were king—" cries Villon.

You've come to do a story on the picture. You cherish a sneaking hope that in the process you may be able to snatch a word or two with Colman. For to write about "If I Were King" and leave him out is to play "Hamlet" minus the prince. Yet if Colman *were* king, he could be hardly more inaccessible.

You may deplore but you don't resent his inaccessibility. You soon learn to distinguish in Hollywood between players who throw up smoke-screens for effect, and those whose reserve is genuine. Colman is shy, not only of the press, but of the world in general. His instinct is for withdrawal. According to Frank Lloyd, producer and director of "If I Were King," he's the most unobtrusive of actors. "He never objects, he never argues a point—now and then he'll make a quiet suggestion—so rarely, so quietly that it always carries weight, and so," chuckles Lloyd, "he gets his own way as often as he wants it."

He's more comfortable inside himself than in contact with any but his intimates. On the other hand, there's nothing frozen-faced about him. Courtesy is as instinctive as reticence. Cornered for an autograph, he looks not forbidding but apologetic, much as if he were about to murmur: "And now—er—won't you give me yours?" Even as he eludes you, his smile begs your pardon—but elude you he will.

So day after day you stalk him. You don't really mind, for there's plenty of excitement along the way. The trail blazes with color — of atmosphere and personalities, of lines that sing and action that stirs your blood, of sets and costumes that transport you back through



Crashing the set of Hollywood's most brilliant production, we give you Ronald Colman without reserve, as his fellow actors know and like him best

the ages to a richer and wilder day—all mixed up with the color of twentieth century Hollywood—a bewildering kaleidoscope of brilliance which, through Frank Lloyd's ordered mind, will emerge to take its triumphant place—I'm telling you—beside his "Cavalcade" and "Mutiny on the Bounty."

You can't sit for five minutes on the set without catching fire. You love the story to begin with—you who have read it or seen the play or even thrilled to the rhythm of that matchless marching song that takes you by the throat, that has you shouting "*And* to *hell* with *Bur*-gun-dy" before it gets through with you.

There they all are—your Villon and Louis, your Katherine and Huguette, your scum of the Paris gutters and your silken traitors of the court—but with a difference. They don't talk the highflown claptrap of creaking melodrama, but the everyday speech of the everyday people of their time. It's rousing, it's rib-tickling, it's lyrical at times, it's natural always. Lloyd has long wanted to make this picture, but on two conditions. First, he would have no one but Colman to play Villon. Second he would have no figures of bombast strutting across his screen, but believable humans. He got Colman. He got Preston Sturges to write the screen play—"my cornerstone and my beautiful framework," he calls them.

You may wonder at the choice of Basil Rathbone for Louis. You think of Louis as a crooked little man, having nothing in common with the aquiline splendor of Rathbone. "Watch this scene," grins Lloyd. He climbs to the camera boom, high above the heads of the glittering crowd that throngs Louis's throne room for its first glimpse of the new, the mysterious Grand Constable. You'll be struck by the absence of tension on any Lloyd set. The director is celebrating his twenty-fifth year of successful movie-making. Being a kindly man, he has no stomach for blustering. Knowing his business, he has no need for it. His ease (*Please turn to page 76*)



"If I Were King," colorful spectacle of Francois Villon and his times, has Colman as star, Frances Dee for heroine, Basil Rathbone as villain—see them pictured on these pages. Top right, director Frank Lloyd coaches his cast. Center above, Colman in kingly armor, with Miss Dee; above, VILLON and HUGUETTE, otherwise Colman and Ellen Drew. Left, Alma Lloyd, the director's daughter.

Salute to the Quints

Photographs of the Dionne Quintuplets
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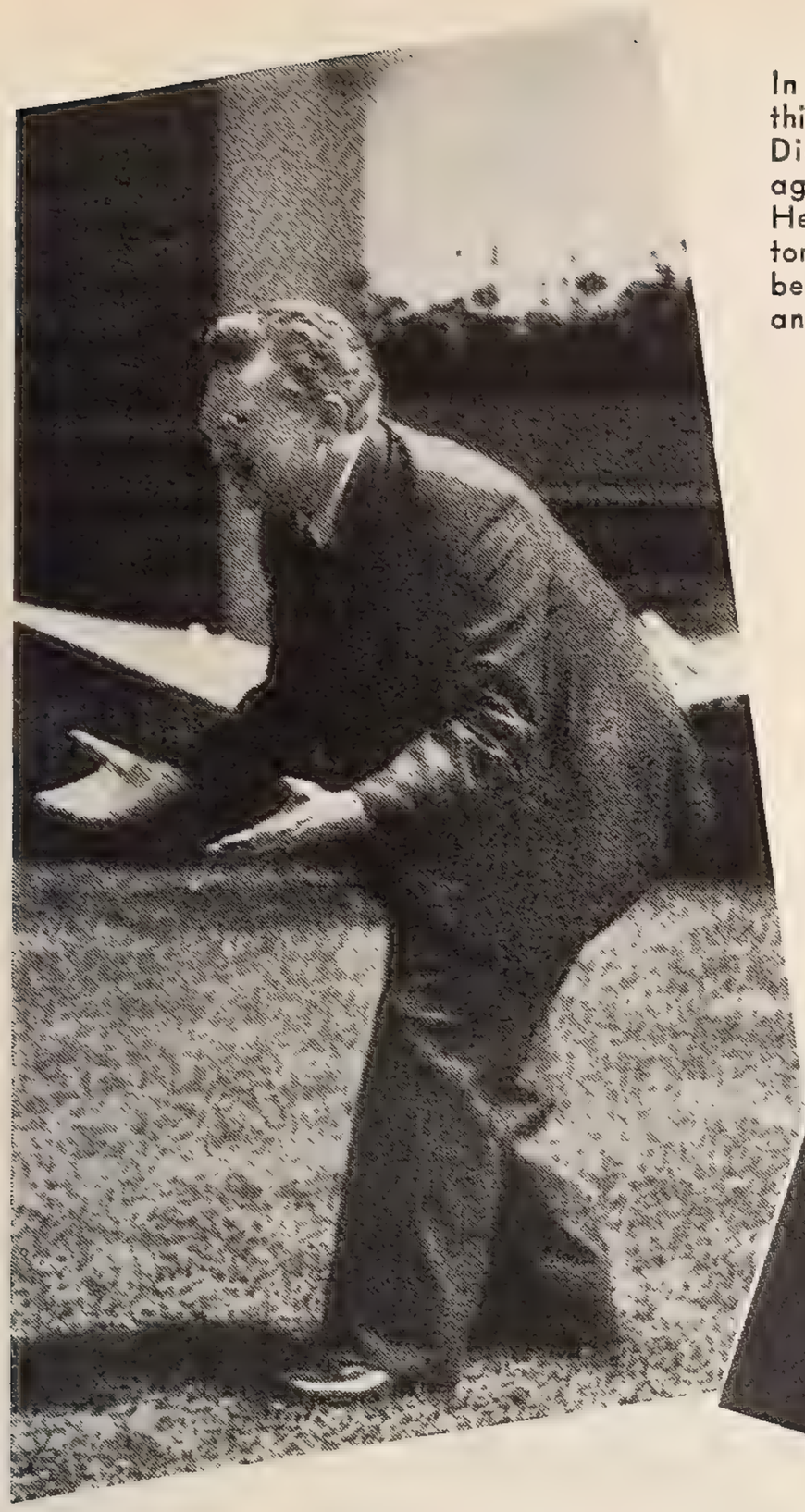


JUST as five times five make twenty-five, so the five girl babies who came amazingly alive on a wintry night four years ago in the northern reaches of Ontario now make significant the quarter-century jubilee of a screen actor in sunny Hollywood.

"You wouldn't think," fondly reflected Jean Hersholt who rejoined the Dionne Quintuplets in the making of their third picture, "Five of a Kind," "that the birth of five little girls away off in Canada could possibly have had any effect upon an actor playing parts in Hollywood, but it meant no less than my own rebirth. Life, at least professionally, really began for me when those wonderful babies came into the world. All of a sudden, by the magic of the quints, I became a distinct personality. I realize this more than ever now that it gives special meaning to my twenty-fifth Hollywood anniversary."

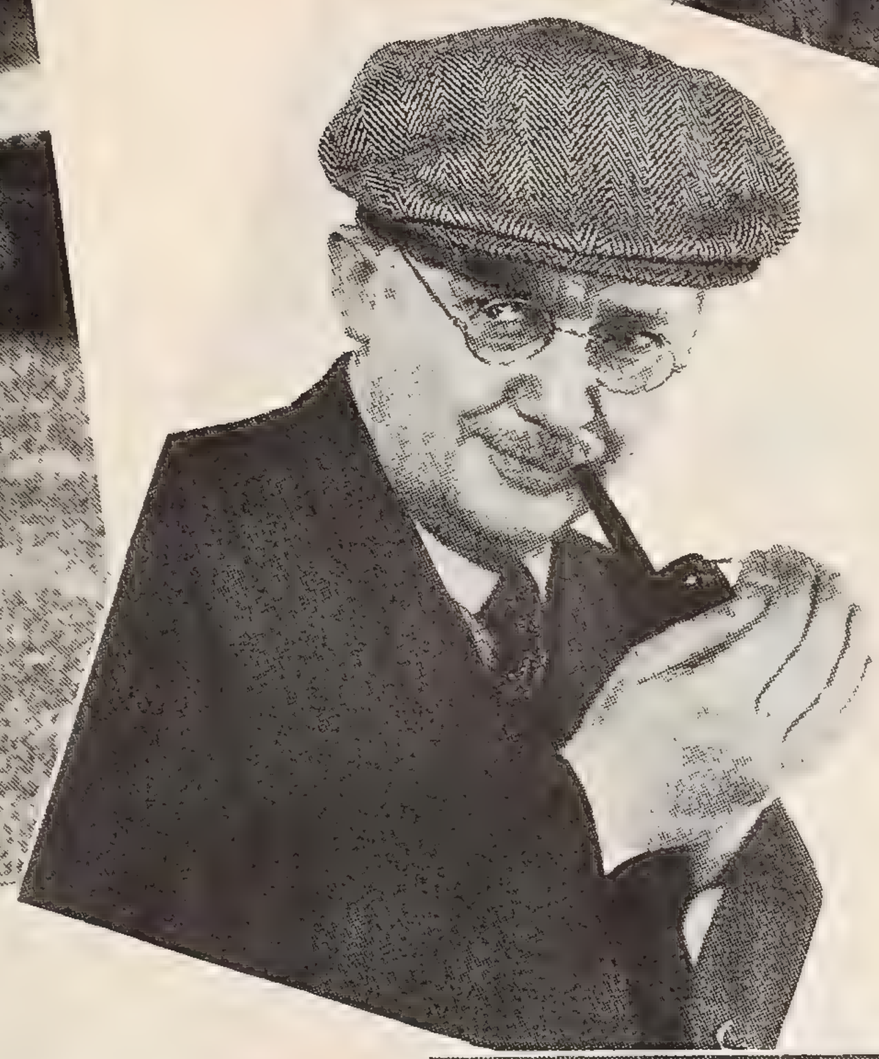
Surely the happy occasion called for some sort of celebration in honor not only of Hollywood's most beloved character actor but of world-loved Emilie, Yvonne, Cecile, Annette and Marie, those budding mam'selles who made human history in the very act of their creation. And it was fittingly at hand when their patron player glowingly raised not a rousing bumper but a tiny wooden whistle worn as a charm on his looping watch chain and blew it five times in salute to the quints.

"Emilie gave it to me," he explained, proudly showing the tooth-marked toy which seemed to



In "Five Of A Kind," their third motion picture, the Dionne Quintuplets are again supported by Jean Hersholt as the country doctor—see left and right below—and by John Qualen and Slim Summerville, in scene at right.





Jean Hersholt tells what the Famous Five have meant to him and his career

By

Charles Lancaster



bring her and her famed duplicates into the room with us. Letting the simple token slip back to its moorings, Mr. Hersholt disposed of his mellow kindliness, together with his equally mellowed proportions, in a capacious leather chair and brought out his pipe. Memories mingled with the curling smoke.

"It was a much better way than any other to make the public kindly aware of my existence after all these years. Altogether, counting my five-years' experience in Denmark," his rounded accent carrying back to his native land, "I have been in pictures for thirty years. For a long time it was pretty bad, but now great good fortune has made this the best time of all for me. At the start I had little hope. But America had become the Promised Land for actors, so naturally I wanted to come here. That was a comparatively easy thing to do, as the Scandinavian Line was glad to give an actor passage on one of its ships in return for his entertaining the more remunerative passengers with readings and impersonations. When I finally reached Hollywood I had just five dollars in my pocket. Part of that money was spent in street car fare from Los Angeles to Inceville, beyond Santa Monica. At the end of the line I found to my dismay that I had to walk two miles and a half along a hot and dusty road. That made me feel and look foolish, for I had followed the custom of European actors by wearing a frock coat, spats and derby hat, and carrying a cane. But it was my clothes that got me a job. When the dazzled casting director was assured they really belonged to me, he said he would give me fifteen dollars a week. He hired my clothes, not me. But I'm afraid that if I'd been dressed like that on my trip to Callander for the quints' first picture I would have been mobbed."

Laughing off the impossible idea, Mr. Hersholt approached the turning point in his career with actually blushing modesty. "I might have been vain enough to think I was chosen for the part of *Dr. Luke* in 'The Country Doctor' because of an unusual talent. But that wasn't it at all. It was just luck—and there's a lot of luck in this business. Thanks to the quints, I'm probably the luckiest actor in Hollywood. I was a last-minute choice simply because the studio had to have somebody in a hurry. Will Rogers would have had the part if he had not been killed six months before the picture was ready to start. Then it would have gone to Lionel Barrymore if he had not been tied up with other engagements. Henry Walthall, Walter Connolly, Grant Mitchell and others were also considered. I never dreamed anyone would have me in mind. Nothing could have been further from my thoughts one afternoon when I got a call at M-G-M to go over to Twentieth Century-Fox and see the casting director. I didn't want to go, but was advised to do so as a matter of courtesy. On the way I talked to myself, saying they probably wanted me for a lousy part and deciding I'd refuse it. I could hardly believe (*Continued on page 80*)

From Peanuts *to* Pictures

Bob Burns roams Memory Lane to bring himself up to date in an interview crammed with honesty and humor

By May Mann







It's like Robin Burns to build a little log cabin back of his big house, where he can practice his bazooka in peace. Bob tells in this story how to be happy though poor—but his greatest happiness came when his small daughter was born.

BOB BURNS says he was just as happy when he didn't have a dime to his name as he is today, thereby disillusioning me (I've always harbored one of those dreams about a rich uncle leaving me all of his wealth). Bob told me that would only prove burdensome—so now I don't have to worry about whether any of my uncles get rich.

I was visiting the set of "Arkansas Traveler" over at Paramount when I caught Bob between "takes." I asked him to make a date for an interview. I wanted to know if a person who's never had any, can be twice as happy when they suddenly realize a lot of money. I knew he had been as poor as a fellow could be—from the money-in-the-pocket angle. Surprisingly Bob replied in that serious way he drawls his words, "Well, like my Uncle Fud back in Arkansas would say, there's no time like the present if you want to talk to me." He looked around helplessly for a place for us to sit down, but just try finding a chair not in use on a movie set—even when the owner's names are painted in bold white letters on their backs. Bob took another look around, then he grabbed me by the hand and marched me right off the set. We found a plank on a saw-horse facing a corner of the stage strung with electric conduits and water pipes, not very atmospheric, but within ear-shot of the director's call.

Bob seemed eager to recall those good old days when he was poor as we sat there on a pine plank with nothing to distract our attention in the walled-in corner.

"I never was so happy in my life as when I used to sell bananas down in New Orleans there on the water front. I think I made about twenty-five cents a day, and on good days a dollar. Food was cheap. A fellow could fill himself right full for fifteen cents. I had plenty of time to go hunting and fishing, (*Please turn to page 82*)

Fly High!

"Men With Wings" are the ones who go places, so Paramount sends Ray Milland and Fred MacMurray aloft for big new film

William Walling

The aviation picture to top 'em all is "Men With Wings," which encompasses the great flights since the Wrights' and catches up with Howard Hughes' and Corrigan's history-making hops. Rivals in air and love are Milland and MacMurray, with sky-records and Louise Campbell their prizes. Right, Ray; above, Fred—and with Miss Campbell. Below, the stellar trio. You'll see them in Technicolor, too.





Exhibitors may wail, producers may worry while awaiting the Public's nod or yawn; but whatever happens, Hollywood will be ever-beloved for girls like these!

Beauty Still Beckons



Filmland is famous for lovely women. No wonder, when we look at the elegant examples here! Consider, top, Dorothy Lamour, who would be called glamorous in any country. Then, from top left reading down, Joan Marsh, Eleanor Hansen, June Lang. In the oval, gently lovely Franciska Gaal.

One of the most enchanting sights ever to be seen on the screen will be Loretta Young in her rôle of the Empress Eugenie in "Suez"—pre-view closeup of her, below. Vastly different but also very alluring is Alice Faye, at top left, smilingly surveying her opportunities in "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "The Dawn's Early Light." Now, gazing at panel to leff, you see Gloria Stuart, top, Lynn Carver, left, and movie-newcomer Nancy Kelly.



Mammy! Dick Powell goes to town in "The Hot Heiress," enlivening romance wherein he woos pretty, winsome and grand actress Olivia de Havilland, with such added attractions as this corking impersonation of Al Jolson. Here you have it: black-face, dynamic gestures—and you can almost hear Powell's voice boom out songs with that Jolson "sock."



Cheer Up, Exhibitors!

Those box-office blues will be gone with the whirl-wind of gaiety and glamor when these swell shows hit your screens. Such fun for movie-goers means crowds in your theatres

The girls with the smiles that will win favor of the fans! Left, fun and feminine charm are coming at you arm-in-arm, as Marie Wilson, Ann Sheridan and Margaret Lindsay swing into view as the trio that makes entertainment go round and round on the screens that will project "Three Girls on Broadway."









Honey at the box-offices is just another way of saying Sonja Henie, above, with her bunny partner in a novelty skating number in "My Lucky Star." Those Gay Nineties recalled by the very athletic Joe Brown, top, will be gay nights at the movie shows when "The Gladiator" comes to town. Howls of laughter are going to make your theatre the big noise of your town, Mr. Exhibitor, when you get such celestial clowns as the Ritz Brothers, right, in "Straight, Place and Show," and the three Marxes, below, in "Room Service." Cheer up? You'll bust right out laughing!





The trusty trio reappears in "Suez," and to good effect, too. The Man, the Maid, the Other Girl——here they are again, and welcome, when they are played by such a Man as Tyrone Power, such a beauteous Maid as Loretta Young, and such a piquant Other Person as Annabella. Left, a studio portrait of the three—for real action see picture at lower left of our page. Below, Loretta wins—at least for this closeup.

Not forgotten, but neglected in recent screen cycles is the dear old Problem Trio—just as good today as it ever was, if we can believe what we see.

So the Triangle *Is* Eternal After All!









Trio in Waltz Time

Triangle set to the haunting strains of Johann Strauss' music presents Gravet as the composer, Mlle. Korjus as his prima donna, and little Rainer as the wistful other lady. This romantic drama of old Vienna offers Gravet a stronger rôle that he has yet essayed for American screens, while the golden voice of Miliza Korjus, known to radio listeners of the M-G-M hour but hitherto unheard from the screen, is said to be a treat worth waiting for.



The charming temptations of Monsieur Gravet in "The Great Waltz" are Luise Rainer and Miliza Korjus — Brunette versus Blonde

Willinger

What, even lovely little Olivia de Havilland is allowed to lose her temper for screen purposes! Above, she rebels against bed-making in a big way, all for "The Hot Heiress." Left below, the amazing "Dead End"-"Crime School" boys as they appear in Warner Bros.' big new melodrama, "Angels with Dirty Faces."

Is Screen Going Sadistic?

Anyway, there are shocking, sock-ing, powerful pictures on their way to you and we'll wager you'll award them big box-office honors

And here's the Angel making the Dirty Faces—otherwise Mr. James Cagney running the gamut of sinister expressions for his new starring picture. Jimmy, actually the most amiable of gentlemen, manages to make us cringe as he blazes through a range of macabre emotions. A jolly little operating-room sequence enlivens the new Kay Francis film called "Unlawful." Below, two scenes showing the suave Miss Francis in her dramatic new rôle. At bottom of page, the Fight of the Month, between Charles Bickford and Wayne Morris. As Wayne is hero of the piece, we can't explain the scene at lower right—you'll have to see "Valley of the Giants" for yourself.







Birthday of a baritone! Nelson Eddy's natal anniversary celebrated on the "Sweethearts" set. Co-star Jeanette MacDonald loaded Nelson's arms with presents from all—and Director Van Dyke asked him for a match! Around from top right above, you see highlights as Nelson cuts the cake. That's Ray Bolger coming back for too many helpings. Then Nelson opens his present from Jeanette—a cocker spaniel with five pups—celebrating the fifth Eddy-MacDonald co-starring screen musical.

Strictly Personal Histories





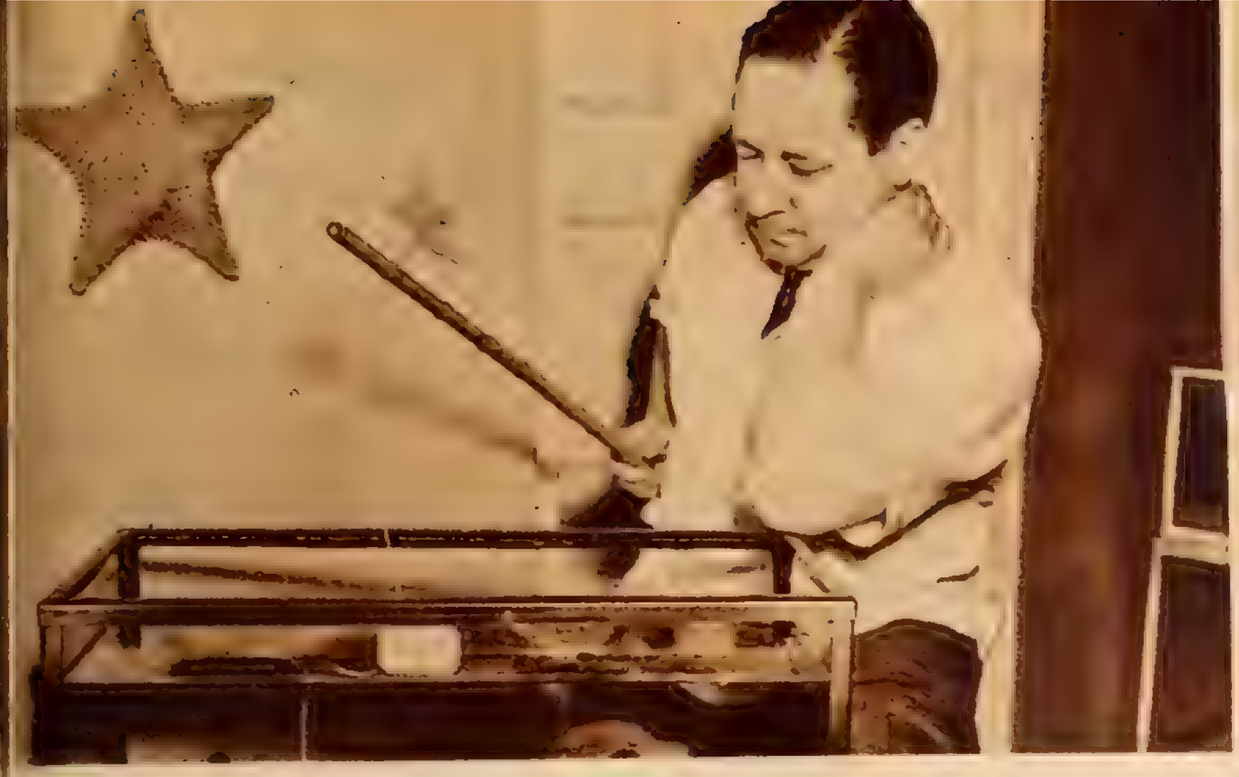


Below: Director Jack Conway to Clark Gable: "Planes will buzz overhead, bombs will fall like rain, buildings crash. Want a double for this one, Clark?" Gable: "How you talk! Start your action." Then Clark as a newsreel man in "Too Hot to Handle" goes to work. Next, congratulated by real newsreelman Norman Alley, who filmed the sinking of the Panay. Then, rest and refreshment.











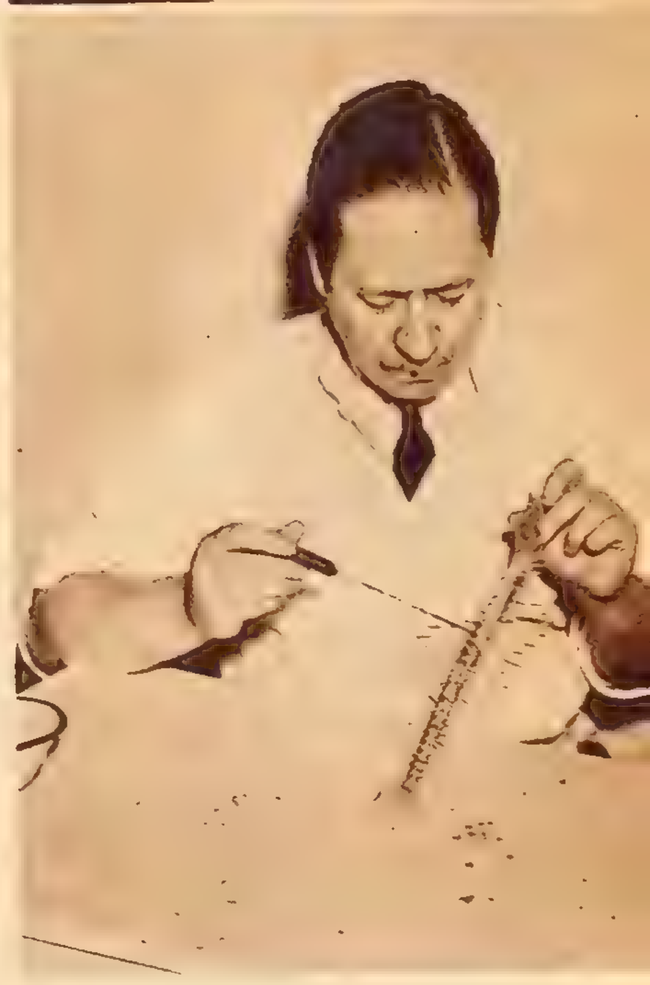
Fisherman's luck! Robert Benchley's patient and exhaustive research revolutionizes the sport of angling. If you can't get away to wade the streams, or get seasick on a fishing cruise—just do it at home. You see, he catches one. Doesn't know just why, but decides to find out what a fish has that makes men so anxious to catch him; goes into the matter with scientific thoroughness, proceeding bit by bit to an analysis of the subject, and proving beyond all doubt that a fish has bones.



Amiable antics behind the screen, caught by cameras intent on being candid about celebrities during time out from acting







Right number but wrong guess! Dennis O'Keefe caught in the clutches of gallantry—left to right across pages below. "Ah, here's the number that pretty little number gave me today. Five cents for three minutes. Huh, I only need three seconds to sell myself into a date. Wait! Sure! Oh, hello. This is Dennis. You know, you're going to dinner with me tonight. What? I'm late? Hey, how many fellows did you give that phone number to on the set today? Oh, just Tyrone and me, eh? GoodBYE. Five cents, three minutes! I ought to get my nickel back plus interest."





Photographed under the giant redwoods near Eureka, California, by Mac Julian, Warner Bros.

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Claire Trevor and Wayne Morris in "Valley of the Giants"

LONDON

Come along to Britain's best studios, sparkling with stars and excitement

By Hettie Grimstead

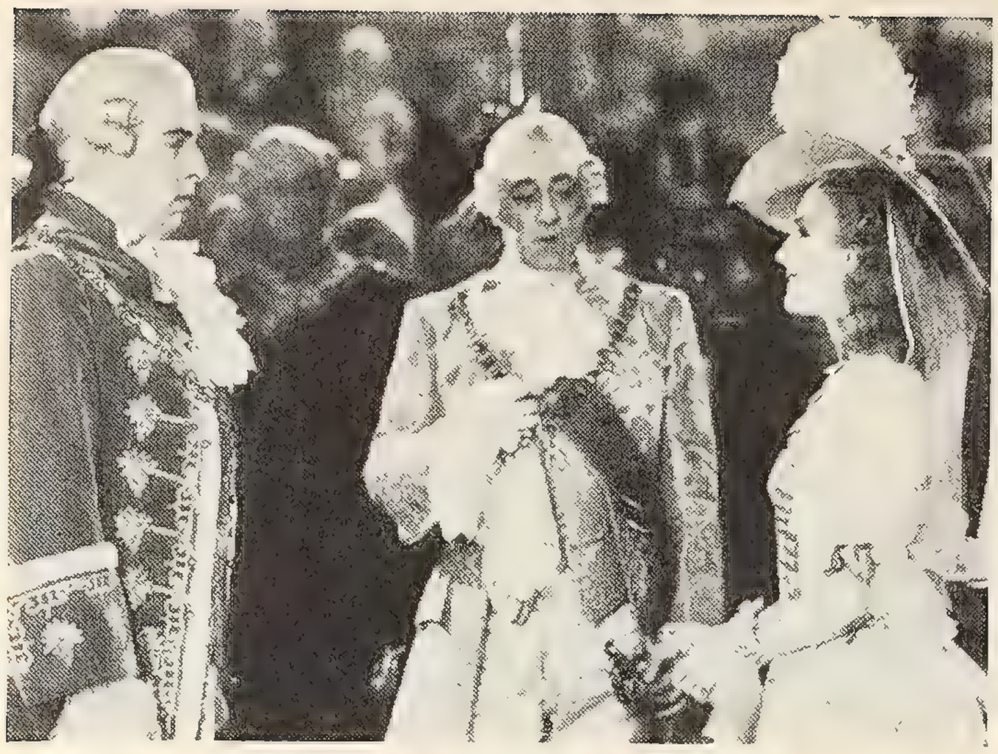


You'll meet American favorites in London studios these days, as well as popular English personalities. Anna Neagle and C. Aubrey Smith, left, listen as director Herbert Wilcox rehearses them in a scene for "Sixty Glorious Years," sequel to "Victoria the Great." Edna Best, below, who is still Mrs. Herbert Marshall, ponders a crossword puzzle. Our own Rosalind Russell, below center, gets ready for her rôle in "The Citadel," while her co-star Robert Donat is seen in two character close-ups at far left.

DENHAM'S huge white studio buildings are a hive of activity these days. Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook and Aubrey Smith are shooting the sequel to "Victoria the Great" and on the stage beyond theirs you meet cool blonde Edna Best—who is still Mrs. Herbert Marshall—acting in Korda's all-woman film about a girl's reformatory called "Prison Without Bars." In the Korda offices they are already hard at work preparing for the big new historical film in which Merle Oberon will play when she returns from Hollywood this winter. It's "Elizabeth of Austria," a romantic adventure woven round the young wife of the emperor Franz Josef when Vienna was at the height of its glory. Flora Robson and Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh will be seen in it too.

When you see a grimy-faced man in ragged clothes walking in the country lanes around Denham you don't know whether he is a genuine hobo or a distinguished actor from "The Citadel" just taking a stroll between scenes. The new M-G-M film has the poverty-stricken setting of a Welsh coal-mining valley, and even Robert Donat and Ralph Richardson have to wear the roughest cheapest clothes. Bob's collars go into training for a day before he dons them, crumpled under a heavy weight, and his greasy shapeless hat was bought for a few coppers in an East End slum market and had to be sterilized before he could put it on. "It's just the kind of hat Spencer Tracy would enjoy," Bob declares, Spencer being his greatest admiration on the screen.

Rosalind Russell, too, appears in a wool skirt and careless old sweater with her chestnut hair untidily ruffled. Rozzie has been doing some ambition-realizing herself in London; she has always adored antiques and her Hollywood home is full of them. Now she is living in an ancient thatched farmhouse near Denham and everything there is antique, oak furniture and pewter bowls and oil lamps and even the china she eats off. "Sort of place I've dreamt about," says Rozzie, and doesn't mind a scrap if she knocks her head against some low ceiling beam that can't be raised because it's too old to stand moving. With her sister Mary Jane Russell who's visiting her, Rozzie makes expeditions to buy quaint chairs and period silver and twisted brass to take home to California. She often goes to the famous Caledonian Market in North London, searching the hundreds of open-air stalls and shops with the crowd. Mr. and Mrs. (*Please turn to page 86*)



MARIE ANTOINETTE—M-G-M

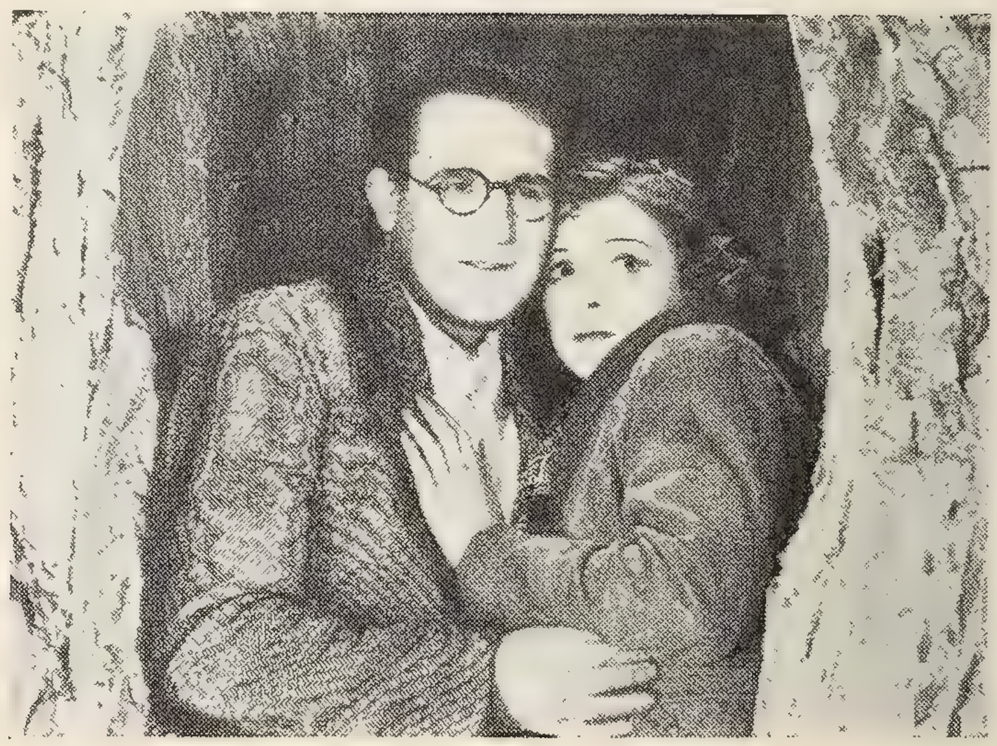
Reviews of the best Pictures by Delight Evans

MOST important picture of the new season, and definitely not to be missed, is Norma Shearer's lavish vehicle for her return to the screen after long absence. It's a weighty vehicle, at times as heavy and unwieldy as the lavish costumes, rich with historical trappings, often smothered in its own magnificence. But when the incomparable true drama of "Marie Antoinette" is allowed to emerge from all the gold and glitter, it becomes a fine and honest film, and in its latter scenes very nearly a great one. Thanks to Norma Shearer's passionate sincerity in playing the name part, her picture almost always rings true. That it falters occasionally is no fault of the star's, nor of her splendid supporting cast; it is, I should say, the fault of the director—the salty talents which made "The Thin Man" so exciting are not precisely suited to realizing the terror and tragedy of the life of *Marie Antoinette*. Shearer's is a thrilling performance, from the first scenes as eager girl through disillusionment to the supreme horror; and she is helped by brilliant Robert Morley, incredibly good as the unfortunate *Louis*. Tyrone Power, Joseph Schildkraut, all the others are excellent.



LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Universal

HOORAY, McCarthy is here to stay. If you were troubled by doubts after "The Goldwyn Follies" that Charlie's place was on the screen, see him again here, and change your mind. He has stiff competition, even including a definite rival called Mortimer, Mr. Edgar Bergen's new dummy to keep Charlie in his place, if possible; but the McCarthy wit and *aplomb* win, as usual. Here's an unusual and thoroughly delightful picture. It has an Idea, a real Idea, despite a slight leaning toward certain aspects of "Stage Door" and "Mad about Music." But the direction of John Stahl is so sympathetic, the *esprit* of the blue-ribbon cast so infectious that you will enjoy every minute of the show. Adolphe Menjou plays with his consummate ease a vain and philandering stage and screen star confronted by a problem daughter, Andrea Leeds. The problem is how to keep her a secret, so she poses as her father's "protegée," to cause complications involving Andrea's dancer-romancer, George Murphy, and the father's fiancée, Ann Sheridan. Bergen and McCarthy are here, there, and everywhere, Bergen coming into his own with a real rôle neatly played.



PROFESSOR BEWARE—Paramount

HAROLD LLOYD'S best comedy—and where have you heard that one before? From me, of course; and from every other reviewer. It may be because Lloyd's films are few and far between; it may even be because he uses his best situations again and again, in various guises; and that we're all howling at practically the same gags we laughed at the last time. I don't care. I know I had a good time at "Professor Beware," I know you will, too; and that's what matters. Lloyd himself—and this is serious—is definitely funnier than he has ever been. I mean, the actor himself, and by himself, gets more laughs than ever before. He comes closer to achieving a real characterization, as the shy young Egyptologist whose chivalry makes him a hunted man—hunted by the police and wanted by The Girl, who this time is Phyllis Welch, and no girl to run away from if I can judge by audience reaction. Miss Welch is a sort of miniature Margaret Sullavan with more humor. I think you'll be seeing more of her. The Big Chase is simply terrific, one mighty howl. A grand cast includes Lionel Stander and Raymond Walburn, with the inimitable Mr. Stander particularly priceless.

MOST IMPORTANT:

"Marie Antoinette"

"Alexander's Ragtime Band"

MOST CHARMING:

"Letter of Introduction"

MOST FUN:

"Professor Beware"

FINEST PERFORMANCES:

Norma Shearer, Robert Morley in "Marie Antoinette"

Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Bergen-McCarthy in "Letter of Introduction"

May Robson in "The Texans"

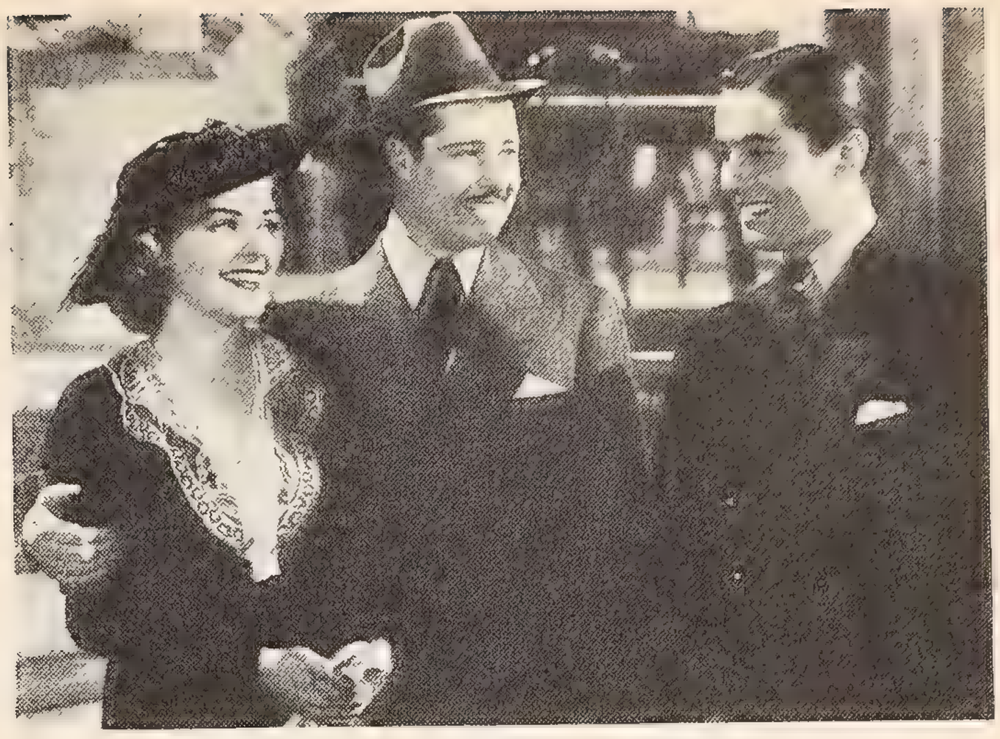
Frank Morgan in "The Crowd Roars"

SURPRISE HITS:

Phyllis Welch in "Professor Beware"

Wally Vernon in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"

Jane Wyman in "The Crowd Roars"



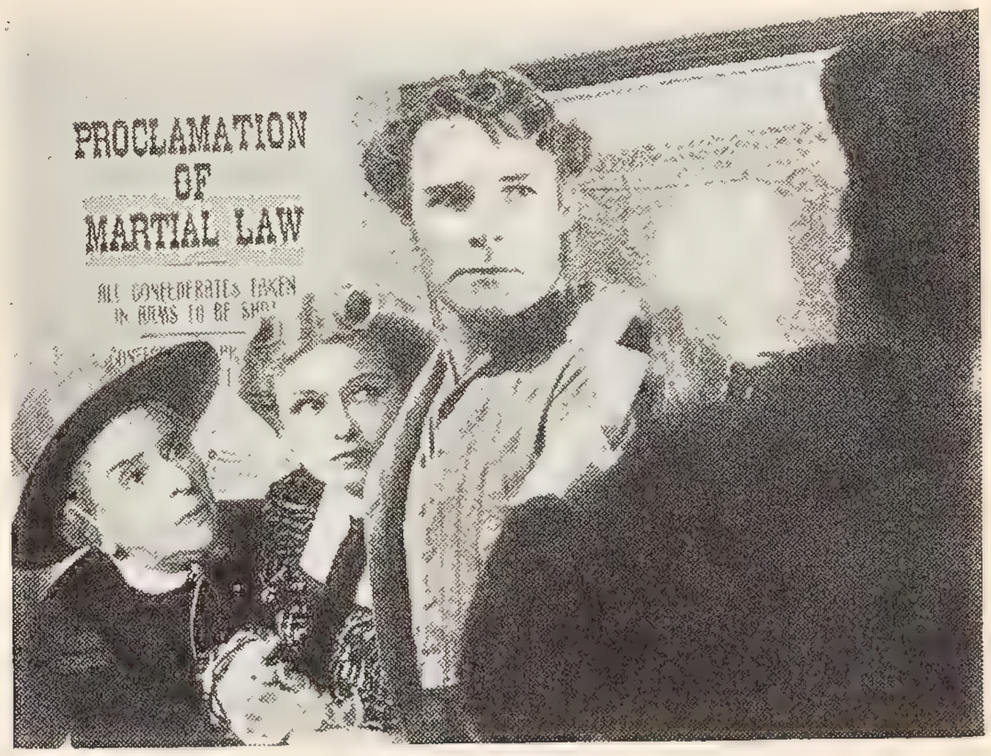
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND—20 Century-Fox

MIGHTIEST of all musical movies, Irving Berlin's "American Cavalcade of Song" is just that. It isn't a "musical" according to accepted movie standards—no big girl numbers, but there's a big "boy" number, *Oh How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning,* which will do very nicely as a substitute. If you like Berlin tunes, "Alexander's Ragtime Band" will get you and hold you and send you out of the theatre a bit moist about the eyes, choky about the throat, and croaking away in what you may fondly believe is an imitation of Alice Faye singing *Remember* or Ethel Merman shouting *Heat Wave.* Beginning with the origin of *Alexander's Ragtime Band* itself, the picture follows the Berlin song cycle in and out of the drama of a band leader, Tyrone Power, his pianist, Don Ameche, and his singer, Alice Faye. It is a new, striking, and dramatic screen presentation of popular music, easy to take, always colorful and often exciting. What'll you have—*This is the Life, or Blue Skies; Everybody Step,* or *All Alone?* They're all here. Pictorially, it is Miss Faye's film, with Miss Merman rating next. Peace, it's wonderful how the stars stay young—Berlin magic, maybe.



THE CROWD ROARS—M-G-M

ROBERT TAYLOR gets his hair mussed again in "The Crowd Roars," and I hope his detractors will now be satisfied, because I hate to think of the screen's most convincingly ardent young lover doomed to play nothing but college athletes and prize-fighters for the rest of his career. Did the "legitimate" theatre public insist upon John Barrymore replacing the tights of "Hamlet" with pugilist's trunks? Is Robert Taylor as good an actor as Barrymore was? No! Then why not give the boy a chance to try? It's just as bad to "type" him in rugged rôles as in *Armands.* Now that that's over, consider "The Crowd Roars," a good if formula film, with Bob as an earnest and honest young prize-fighter, ducking squared-circle politics; Edward Arnold as the slick fight manager, and matchless Frank Morgan as Bob's father—a great big fat rôle for Frank, who makes the bragging, bibulous fellow a real character. Maureen O'Sullivan, herself inevitably "typed" as the wholesome heroine, plays her routine rôle with spirit and as much conviction as possible. Jane Wyman will surprise you with a gay and vivid performance as a scatterbrained Southern belle, accent and all.



THE TEXANS—Paramount

THE biggest Western of them all! It has everything every big Western has ever had, and a little more—cattle stampedes, Indian fights, prairie fires and floods, even a dust storm. And each cataclysm is super-colossal, probably spoiling you for mere gigantic Westerns ever after. "The Texans" turns back to the reconstruction period following the Civil War for its theme, and intimately concerns the fortunes of an old Texas ranching family which leaves its homeland to make the long trek with its cattle to the nearest railroad in far-off Kansas. Their trials and tribulations on the year-long march make up most of the film's drama and excitement. If you like superb scenery on the screen, and I do, you will warm to the sweep and grandeur of many camera shots, and secretly appoint the cameraman the particular star of the occasion. Of the cast, it is the so-called "character" performers who score, especially May Robson and Walter Brennan. Good to see Raymond Hatton again in a rôle worthy of his talents. As for the co-stars, Randolph Scott and Joan Bennett, I have liked them better in other pictures. Miss Bennett has that Bergdorf-Goodman look throughout.

John and his Elaine speak for themselves to John's old friend Charles Darnton in one of the most brilliant interviews you've ever read. Don't miss a word of the accompanying story, filled with clever quotes from John himself.



John and Elaine Barrymore's Professional Honeymoon

Scoop! Satirical John reveals future plans for himself and his young wife in this sensationally witty story

By Charles Darnton

IT WAS bound to happen—the return of John Barrymore, with Elaine, to the New York stage. When its foremost actor left that stage as the greatest *Hamlet* of his generation—and there's been none to equal him for fifteen years or more—he left a place that no one else could fill. Ever since his memorable exit there has been a hole in the theater as big as the side of a barn. Meanwhile Broadway has had something in common with Nature in that it, too, abhors a vacuum. From time to time it has called frantically to its idolized prodigal, spending his talent like a sailor on shore leave, and hopefully prodded the fatted calf. Yet apparently veal could not tempt the Barrymorian appetite. What, then, had he found in Hollywood so vastly more to his taste?

"Fish," muttered the confirmed angler, spearing the trout on his plate.

"Why, Jack!" cried Mrs. Barrymore, gone native becomingly in blue flannel slacks and sandals. "Do you think you should say that?"

"Perhaps I shouldn't," was his dutiful reply. "To be quite exact," turning to me, "it's fishing. I'm crazy about it. Even so, it may be unseemly to put fishing above acting on either stage or screen, thought I daresay no end of Izaak Walton's rheumatic followers would string along with me hook, line and sinker. I take it you want the truth about Hollywood's long hold on me, and as I am nothing if not truthful I cannot let a poor fish keep me from telling it. I might have gone back to the stage, like Cincinnatus dragged shrieking from the plow, after my first year here had it not been that by some miracle I caught a swordfish. From that eventful day to this I've been hanging on in the desperate hope of catching another. That is the whole and entire truth, even if it is a fish story."

With all deference to my piscatory friend, I could not quite agree with him. It still remained for him to confess his reason for at last deciding to reappear upon the scene of his former triumphs. "Elaine," he accordingly disclosed, "is mainly responsible for my return from Elba—with, I hope, not the usual result."

"I should hope not!" gasped the cause of it all.

"She has been trying to get me to go back to the stage

for years," went on Mr. Barrymore, "till finally the time has been definitely fixed for November. I haven't set foot on it since playing *Hamlet* in London. Just how long ago that was I do not recall, but I think it was directly after Lord Nelson's funeral."

Danger of choking to death on trout bones, which doubtless would have highly delighted my fanciful host, hastened me to ask him whether the play he would do in New York was a tragedy. "No, thank God!" he fervently replied. "It is a comedy called 'My Dear Children.' "

"I found it for him after reading hundreds of plays," was the interesting news from the distaff side of the house.

"In it," pursued the recipient of this wifely boon, "I am to play an actor who has been married a lot of times, as is sometimes the case with actors, and Elaine will play one of my daughters."

Said Mrs. Barrymore: "I am tremendously excited about it. It will be my first New York play."

Said Mr. Barrymore: "I suppose it might be called our professional honeymoon."

"What a nice thing to say!" glowed the grateful bride.

"Elaine is intensely interested in the theater, and every time I tell her to do anything she asks why," he was proud to say. "This is very stimulating. It helps one's powers of invention. She's a good actor. We've done a lot of things together on the air, where her *Lady Macbeth* was so good it made her a star in her own right."

It was only natural to wonder whether they would be co-starred in the forthcoming play. "Oh, no!" protested Mrs. Barrymore. "Jack will be the only star."

"I'm not so sure of that, nor do I care," was the rejoinder of the best actor of them all. "I was terrified when first made a star. I'd been playing light comedy parts, as you know, and when I turned to serious work in Galsworthy's 'Justice' I was panic-stricken to see my name in big letters on the board in front of the theater before the play opened. 'Wait till Tuesday night, anyway,' I begged the management. Then I got a strip of paper and pasted it over my name."

"Jack's so modest!" marvelled Mrs. Jack.

"Not so *damn'* modest," he contended, "but I know that only an audience can make a star."

"I've noticed it again," she insisted, "now that I'm in my first film play with him, 'Hold That Co-Ed.' I play a reporter."

"Even as reporters have been known to play her," reminiscently murmured Mr. Barrymore.

What I had noticed was that matrimonial history was repeating itself. John Barrymore acted with his first wife, the former Katherine Corri Harris, on the stage; appeared in a play, "Claire de Lune," by his second, the one-time Blanche Oelrichs, who chose the pen-name of Michael Strange; co-starred with his third, Dolores Costello, in pictures; and now was to be seen on both stage and screen with his fourth, Elaine Barrie. Naïvely, I was curious to know whether he had found that acting with his wives made his work more difficult. "Not at all," he said, glancing hopefully at the bones in my fish. "You forget who the actresses really are and remember only the characters they play. Nor does domestic association take away in any degree from the romantic interest of an audience. Indeed, I think it enhances the effect. This has been proved on the stage, at least, by Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, Sothern and Marlowe, Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott, and Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, among others."

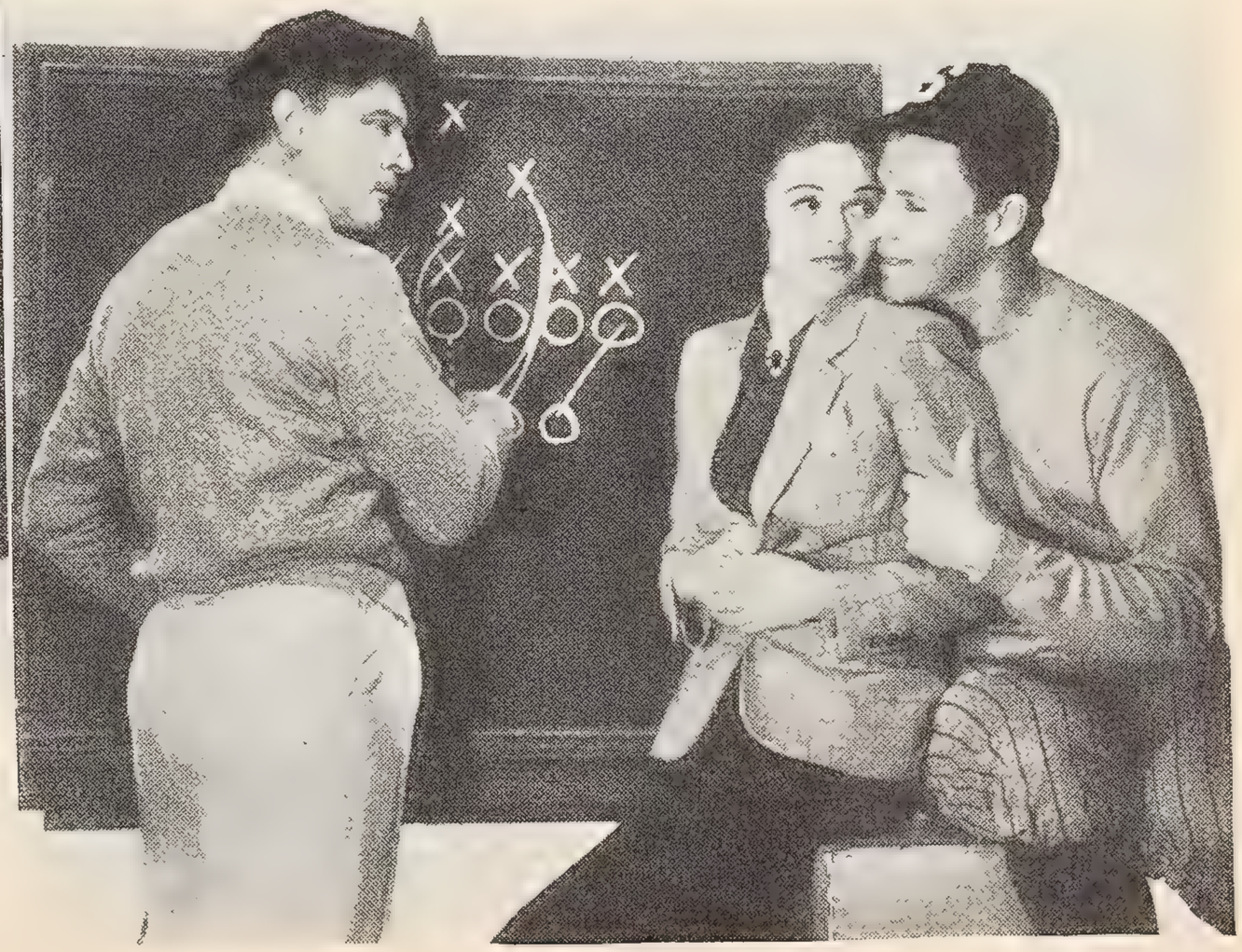
Mrs. Barrymore was sure, "It lends enchantment to love scenes."

"It likewise keeps the home ties binding," reflected her deeply thoughtful husband, "with the inevitable, if somewhat Spartan, result that the married actor goes right straight home with his wife from the theater every night."

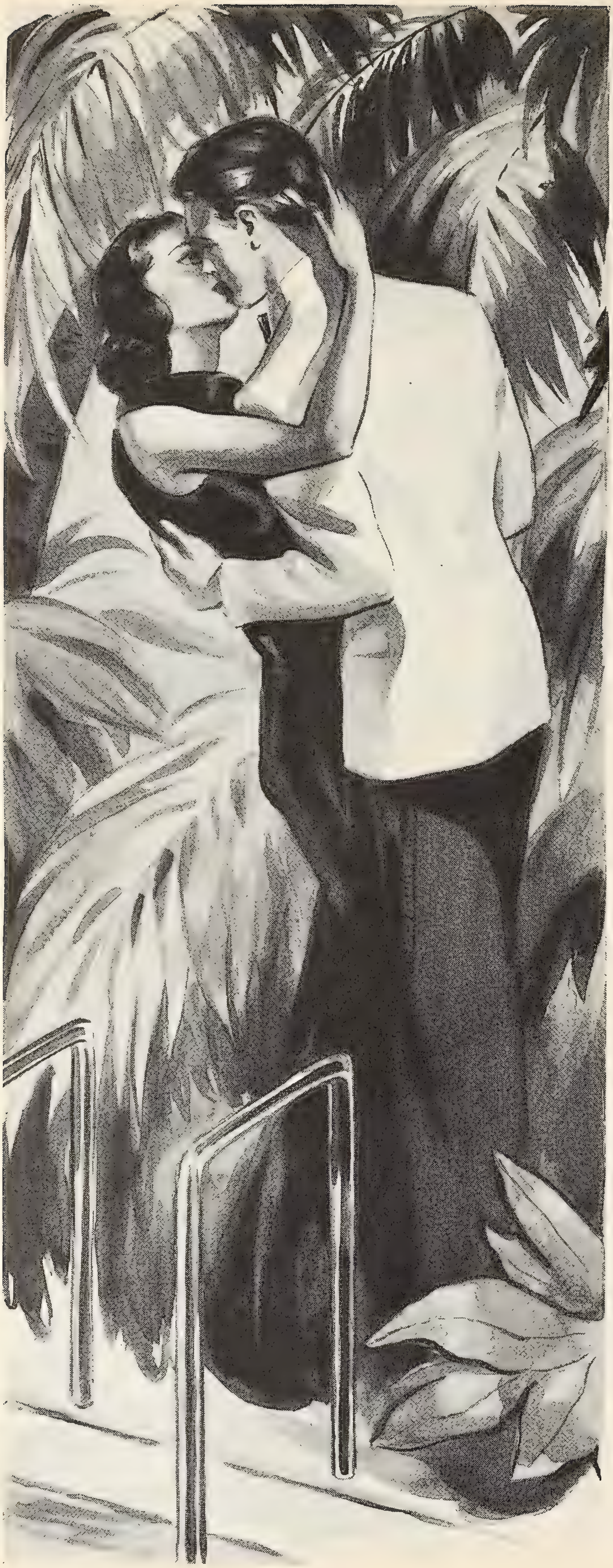
Tactfully silent on this disciplinary aspect of marital co-operation in the histrionic art, Mrs. Barrymore was satisfied to say, "Ever since meeting Jack it has been my ambition to play with him on the New York stage."

"And do you know," he demanded with an incredulous lift of his trained eyebrow, "*why* she wanted to meet me? It was because she had seen me on the screen in 'Svengali'! Having fondly imagined (*Please turn to page 91*)





Still the fascinating fellow, this Barrymore, above. At right, scene from the latest film in which you will see him—"Hold That Co-Ed," with Marjorie Weaver and George Murphy. You'll enjoy John as a college football coach.



HOLLYWOOD WEDDING

The public and the newspapers unwittingly played Cupid, with startling dramatic consequences on the lives of two very famous screen stars

By S. Gordon Gurwit

Illustrated by Georgia Warren

(Please Turn to Page 94 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapter)

CHAPTER II

THE scarlet stain ebbed from Jean's face, leaving her sickly white. A devastating humiliation and embarrassment shrieked from every shrinking line of her body. "It was so unimportant to me," she whispered, miserably, "I'd forgotten——"

Dick said: "So you've been married before!" Very gently, he picked her up carefully and sat her down in the chair. He strode to the window and stood looking out on the desert, his broad back to her.

Her tongue was clumsy with emotion. "It's —not what you think," she said, faintly.

He whirled. "What am I to think?" he said, with the harsh effort of a man for whom the magic of the hour has vanished. "A previous marriage isn't a crime, of course, but you could have told me!"

It hurt her lips to move them into speech: "It—I'd forgotten it—it meant nothing—why should it matter——"

"Spiritual values, perhaps," he went on, gruffly. "I never dreamed—you looked so young—so virgin. All my life I've dreamed that when I married, my wife would be an unawakened girl, on the threshold of life. I wanted to be the first in her life——" he stopped. He had spoken with the unconscious fury of jealousy whipping through him. She was so little, so crushed, so beautiful sitting there, and he knew that no man ever quite forgives the memory of the man who has a claim on the past of the woman he loves.

"But you don't understand," she said, in a slow, wrenched voice. "I—I—really never was married—I mean—"

"What *do* you mean, in heaven's name?" he asked, bitterly.

"I mean that I never was his wife, Dick. I married without really understanding what I was doing."

"You're—divorced?" The grim savagery of his voice was that of a man who finds some-

Ruby crushed her lips to his, holding him with a surprising strength. They both heard the slight swish of Jean's dress. She stood, looking at them, wide-eyed.

thing he loves mutilated and spoiled for him.

"No! My mother had the marriage annulled!"

"Where is your—husband?"

"He's—dead."

"Dead?" echoed Dick. Silence fell for a long heartbeat in the room. "You loved him, I suppose?"

She shuddered. "No, no! I was just a child, Dick! I was hardly eighteen. He played *Romeo* in the little stock company where I got my first job. He was much older, but he was good-looking, and I thought it was wonderful that he would pay any attention to a child like me. He was beastly and a drunk, but I couldn't see it then. But my mother saw it. She took me away from him five minutes after the ceremony."

A storm of dry, tearless sobbing shook her. He stood looking at her and something wept inside of him and howled with an impotent anger. She glanced up at him once, little and white and clear-eyed with honesty. Suddenly, he knelt at her feet. He reached out and touched her knee, and she recoiled as with shock.

"You *have* to listen!" she cried, passionately. "I won't have you thinking——"

"Yes," he agreed, in a level, controlled voice. "Suppose you tell me about it, Jean."

She told him, with difficult tears, with hands shaking, crumpled into an utter anguished intensity: It had been her first chance on the stage; the glamor of it had blinded her. It was only a third-string stock company, but Myles Tracy, in *Romeo's* doublet and hose, had filled her eyes and imagination; and when he had suggested that they get married, she had consented. She had been only a child in years, and she had taken things like a child, grabbed what she thought she wanted, snatching at her first romance.

She had married the handsome actor, knowing little about him. But her mother had found out a few disturbing things and had followed them and taken her away immediately after the ceremony. *Romeo* had first shouted and stormed at her and her mother, and finally had laughed and consoled himself with another girl. The marriage had been annulled. She had never seen Myles Tracy again. Her wifehood had been confined to a ceremony, a ring and a kiss.

"You didn't live with him as his wife?" asked Dick.

"No!" she stormed. "If I had, don't you suppose I'd have told you? It was all so unimportant, afterwards—like a forgotten part in a forgotten play—something as unreal as a nightmare."

"Yes, I see," nodded Dick. "You say he is dead?"

A shiver raced over her. "Yes," she said. She and her mother had both seen the San Francisco paper. Myles Tracy had died, horribly, in a blaze of a cheap boarding house fire. He had been identified by parts of his clothes and a few papers that had escaped the holocaust. She had never seen him again after the night her mother had arrived at the Justice of the Peace's office and had taken her home.

The storm had died from Dick's arrogant face, leaving it tight and controlled, although his eyes were honest (*Please turn to page 94*)



SCREENLAND Glamor School



Created expressly for camera-glamor, Sonja's new screen costumes are previewed for you here

Designed strictly for film effect is the great little skater's latest wardrobe, worn in "My Lucky Star." Center above, all-white ensemble with coat and cossack hat of white lamb's wool; the two-piece white dress has multi-colored vestee and belt. Boots may be back in high fashion favor if Sonja has her way. Left, suit of beige woolen, the jacket heavily hand-stitched in white and fastened with tasselled buttons and heart-shaped belt buckle. Upper right, brief leopard coat with muff to match. In place of the time-honored galoshes Sonja prefers soft leather boots. Like the idea?

Edited by

Sonja Henie







Blue, Sonja's favorite color, is often used in creating the skater's screen clothes, even though her pictures are not yet filmed in Technicolor. At left above, blue fox is used to top a fitted coat of medium blue, with wide belt and lacing on coat front in navy blue. Her halo hat of navy uses hyacinth blue as a head band to frame her blonde hair. Center above, smart coat of gray krimmer—collarless, notice? Her matching fur hat has a saucy bow. At right, boots again, white mittens with bright red embroidery, and a boldly plaid swagger coat of navy and white bring out the school-girl spirit in Sonja. Yes, "My Lucky Star" is a campus story, and you'll see Sonja's best ice ballet in it.



Sprightly chic is the theme of the screen capital's style picture. See Shirley Ross, at left, stepping into the new season and Paramount's new film, "Paris Honeymoon," wearing the new light fur, the revived beret, and smart shoes of perforated black suede with scalloped sides and gored back. Center left, Shirley in tweed top coat, her shoes the "Stroller" styled of soft calfskin with side strap. Far left, she's all in suede—coat, bag, gloves, and shoes of two-tone black suede.

Shoes worn by Shirley Ross styled in Hollywood by Jolene.

Hollywood Fashion Steps Into Fall

Lucille Ball enlivens her new suit with heart-shaped felt hat, frivolous gloves, and, of all things, a new gadget called the cigarette pipe. Ellen Drew, the pretty newcomer, is pictured at left in a campus suit of black and white pin-striped serge with blue velvet-bound pockets.

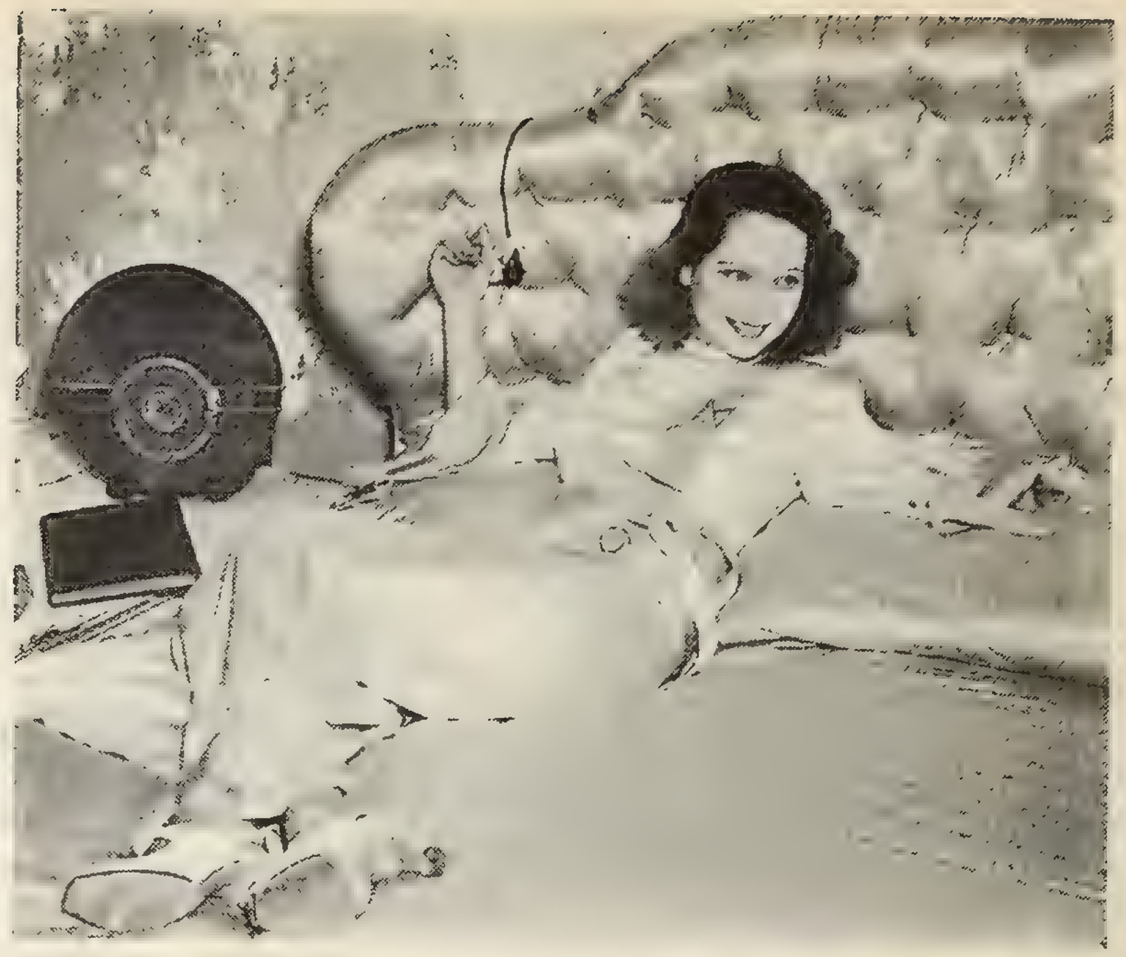




Irene Rich, who makes a welcome return to the screen as Deanna Durbin's mother in "That Certain Age," poses in her new screen clothes. Left, she wears an intricately draped turban of navy silk jersey with the new height in front. Below, evening gown of citron crepe roma, perfect for the chic matron, with its shirred center panel opening into soft folds, draping into a harem skirt. The briefest of bolero jackets is held in place with jeweled clips. The corsage of feather flowers is in shades of violet, fuchsia, wine and yellow. Far left, Miss Rich's black dinner dress has gleaming gold belt, clips, and bracelets. At left below, Binnie Barnes in the popular chunky coat of blue fox.

Get a Load of Merle!

By Elizabeth Wilson



Allure, with a dash of Irish O'Brien! Meet Merle, shown here at her Santa Monica beach home, and, opposite, with her co-star Gary Cooper in "The Lady And The Cowboy."

IN A lifetime of admiring actresses—and I started at children's matinées in the old days when twenty-five cents bought a seat in the balcony and a chocolate nut bar, and if there was anything I liked more than actresses it was chocolate nut bars—I have never met one more worthy of my wide-eyed fan admiration than Merle Oberon.

Now I don't mean that Merle is a *good* girl in the dreary sense of the word, because she isn't. And I don't mean that she is a *great* actress in any sense of the word, because she isn't. I merely mean that if I were an actress today, and I would have been if I could ever have uttered two consecutive words without stuttering, I would be frightfully jealous of Merle Oberon. Because she's everything I'd want to be. Because she's everything a grand person should be. If I were Norma Shearer, or Marlene Dietrich, or Kay Francis, or any of those movie stars, I would invite Miss Oberon to dinner some night and over the filet mignon I would quietly slit her throat.

To me—and to thousands of other fans too, there's nothing private about this—Merle is the most sincere actress on the screen. She doesn't go in for attitudes, camera-hogging, mugging, or up-staging, and there isn't the slightest bit of affectation in her entire body. When she plays a normal, unsophisticated young girl as she did in "These Three" and "The Dark Angel" she doesn't trip over her false lashes while she impersonates a grande dame condescending to be simple. To those who know Merle personally, and I have the good luck to be one of those, she is also the most sincere actress in Hollywood off the screen. When she asks you how you are feeling you know that she is really interested in how you are feeling, and while you describe that peculiar pain in your head you had last night she isn't giving you a prop smile while she thinks shall I change the color of my nails and try bangs in my next picture. There is as little conceit about Merle as a normal human being can possibly have. In a place that is simply stifling with the Narcissus-complex you have no idea how refreshing it is to know that Oberon girl.

Unfortunately there is something depressing about sin-



Close-up of an enchanting lady, la Oberon of London and Hollywood

cerity, though there certainly shouldn't be, and I am always reminded of an actress who starred in many of Hollywood's better pictures some seven or eight years ago. She simply reeked with wholesome sincerity. She was sincere till it hurts. One night while she was appearing in a Broadway play she received a note back-stage that John Barrymore was in the audience (this was before Ariel) and would like to take her out supper-dancing after the performance. She was quite thrilled over a date with the great John Barrymore and scrubbed her face until it shone, twisted her hair into a tight knot, and fairly exuded sincerity and good clean living. When John called for her and found her devoid of all powder and lipstick, without a mite of the footlight glamor he had fallen for, he was rather taken back and said most abruptly, "You wouldn't go out without your panties, would you? Well, why go out without your make-up?" And with that he left her flat. Now when I speak of Merle's sincerity, I mean nothing like that. She believes in giving you herself just as she is, without any tricks, but what a pretty bit of femininity she is. John Barrymore would never have walked out on Merle. She would have met him looking fresh, provocative, and alluringly feminine, in something decidedly chic—and it's a safe bet that some time during the evening she'd get lipstick on his shirt front, perhaps during a crowded moment on the dance floor.

Merle's sincerity is so beautifully mingled with excitement that its wholesome curse is completely removed. She is the only star who blends sincerity with excitement. Sort of afternoon tea with a shot of brandy. Just when you point your finger at her and say there is the most un-complex person in Hollywood, she suddenly becomes thrillingly unpredictable. That's the great fun of knowing Merle.

Like all human beings Merle is a creature of moods and her friends classify them as her sentimental mood, her gay mood, and her Coronado mood, the latter being the one that intrigues me most. Merle who is usually so sweet and considerate, at times can become so stubborn that you'd like to slap her down. It was quite some time before her friends knew about the Coronado mood and we were all going about saying my, my, it's swell to have a disposition like Merle's, she never gets cross or impatient. And then one day Merle who had rather go fishing than eat, and she likes to eat, rented a boat over a week-end and invited the most famous of the fisherfolk in Hollywood to go fishing with her off the Coronado Islands. There were the Errol Flynns and the Nigel Bruces and Brian Aherne and several others noted for their prowess with rod and reel. Well, hardly was the boat out to sea than the waves started tossing about restlessly, and one by one the fisherfolk turned pale and retired to the cabins below. Merle was getting madder and madder. Here she had planned this elaborate fishing trip—and everybody was fading out on her. "Merle," gasped Brian (*Please turn to page 90*)

He Dared to Marry!

Jon Hall defies Hollywood's unwritten law that no young actor with his way to make should wed. Here is his first interview since his happy marriage to lovely Frances Langford

By Dora Albert



Jon "Hurricane" Hall, left, and his charming bride Frances Langford, famous songstress, right.



WHEN six months ago a magnificent figure of a man towered across the screen in the spectacular, breath-taking "Hurricane," we all thought a new star had been born, and waited breathlessly to see what Jon Hall would do in future pictures. SCREENLAND wrote of him: "'Hurricane' belongs to Jon Hall, young Greek god who turns out to be poetically sensitive, imaginative, intelligent—at one leap he takes his place among the Taylors, the Tyrones, even the Gary Coopers; and I think he is already head and shoulders above most of them."

Then, to our astonishment, the Greek god faded from the screen, and there were no future pictures. Instead, there were all kinds of rumors as to why Samuel Goldwyn was allowing Jon Hall's fame to dim with the passing of months. There were all sorts of conjectures as to what the bronzed young giant himself thought of this treatment—"he must be furious at being kept off the screen this long," people said.

"What a fool he is," muttered the Hollywood wiseacres, "to allow Samuel Goldwyn to treat him this way! Doesn't he realize that he is flying in the face of every rule for success ever discovered by Hollywood?"

Then Jon Hall flew in the face of still another unwritten law of Hollywood—that no young actor with his way still to make in the world should get married, for the studios believe that to millions of women a young, unmarried man is a far more potent box-office attraction than any married man could possibly be. That is why there has been no marriage between Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, though they have been in love with each other for years; and why there were no wedding bells, even when the Tyrone Power-Janet Gaynor romance was blazing like a four-alarm fire. So convinced is his studio that if Tyrone married it would hurt his drawing power at the box-office that a clause has been written into his contract forbidding him to marry for a certain number of years. In a recent published interview, Tyrone asked, "Why should I marry? I want my career more than I want anything else in the world, and I know it. I'm in love with it. It's all the romance I need."

Why then did Jon Hall, with only one fine picture to his credit, "Hurricane," defy the Hollywood edict? And what does he really think of Samuel Goldwyn's allowing him to remain off the screen for so long a period?

When I asked him my questions, he flung his great sprawling length into a chair in a dressing room at the Paramount Theatre in New York, where, without receiving one cent for it, he had made two personal appearances because his wife was singing there and he preferred to spend as much time as possible with her.

"I don't think people will like me any the less because I got married," Jon told me. He waved an eloquent hand toward the open window, from which we could view the huge throngs of fans who had gathered on both sides of the street to catch a glimpse of Jon and Frances. Just before our interview, a shabbily dressed girl in a faded blue dress and a cheap straw hat had come into the theatre with a flock of autograph books, to gather autographs for the waiting fans outside. "Mr. Hall," she said, "I respect you because you don't let the studios push you around. When you and Miss Langford wanted to get married, you got married, and I'll like you for that all your lives."

"I think that girl is typical of other movie fans," Jon Hall said. "But even if she weren't, if the fans really resented actors getting married, it would make no difference. Just because people are in pictures is no sign they can't live, and love is the greatest thing in life. In a world which in many ways is rotten with corruption, where there are millions of unemployed and the shadow of war is everywhere, what else is there?"

From the next room we could hear a woman's voice — Frances' voice, calling out "Johnny!" Nothing else. But Jon understood. The partitions between the dressing rooms are thin, and she had heard him. "Frances doesn't like it when I talk this way," he said. "You are being very frank," I said, "perhaps too frank." "I know," he said. "You could misquote me, you could roast my hide alive by saying the wrong things, but I can't be anything but frank and I've met you before and, besides, I trust you."

To anyone who has met the conventional Hollywood actor, who has listened over and over again to the same dull platitudes, Jon Hall's frankness stands out in startling relief. No wonder he has been called Jon "Hurricane" Hall. It isn't only because he made a picture of that name; it is indeed as if compared to most other men, he has the devastating force, the power and vitality of a hurricane. Much of what he says cannot be quoted, because he is so honest, so realistic and so forceful in speaking of conditions in the world today that his conversation is fairly packed with dynamite. In a world of little men, he seems big in every way—he is so tall he makes every chair he sits in seem fragile, and his words have the devastating sound of truth. And while he spoke his smoky blue eyes were stormy and I thought of *Terangi* in "Hurricane" rebelling helplessly against cruelty, and realized that Terangi and Jon Hall have much in common.

On the other hand, those who have pictured Jon Hall seething with anger because he has been kept off the screen for so long are all wrong. Although several studios have asked to borrow Jon, so far Samuel Goldwyn has turned down all offers, hoping to produce Jon's next picture himself. When one company asked to borrow Jon for "Golden Boy," the story of a disillusioned prize fighter, Goldwyn read the script and liked the story so much that instead of agreeing to loan Jon he offered to buy the story; however, the two producers were not able to reach any understanding.

Samuel Goldwyn has announced "Beach Boy" as Jon Hall's next picture. "However," Jon told me, "there has been script trouble; and the script is now being re-written."

"But the longer the time that elapses before your next picture, the harder it will be to make a comeback," I said.

Jon shook his head; then with one of those wide, almost violent gestures he uses, said, "No matter how long I stay off the screen, that's better than going into a bad picture. If my next picture isn't good, don't you realize what will happen? I'll be laughed right off the screen. It's all right if someone with a record behind him like Gary Cooper appears in a mediocre picture, but for me, with only one good picture to my credit, it would be suicidal."

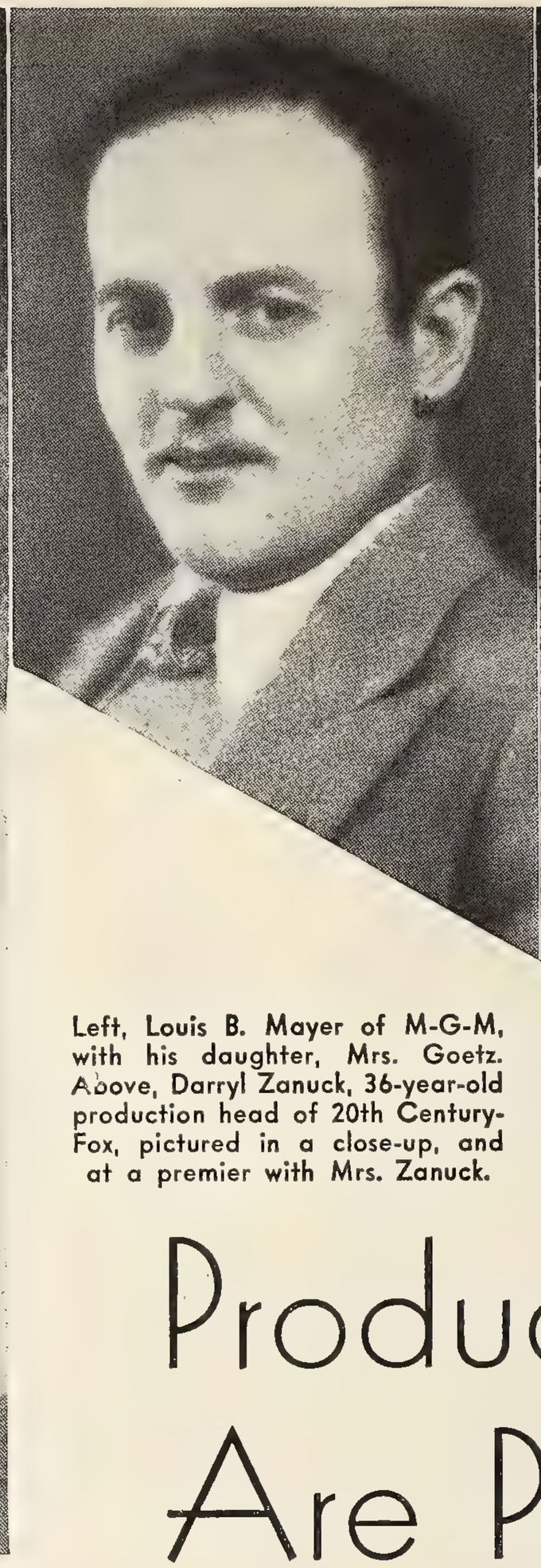
When he talks of life, Jon is a realist; when he talks of love a romanticist. "A man's no good without a woman," he said. "Unless he's balmy or queer, a man is always attracted to the opposite sex, and so is a woman. If that attraction deepens and matures into love, why shouldn't they get married while they're still young enough to enjoy life? Frances and I are the same age—twenty-four. And I think that's grand and makes possible a companionship we couldn't have if our ages were very different. I have known Frances six months—long enough to know that we will love each other forever. I honestly believe that long after my 'baby' [his pet name for her] and I are dead, our love will go on. Why shouldn't love go on forever if it is real love and not mere infatuation—the cheapest kind of love, something which shouldn't be dignified by the name of love?"

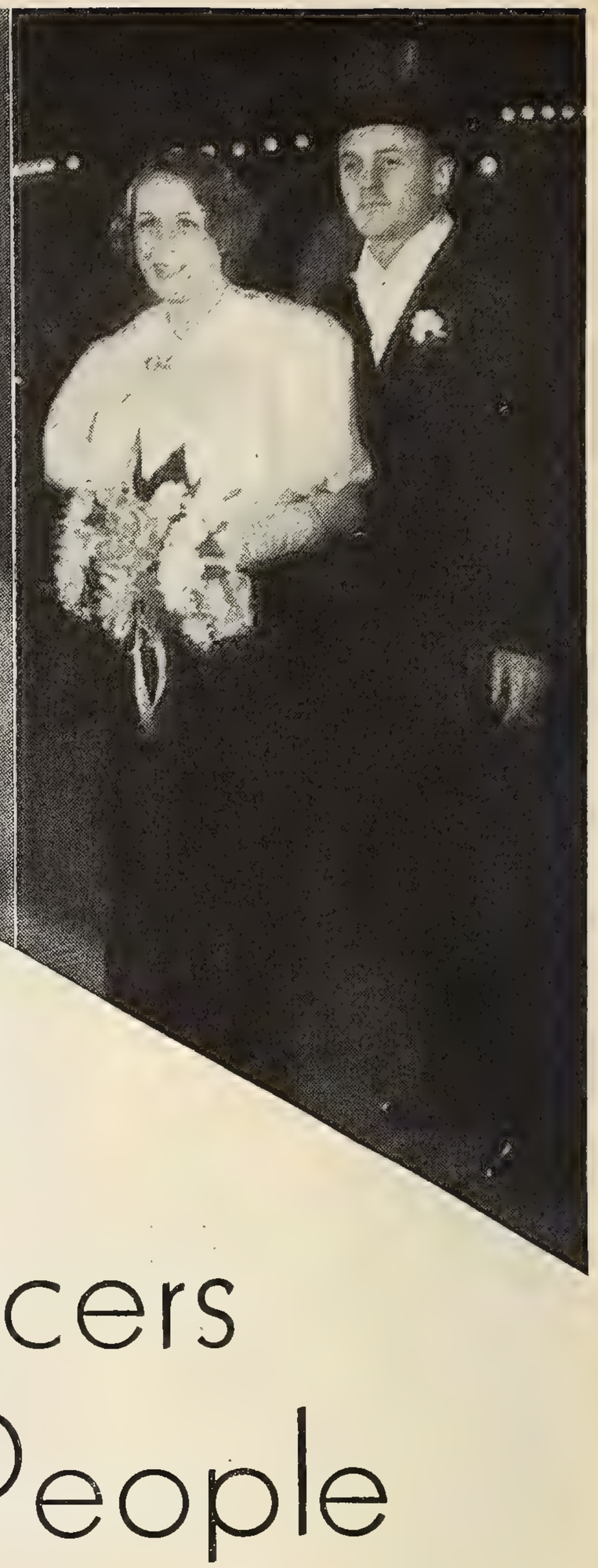
Theirs is one of the most romantic stories in Hollywood. A handsome cosmopolite, who had traveled extensively and been educated in one of the finest universities in Europe, Jon was pursued by some of the most beautiful women in Hollywood and his name was coupled with the names of Hollywood's foremost sophisticates. Then one day he was chosen to appear in a dramatic sketch on "Hollywood Hotel," a radio (*Please turn to page 87*)



Frances and Jon willingly pose like this for the photographers—they're happy newlyweds and don't care who knows it! Read our story for sane and refreshing slants on the Langford-Hall romance.







Left, Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M, with his daughter, Mrs. Goetz. Above, Darryl Zanuck, 36-year-old production head of 20th Century-Fox, pictured in a close-up, and at a premier with Mrs. Zanuck.

Producers Are People

SAMUEL GOLDWYN makes pictures just to please his wife. Eddie Cantor is authority for that statement, and it is probably true. Almost anything can be true about Sam Goldwyn.

As for Darryl Zanuck, his three children are three reasons why his company makes so many films about children. Each producer, consciously or, more probably unconsciously, makes the kind of pictures that interests him. He would be no good at any other kind.

The much-discussed Goldwyn is a terror to work with, they tell me; but writers and directors, as well as actors, would do anything for the privilege of fighting with him. William Wyler says he gets along with Goldwyn because he can yell just as loud as the producer—sometimes a little louder. He stays with him, in spite of the scenes, or perhaps because of them. Sam has an artistic conscience, the director admits; and an artistic conscience, like any kind of conscience, is the rarest thing in Hollywood.

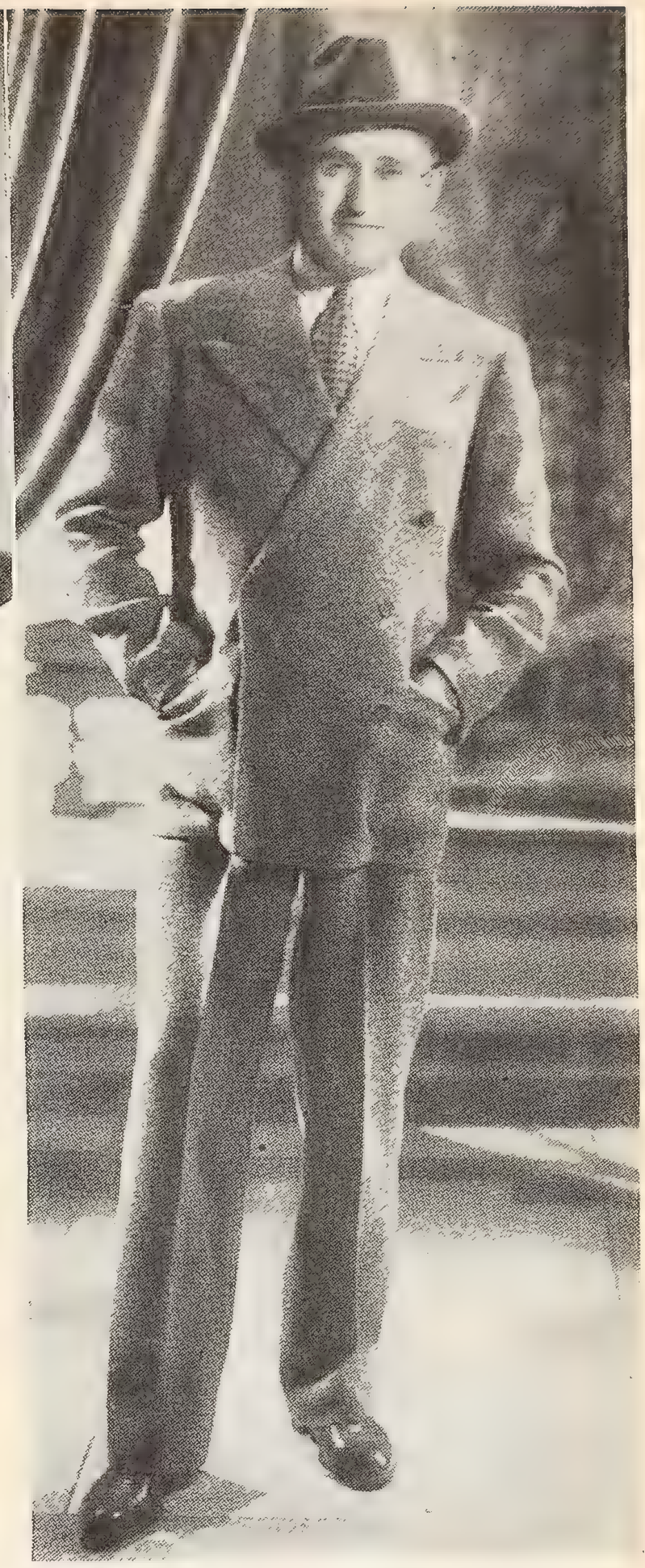
Willie Wyler is still a little amazed when he remembers that conversation with Goldwyn. He was called in to finish a film someone else started, "Come and Get It." The producer, always elegantly dressed, always emotional, told him he wanted a good picture. Mr. Wyler agreed. That was not enough for Mr. Goldwyn. He wanted a great picture; he must have a great picture. If necessary, the *new* director was to discard all of the footage already recorded and start again. Money was not to be considered. "At least within reason," Mr. Goldwyn insisted. "I don't care whether the picture



Walter Wanger likes to produce films with an appeal to the intellect but also knows what's good "box-office." Right, Mr. Wanger on the set discusses production details with director John Cromwell, and his star, Charles Boyer.







Samuel Goldwyn, right, whose screen epics are in a class by themselves. Above, David O. Selznick, who follows in his father's footsteps as a producer; and at left, discussing costumes with Janet Gaynor for her starring rôle in his new film, "The Young in Heart."

You know them by the pictures they make. Now read our fascinating story and find out why they make the pictures they do

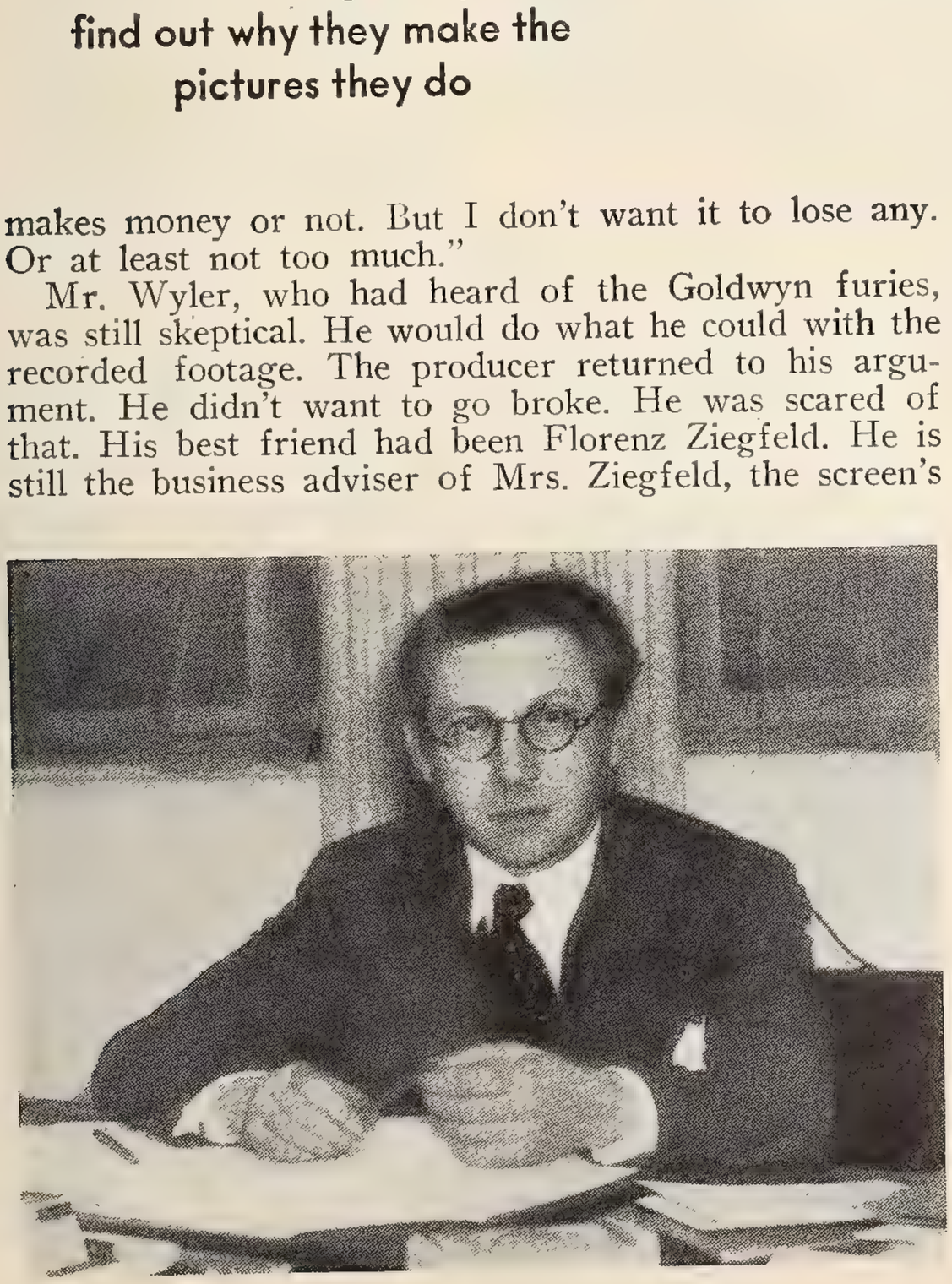
By
Eileen Creelman

makes money or not. But I don't want it to lose any. Or at least not too much."

Mr. Wyler, who had heard of the Goldwyn furies, was still skeptical. He would do what he could with the recorded footage. The producer returned to his argument. He didn't want to go broke. He was scared of that. His best friend had been Florenz Ziegfeld. He is still the business adviser of Mrs. Ziegfeld, the screen's Billie Burke. He had watched Ziegfeld's last years on Broadway with dismay and sympathy. He was terribly afraid of losing everything. But he didn't need to make any more money. He had enough for his wife and enough for his son and enough for himself. He wanted something left to make more pictures.

Most of Hollywood's top producers try to be lighthearted in discussing their work; but never Sam Goldwyn. He fretted for weeks because he could not find the right person to play opposite Ronald Colman in his first talkie. He hadn't decided then, way back in the early days of sound, whether vision or hearing was most important. He rather thought sound might prove to be. Anyway, he was willing to listen to anyone's opinion. He even forced people to give him advice, insisting that they look at screen tests or meet new personalities.

He did know exactly the right actress for the part, later played by Joan Bennett. That ideal was Frances Howard, the slim red-haired Irish-American girl he had married back in 1925. Frances Howard was on her way to stardom then, with a brief and promising stage and screen career behind her. She gave it all up contentedly to marry Goldwyn. It has been, in spite of the difference in ages, in spite of the (*Please turn to page 89*)



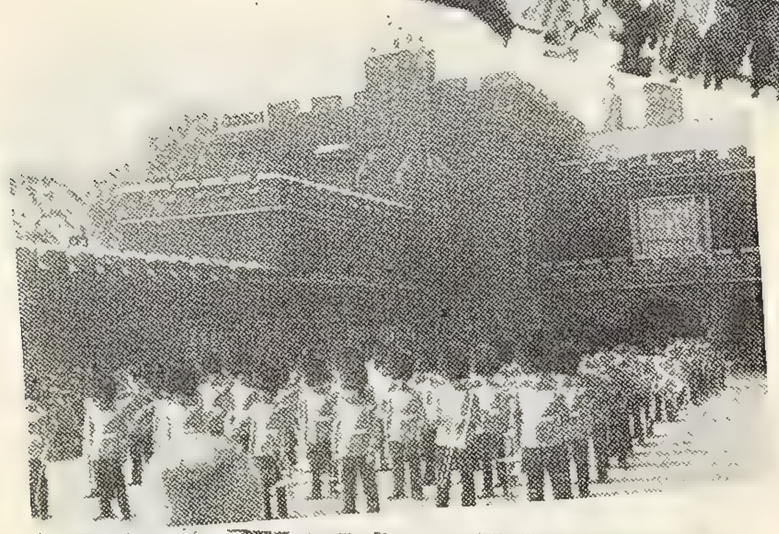
Alexander Korda, left, has put British film production on the highest level it has ever known. He produced "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth" and "The Ghost Goes West," discovered Merle Oberon and other stars.

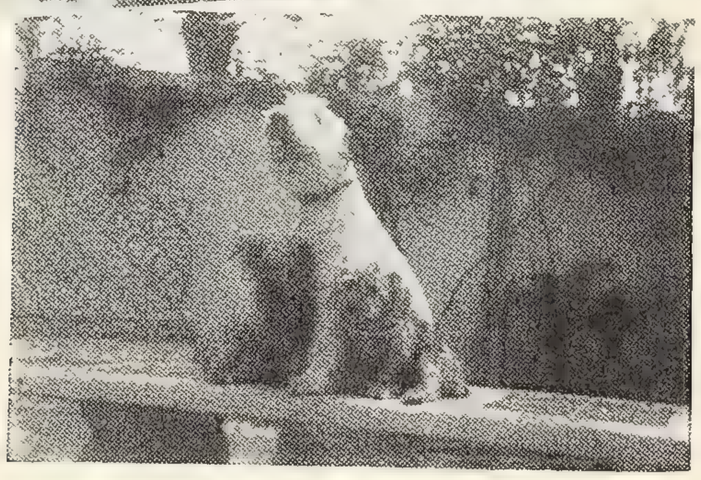






Joe E. on a London camera jaunt: No. 10 Downing St., Victoria Monument, Hampton Court Palace, Changing of the Guard. And —don't overlook Joe's doggy friend.





Joe E. Brown Camera-Hunts History and Humor

JOE E. BROWN was in bed suffering with dislocation of the sacro-iliac joint, too ill to see anyone, really in too great pain to speak—but when he discovered that he was to talk about the pictures he's taken, his voice changed. "That's different. Come on over!"

Joe E. has taken pictures ever since he could first scrape pennies together sufficient to buy the smallest sized Brownie camera. He got as great a kick out of those first shots as he does now from the finest blown-up still of his new Leica.

"I like to get pictures that have a sort of historic significance," he explained, as, garbed in a blue bathrobe, he received me in his trophy room, amid boxes, envelopes, books and packages of snapshots. "If a thing hasn't that, then I try to get a sort of human interest or funny side to it—unless, of course, it's a family record. A camera's a grand thing to use to keep track of a pack of kids. You have 'em when they couldn't walk, as they learn to do things, as they grow up, all their little triumphs, their big 'events.' Wouldn't part with mine! Talking about kids: There's a shot of Joe, junior, and Don in a tree when they were little fellows—and here's Don in his football outfit as captain at UCLA in 1935.

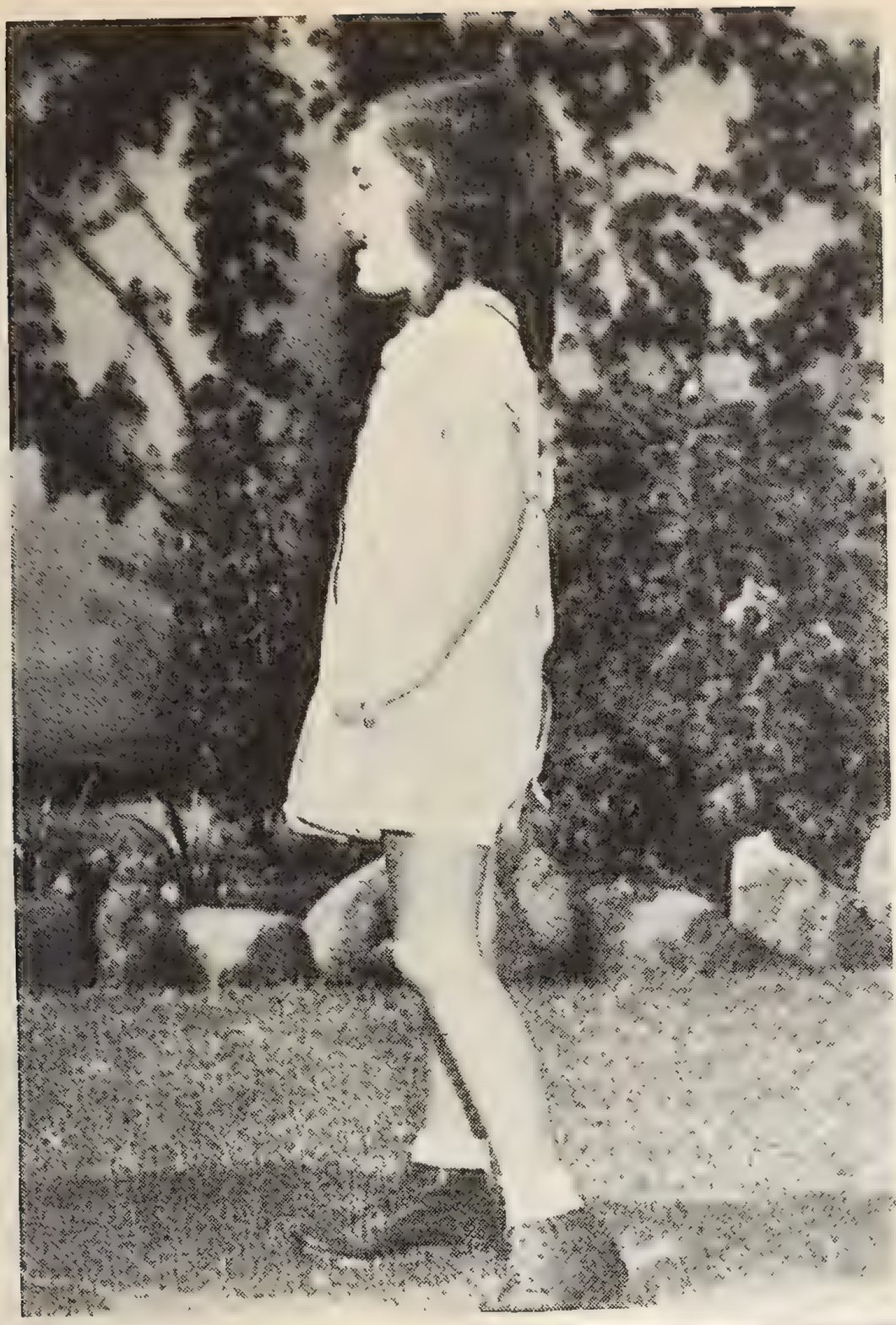
"Taking pictures of little children, you have to set your focus and hope they don't run out of the picture. If you pose 'em, they look it. I usually try to get them to playing or doing something. Here's a strip of Mary eating her dinner and some of Kathryn in the garden, and again the two with Guy Kibbee's little girl, Shirley.

"Here are the dogs. Dogs are like kids, you have to expect action from them, but now and then you can snatch a decent shot. We've tried calling, throwing balls, humming, and so on, but just sneaking up on 'em works out best."

Don, the second son, strode in. "You ought to be in bed, Dad," he protested.

"I know. It's all right, son. Thanks, just the same." The comedian opened another box, and Don, after a worried look at me, retreated. "Sweet, huh?" grinned Joe E. "Now, here—what I mean by historic is this shot of me before the door of No. 10 Downing Street, the home of England's Prime Minister. Ralph Ince took it with my camera and he was so excited that it's a little blurred, but its value lies in the background, so it doesn't matter.

"Ralph took several of me. Some at the Paladium Theatre in London when I was making a personal appearance, directing the orchestra and doing acrobatics with the Five Talo Boys. Of course he used what lights there were and shot from the wings, but they're good.





London candid, left, of Bette Davis and her husband, and the late Ralph Ince. Below, one of the King's Horses; then Horse Guards on parade, Man o' War, and Empress' houseboat, China—all from Joe's picture album.

The beloved broad-mouthed comedian gives valuable advice to his fellow camera enthusiasts

By Ruth Tildesley





One of Hollywood's most enthusiastic amateur camera fans is Joe E., shown in large picture, top center, snapping his daughter Kathryn. At center, left, indoor home snapshot of little Mary Brown at lunch. Joe's own pictures of his children are his special favorites.

"Here's a humorous shot: First we have a shot of the changing of the guard at St. James' Palace, London, and then we have what I call the tourist's view of the same scene—the backs of people's heads. Look—this is one of the King's own horses, in the royal stables. See, he knows something's going on. And these are three of the royal footmen, with cockades in their hats. Notice how the cockades show against the white stone. But that wasn't planned. They just happened to be sitting there.

"I like this of Neil Hamilton, as I caught him looking around as the guard passed. There are several shots of Ralph, one with Bette Davis and Ham Nelson, her husband, over at Windsor Castle. I like these for the historic interest.

"He took this shot of Neil and me before Queen Victoria Monument just as the guard passed Buckingham Palace, and at the same time, or right after, rather, I got this of the guard passing. See, a loyal Englishman is raising his hat, a woman is whispering to her child what it's all about, and two kids are suddenly seeing me.

"The worst feature of touring England is that the fans know all picture people, and almost mob you for autographs, yelling for all the rest to come along. Nice, of course, wouldn't have them stop—but oh, what an end to getting pictures!

"But for real difficulty in taking pictures you must go to China.

"They tell me I'm the only American cameraman (amateur) ever to get shots inside the Sacred City. I set the guards up to tea, rice cakes and so on, and some of them remembered seeing me in pictures, so we got chummy. Then I took out the camera and asked if I could use it—so somehow they let me. I got a few stills. Here's one of the Winter Palace. But you miss the colors, I think."

Don came in again. "You know you ought to be in bed!" he worried. "Yes, son, right away. Run on." The comedian pulled down another envelope. "This is Man O' War last year in Kentucky. The great Man O' War; there's history there, too."

Then the comedian looked at his son, got the import of his repeated glance of admonition to rest.

"O.K., son," he said. "I'm bound for bed."

Here's Hollywood

Good news straight from star circles as social and studio activity starts a new movie season

By Weston East

CAROLE LOMBARD, success of 1937, has certainly had less luck this year until now. She nailed the privilege of choosing her own scripts but she chose a dud. However, she's finally working after a six months' self-imposed vacation. Her splashing publicity stopped because of her attachment to Gable. We hear Rhea Gable may yet give Clark that divorce. Carole became an outdoor type to be his perfect pal, and now she has to take up golf. She doesn't want to at all, but he is bent on taking a lesson a day. It is, she sighs, at least more exhilarating than stamp collecting—which had him last month.

ROBERT TAYLOR, switched from beauty to brawn, is surprised at the very notion of his studio coming to his rescue. So he claims. But the original Taylor was the zippiest dresser in Hollywood, given to the smoothest in masculine trimmings. Now that he is adroitly cast in hardier rôles it's evident he's playing ball. and who wouldn't for $4,000 a week? He is laying off scarfs and those tricky jackets; in fact, he hasn't bought a new suit in a whole year! Bob still prefers to be well tailored and some days he wants to go on a buying spree something awful. But in the proverbial nick of time he recalls that overwhelming pay check!

IS IT just luck with that Bing Crosby? He takes everything with such nonchalance. He's never had a singing lesson and he's still top crooner. He never worries or hurries except to a golf course. He's golf champ of Hollywood. He was a dizzy playboy but he reformed after his marriage—and they tell girls not to marry men in the expectation of reforming them! Bing is not only the father of four sons, but he won't wear that bit of a toupee except when Paramount is filming him. Now his latest feat is this new radio contract he's signed. He is the only radio star who wants but one air rehearsal. This new contract, to go into details, is for a straight five years with no such catches as options. It will bring him $250,000 a year. Bing works hard, but never strains himself. He has a brother who business-manages him. So what? Bing won't give out any stirring transformation tale. He can't explain himself. Let the other disappointed ones fiddle with self-analyses. Altogether, sighs Crosby, relax!

THOSE "big four" separations in Hollywood had their individual flavor, each couple sparring true to type. Joan Crawford had long indignantly denied the Tone trouble just as she had denied leaving Doug, Jr. She wept a good deal, drove off alone in the night, and in general reacted violently. Franchot stagged it at night spots, the embodiment of gentlemanly woe. Wonder if Joan ever heard that tale about Franchot long-distancing a fiancée he left behind him in New York? It was said this girl was broken-hearted at being informed she was out and Joan was in. The Richard Arlens divided up their fortune placidly enough. The Johnny Weissmuller-Lupe Velez divorce was no joke. During five stormy years together Lupe had twice be-



Preview excitement heralds the big parade of new films! Celebrities who added glamor to recent swanky premieres are: Hedy Lamarr with Reginald Gardiner, top left; Norma Shearer squired by John Swope, center; Francis Lederer and his wife, Margo, lower left; Producer Hunt Stromberg, Mrs. Stromberg, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald, comprise the group below.





fore gone to a judge about Johnny. The former whoopee queen tried hard to tame *Tarzan,* but he was as untamable as she herself was when Gary Cooper loved her. Or can't you remember that far back? The Jack Oakie-Venita Varden separation took place without much ado—it was announced by Jack's studio press department.

NEW homes have been obtained this month by Richard Greene, Mickey Rooney, and Judy Garland. Dick modestly rented a small farm house over the hills from Hollywood, and brought his mother over from England to keep house for him. Judy, being more set, brought a ranch home. But Mickey Rooney is the one. He has purchased an eighteen-room mansion in ultra Bel-Air; it quite dwarfs the nearby residences of Loretta Young and Carole Lombard. Mickey has his private swimming pool and playroom. He really required something appropriate, inasmuch as he's had his valet Sylvester for some time now. He has deeded the place to his mother. This elegance is a far cry from the burlesque theater on Los Angeles' main street where Mickey's father is head comic. This theater is advertising papa as father of the famous kid star who is "a chip off the old block."

ANNE SHIRLEY, luckily, has been a career girl all her life—so she can understand and be tolerant toward the ardent fans her husband, John Payne, is so fast accumulating. Johnny, a Cary Grant with a Ray Milland polish, knows his Annie still loves him as dearly as when they were honeymooning. For when an admirer mailed him a live baby duck he had to build a pen for it right smack in the living room of their modest apartment. "Love us, love our duck!" exclaims Mr. P. to all visitors. He's hoping the duck's personality will captivate someone soon. Annie's most Myrna Loyish about the whole affair so far. But he has a fear she may be secretly tiring of "the little stranger."

JUST to keep you straight on the juvenile situation as we go to press: Tom Brown and Natalie Draper have quite forgotten their first-year grief; Richard Cromwell currently has a swell Broadway break, as Lord Byron in "Bright Rebel," the first Sam Harris play of the new season; Eric Linden is equally lucky in London, where he is in "Golden Boy" on the stage. The eldest "son" of "The Jones Family," Ken Howell, seems to be stepping into the juvenile top spot. He is no longer confined to *The Joneses.* And are the Hollywood girls curious about him! Note to them—your competition is a young number at the beach where Ken lives.



The crowds turn out to view the celebrity parade at important previews. Above, a fragment of the huge sideline gallery watching the stars arrive. Below, Henry Fonda and his wife, snapped at the microphone in the lobby as Hank sends greetings to the "great unseen audience."

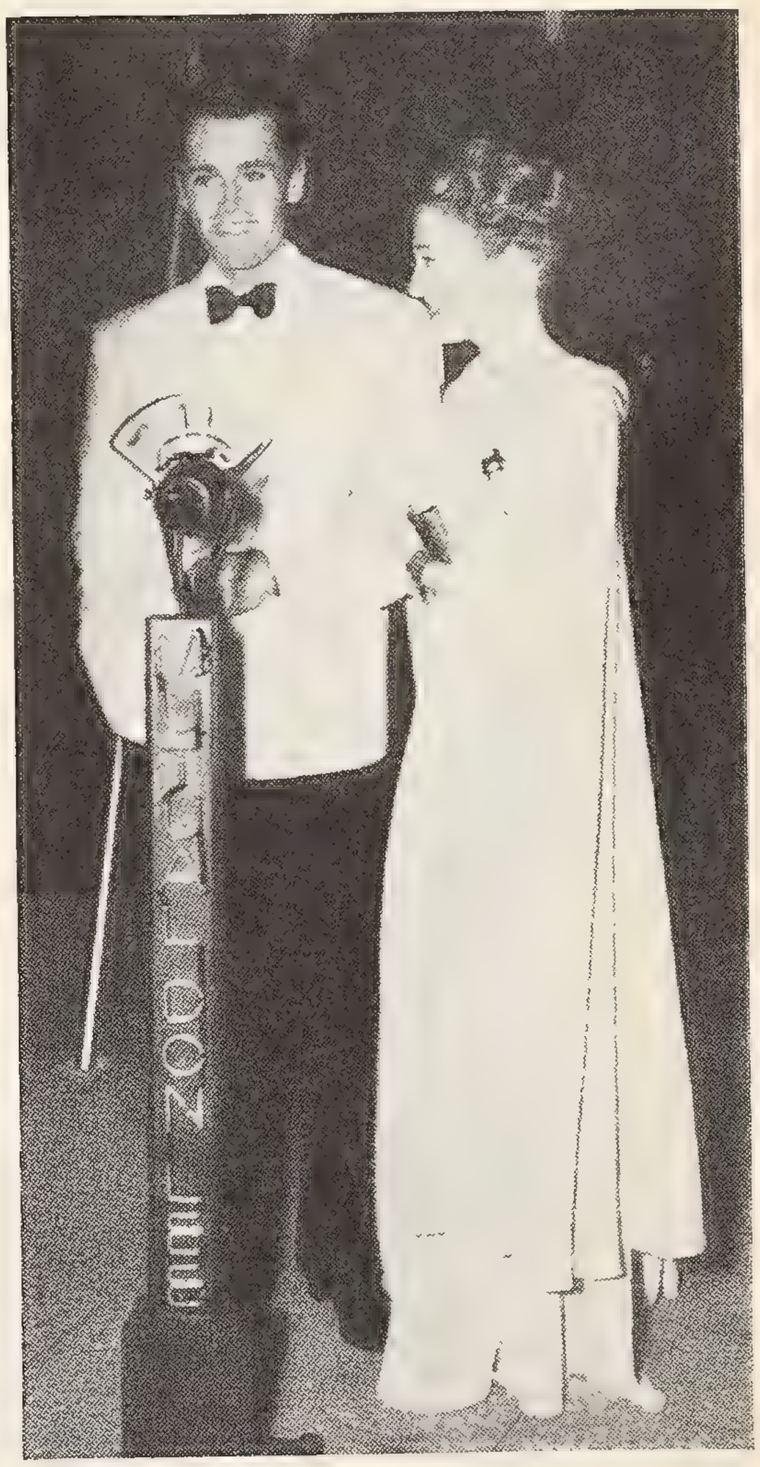


Baby Snooks—pardon, Fanny Brice—signs the register of famous names on the list of preview celebrities.

EVEN though Shirley Temple did sightsee so much that she was laid up in Boston with a cold, she's not going to be an old stick-in-the-mud stay-at-home. The travel bug has her. When she completes her current comedy of the Gay Nineties—lookit, Mae West, Shirley's reviving your pet period!—she'll set forth on a tour of Great Britain. Darryl Zanuck arranged this when he was across last July. Now do you suppose he's fixed it for Shirley to curtsey at Buckingham Palace? She called on President Roosevelt at the White House, so the King logically is next. There is an old English tradition, however, which forbids the presentation of actresses at court. So far Madeleine Carroll is the only movie star to ever turn the trick. She made the grade by closing the play she was in for a full week. Then she entered with society as the wife of a prominent socialite. (Her husband, Captain Astley, is that.)

GOSSIPS are vigorously trying to make a great deal out of Glenda Farrell's dates with Randolph Scott. But neither of them is serious. Glenda has a wealthy admirer in New York City and a couple of would-be husbands "on ice"—as she puts it—in London. The snoopers might go down to the Palomar, Los Angeles' biggest dance hall, and see Glenda whirling around with a good-looking dark fellow. (He's her son, aged sixteen.) What you really should learn about Miss Farrell is that she was dying to go to Europe last summer. Picture engagements prevented, so she sent her housekeeper over on a five-months' toot. Glenda bought her beautiful streamlined luggage, some snorty clothes and paid all the expenses.

HERE'S how that flock of foreign importations are doing: Authentic rave—Hedy Lamarr. She had to wait six months for her break; then, scoring sensationally, she became the toast of the town. Danielle Darrieux will probably be just as permanent a favorite. Annabella is still a question mark—she's been sent to England to star there in two pictures. Dolly Haas is most apt to be the next definite rave. She was brought over from Vienna a year ago, and fired before she ever got a chance. But an important new company has been formed by agent Myron Selznick and Ernst



Lubitsch and these canny men have chosen Dolly as their first star. That's pretty much of a guarantee. Isa Miranda, expensively prepared for fame by Paramount, is Italy's most popular actress; sudden illness has postponed her début here. Miliza Korjus, operatic blonde is liable to cause some bad moments at Metro among the other prima donnas. The first time Joan Crawford overheard Korjus practicing Joan stopped dead in her tracks to ask whom that voice be-







We were going to say, if the shoe pinches don't wear it—but on second look we're glad the cameraman caught this pose of Rosella Towne, who is in line for some good parts in Warner films. Now look at Jack Oakie, above. He took off sixty pounds to look like that—diet and exercise. At right above, before reducing from 210 pounds.

longed to, but curious! This songbird professedly lives in yesterday. She won't read the newspapers, doesn't want to know what's going on except right around herself. She reads about the lives of great musicians and composers exclusively—!

HOLLYWOOD is just one big, happy family—in one respect at least. And proving it on the grandest scale ever tried by any industry to please its public, is the movies' smashing campaign to make the public realize how much they're missing if they don't attend picture shows. What is the best of the whole ambitious campaign is the opportunity it offers everybody to compete for prizes totaling $250,000—which is a lot of money. The quarter million that will be shared by a number of clever and fortunate picture fans, will come from the "Movie Quiz" contest. It's open to everybody—so you'd better get in line. The contest takes the form of a questionnaire on some 90 to 120 films issued between August 1st and October 31st. Opening on September 1st, it continues to December 31st—so you'll have time to make the right answers and get your entry in well before the deadline. All you have to do is ask for a free copy of the "Movies Are Your Best Entertainment" brochure at any film theatre box-office in any territory where you happen to reside. Then get out your pencil and start in writing the answers to questions about pictures released during the specified period. The whole plan strikes us as a grand idea, and we want to join in the chorus of congratulations the public will accord the movie industry for this beneficial piece of great business enterprise.

WHAT they do with their first movie money is always revealing. John Garfield, shoved into stardom after one picture, sent his wife the plane fare to Hollywood as soon as he was sure he was staying.

RETURNING to Hollywood now: the Edward G. Robinsons from a month's investigation of the Latin fascinations of Mexico City; Dolores Del Rio, back from there too, only it was a trying trip for her—her father was ill; Claire Trevor reporting in from her Hawaiian honeymoon with radio producer Clark Andrews; Clark Gable in from a hunting trip to Idaho; Sonja Henie back from Norway where she flashed fourteen trunks full of new clothes as she diplomatically salved surprised feelings at her becoming an American citizen; Madeleine Carroll back from the gayest of European fun—she was all over London, Paris, Rome, and the Riveria in magnificent style; Kenny Baker and Rosalind Russell back from London—they merely worked, Kenny in "The Mikado," Miss Russell in "The Citadel."

Harmony! Charlie Ruggles, always ready to try anything once, gives out with a song, while Bobby Breen, with whom Charlie is playing in "Breaking the Ice," plays an accompaniment, lower left. Here's how! Edward Arnold and Mischa Auer (looking more Russian than usual behind that beard) wish each other luck in "You Can't Take it With You."









Greeting Hope Hampton! Above, the blonde beauty who retired from pictures to become an opera singer, is returning to the screen in "Road to Reno." Hope is seen above in a scene with Helen Broderick and Glenda Farrell. Right above: Deanna Durbin, Melvin Douglas and Irene Rich, acting a scene for "That Certain Age."

THE racing season goes on and on. Chromiumed Hollywood Park had quite a closing day when Joan Bennett arrived with her ex-husband, producer Gene Markey, instead of with her current beau, producer Walter Wanger. Now it's smart to run down the Coast to Del Mar, where Bing Crosby is the "chief cheese." Pat O'Brien proved he was a right guy when he responded so nobly to the broke neighborhood kids who park atop his wall at Del Mar for a free view of the track. They explained the cement was hard and would he mind if they made it more comfortable? Mrs. O'Brien knew immediately there was no more use trying to be swanky—she knew Pat couldn't say no.

KEEP your eye on this new beauty, Lana Turner, because she's going to be another "natural" and it will be satisfying to discover her early. M-G-M won't state outright that Lana is being groomed for Jean Harlow's spot, but indications point that way. In person Lana, who got into pictures two years ago by walking across the street from Hollywood High School to get a milk shake and was seen by a producer, is beautiful and spirited. She regularly wore a blonde wig when out dancing with a boy friend who preferred that shade. But now she is formally engaged to Greg Bautzer, discriminating young Hollywood attorney, who lets her sport her own hair. She confesses she will marry him next year, when she'll be nineteen.

GEORGE BRENT swears off flying and women, but he can't stick to his oath very long. Since he skimmed dangerously low over some high-powered wires two years ago, he hasn't been flying much. But now he has invested in a brand new airplane and he bravely keeps it in the stall Amelia Earhart used to park hers in. When he was on location at the Navy Training School in Pensacola, for an air picture, he struck up a friendship with some Brazilian flyers who were there for pointers. They want him to fly down to Rio and promise to turn their gay city upside down if he will. Right now George is phoning Merle Oberon these nights and not Loretta Young, whom he phoned last month. His third ex-wife, Constance Worth, is trying her acting luck in London—where his second ex-wife, Ruth Chatterton, is being extremely lucky at it.

DON'T think Hollywood is turning dull. There's always something incongruous going on. At Warners this month they have outmoded that old gag about movie actresses perpetually starving. Almost every heroine on this lot is desperately scheming to gain weight. Bette Davis is consuming extra milk by the quarts, literally. Olivia de Havilland has her compacts full of malted milk tablets. Anita Louise, so fragile, is taking cod liver oil. And skipping to M-G-M, where glamor has reigned supreme, there is Our Gang running wild regularly. Also, the newest Metro find is one Ann Morris, jumped into leads from little theater experience. Ann is proudest of her technique at roping and branding steers. She beats her boy-friends at golf instead of night clubbing, and what's more she efficiently runs any type of sail boat. She publicly dotes on peanuts and pickles instead of caviar and is taking piano rather than coiffure lessons. Shades of Crawford!



Getting all wet, and not too happy about it (there were 24 of these drenchings in one day's shooting), Andrea Leeds, left, takes the full force of a stream from a hose to look realistically rain-soaked in "Youth Takes a Fling."

Annabella in a striking character study for her part in "Suez," with Tyrone Power and Loretta Young.









Keep in Circulation

Good circulation is one secret of a lithe figure, good skin and lustrous hair. It's a social asset, too

By Courtenay Marvin

PERHAPS you ended up the Summer in the pink—literally and figuratively. You may still have a trace of too much sun or a few vagrant freckles. They will fade, and rapidly, if you use softening creams and perhaps a mild bleach to help condition your skin. In spite of the marks of sun and too dry hair, these are temporary and may soon be overcome. You have something else, too, I think, and this is something you must keep. Probably, it is better health, from a season of more exercise, fresh air, play that has made you more graceful and agile, and wider interests that give you more joy in living. Keep these, and you have the very foundation for beauty, charm and attraction. You will have to work to do this, for the cold months ahead, especially for the city dwellers, bring upon us a sedentary existence, if we don't use some energy and imagination to prevent this.

Practically ever star I ever talked with, and every young, aspiring hopeful for Hollywood, too, starts her day with a beauty cocktail. It is either a tall glass of water, cool or warm, into which is squeezed the juice of a lemon, or a tall glass of grapefruit juice. This is taken immediately upon arising and is not a part of breakfast. Its purpose is to awaken you internally, to start stomach action, and is a great aid to clear skin. If you will sit down and sip this slowly, the effect is just that much better. Make this Rule #1 in your plan for more beauty.

There's another simple eye-opener that helps start a good day, by stirring up that circulation that is naturally sluggish after those inert hours of sleep. And this is half a dozen great big stretches in bed. Throw back your covers and stretch just as hard and just as far as you can. Arms, legs, torso, even fingers and toes. After you've done this, you'll feel like getting up and attacking the day with vigor. Of course, if you're doing some special exercises for a graceful waistline or slimmer hips or better posture, now is the time to get busy. And, of course, also, everyone of us needs exercise. But there are ways of getting it other than the regulation exercises. If you know how to move normally with speed and good action, you can get your exercise that way. If you don't, then you'd better exercise according to pattern and counts. A brisk walk, for example, if you really let yourself out, your muscles relaxed and swinging along rhythmically, will build plenty of figure beauty; and so will dancing, if your posture is good. That means erect but relaxed shoulders, freedom through the spine, so that your body moves as easily as a reed in the wind, though not a gyration may be evident in your dancing. Then there are the games and sports, like badminton, ping-pong, roller skating, swimming and so on, which do a beautiful job of exercising you and coordinating muscular movement, so that whether you are a very tall girl or a pee-wee, naturally of sound, substantial build or the Dresden china type, you will build grace and proportion your figure. For proportion is so important. You have a good figure, according to how you are proportioned, rather than whether you are large or small. You can be a beautiful size eighteen or twenty, or by the same rule, an ideal twelve or an eleven. The figure that is a worry is the one that is out of proportion—heavy hips on an otherwise slim body, or a sunken chest or some

Four steps to lustrous hair by Lana Turner. First, massage to stir up circulation. Second, application of hot oil. Third, steaming in the oil. Fourth, a soft, young coiffure.

such definite and very real problem.

Good circulation is essential for hair and face beauty. Circulation does two very important jobs in this respect. It carries the nourishment throughout the body and it carries away the impurities. It is the very foundation of beauty. If your hair is of good texture, normally lubricated, then color need not concern you too much. You can make it beautiful through the simple steps illustrated by Lana Turner. Massage and brushing are your two steps for better head circulation. Here is the way to massage the scalp. Spread the fingers over the scalp, then rotate firmly those fingers, so that the scalp moves over the skull. Work up from the back of neck over the head. You can feel your scalp grow warm, if you are massaging properly. To ease this operation, and to keep the arms from tiring, try resting the elbows on your dressing-table, as you massage. This relieves much of the arm strain. Brushing, of course, is a milder form of scalp massage, but it exercises it, just the same. Ask Hollywood what it thinks of brushing, and you'll find every star either brushes or has her hair brushed daily

Face skin, of course, is the point where good or poor circulation is most evident. If it's good, you will have a fine, clear skin, whether or not there's any natural color in it. If it's poor, then the tone will be dull, and you may be prone to dryness, oiliness, blemishes and large pores. For if your blood were circulating rapidly and your diet reasonably correct, then you wouldn't have these conditions. Thoroughly cleansing, which often means a little vigor, is one way of arousing that skin. Now and then we find the paper-like, delicate skin that really can't stand this treatment, but these skins are rare. Most of us do very well with a good rough face cloth or a complexion brush, and plenty of mild soap and water, plus cream. The two belong on every face, according to need. When you use that cloth or brush, use it in this manner: Rub gently but thoroughly in rotary movements, and give special attention to your nostril and chin curves. Use your cleansing aid until the skin is pink and glowing. If you happen to be using a cream, don't just put it on and take it off. Apply it and use gentle but firm upward strokes with the fingers, circle your eyes, out over the brows, under, toward the nose. Use your fingers at the nose, up from the sides toward the bridge. Begin at the center of your chin, smooth around the mouth until the fingers meet at the center of the upper lip. Use circular movements over your forehead. This is light massage that not only cleanses well but stirs up circulation. There are some good circulation creams to be used after cleansing to help increase circulation to throw off impurities and clear the tone generally.

There is another way of circulating that solves many of the problems of life. That is social circulating. I don't mean making a great social splurge, but I do mean enlarging your circle of friends and interests. Now and then life deserts us all. Things happen to make us feel forlorn and dull; our interests narrow down. Then there are no interesting dates and the telephone doesn't ring. No matter how beautiful or popular you are, these social doldrums come upon us all from time to time. There are ways out. Call up the old friends and see them again. If a dearth of boy-friends is your worry, then give a party or a gathering. If you don't know enough to invite for the girls, ask the girls to bring their escorts. This puts you back in circulation on a very right basis. You have entertained them; they'll probably want to entertain you. And so the telephone will ring again.

If you want action in your life, often you must start it. Good circulation helps.

Yours for Loveliness

New Frills for Fall—Seen and Unseen



A smart coiffure is a right start for Fall. Sta-Curl Comb, combination comb and curler, is one way to that "just done" hair look. Easy to use and easy to carry. A grand gadget.

ONE of our real hair problems is to arrange that permanent or natural curl into a soft design as we comb it. For years, I've used a cold curling iron, but here's something better. Sta-Curl Comb, combining comb and curling device with which to give yourself a perfect coiffure. Comb out a strand, grasp with clip on comb, roll, tight or loose, as you wish, spread a bobpin, insert in groove of curler and slip out of curl. Comb and curler are detachable, purse size, apart or together, and very, very efficient. Fine workmanship on both and Sta-Curl Comb costs very little. For girls with curls, this is a find!

DRI-DEW is a new deodorant and non-perspirant in cream form from the laboratories that make liquid Dew. Pure white, non-greasy, non-irritating and odorless, it's a fine product for the boys, also. It bears the seal of approval from laundering and dyeing and cleaning associations, which means it cannot harm fabrics. It keeps perspiration a secret, and I know you'll like Dri-Dew.



Bathasweet bath powder now has a companion—a fine soap in the powder fragrances of Garden Bouquet or Forest Pine. The two make a fragrant beauty cocktail of that daily bath.

BATHASWEET is our old friend for a bracing beauty bath. It gives the bath an enchanting perfume and softens the hardest water. That makes your bath infinitely more cleansing and refreshing. Bathasweet comes in a Garden Bouquet or Forest Pine odeur, and now these two fragrances can be had in a new de luxe, giant-sized cake of milled soap that fluffs into a rich lather, refreshes the skin and makes the bath a real beauty cocktail. You'll love the new Bathasweet soap, as well as the Bathasweet bath powder, as much as I do.

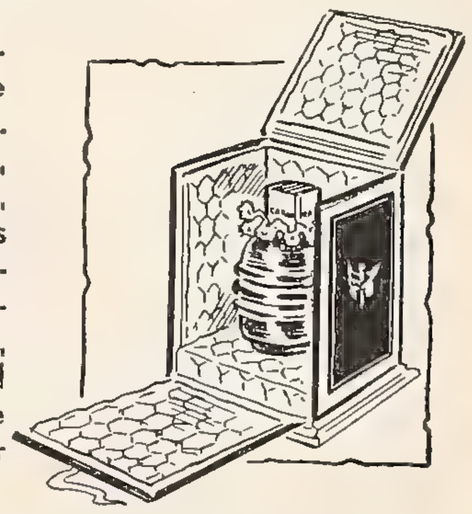
VERY new is Glazo Nail-Cote, to be used before and after Glazo Nail Polish. It prevents breaking or splitting nails and allows them to grow fashionably long. Nail-Cote used over polish prolongs its life and heightens the gloss, too.

I'VE been hearing very good things about the Real-Form Soft Skin girdles and pantie girdles, so I investigated and found



Real-Form Pantie Girdles give that streamlined silhouette. A fine and comfortable starter for that Fall outfit. Smooth as a glove, skin soft, Real-Forms seem part of the wearer. Washable as lingerie.

out more good things. Nothing seems to give that sleek, streamlined smartness of the pantie girdle, when it's right for you. Real-Forms are right on many counts. Knitted of two-way stretch Lastex and Bemberg, they really are skin soft. The front panel is lightly boned to smooth you out here, the garters are practically flat, perfect for suave-fitting gowns, and there's definite resiliency in the garment to mould you perfectly, yet offer the utmost in unrestricted freedom. Real-Forms won't twist or hike up, are guaranteed non-run and the crotch is constructed for absolute comfort. A pantie girdle takes the place of extra panties and is about the smoothest way I know to a smart silhouette. Notice that this garment comes well over the thighs to smooth them into swift lines. Real-Forms will wash as easily as lingerie. Slim or medium figures adore them.

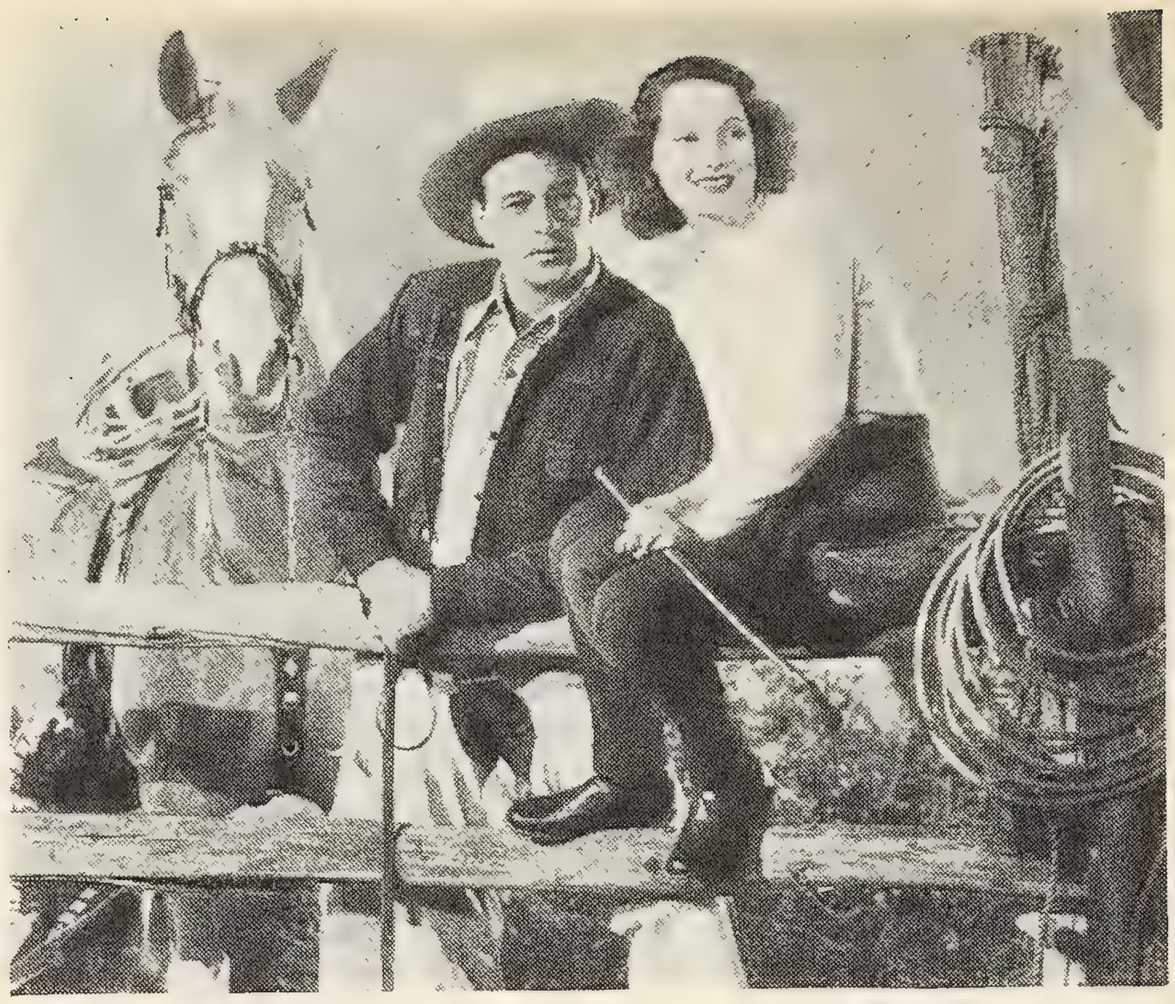


For the high moments, choose Caron's Can Can. In fragrance, spirit and appeal, Can Can belongs on the gala occasion. A perfume supreme, lovely beyond words and the gift of gifts for perfume lovers.

PERFUME is a spell we weave to enchant. No doubt about that, and no doubt about the scintillating, brilliant spell you weave with Caron's Can Can. As sparkling as the nights of Paris, dynamic and potent reminder of all that is charming and bewitching is this fragrance, Can Can, named after that famous dance of the Paris music halls. I can't do it justice in words, but a drop can do full justice to you, for it is an unspoken invitation that draws admiration, a desire to know you better, because it is provocative of beauty, brilliance and wit. Wise girls will make a mental note that what they want from their best beaux for Christmas is Caron's Can Can. Bottled as befits a Caron creation, in luxury, beruffled in a dainty lace collar, and boxed to perfection. Can Can comes in senior or junior sizes to please all.

LOOK at Lucien Lelong's new Duvetyn pomade lipsticks, if you want to make new discoveries in lipstick tones and efficiency. Gorgeous tones, each stick sealed for your protection, and three "testers", besides.

C. M.



You've seen Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon in a close-up together on our cover this month. Now see them here surveying the grand vistas of the great open spaces in "The Lady and the Cowboy," their Samuel Goldwyn co-starring picture. Even the horse is happy!

If Colman Were King

Continued from page 31

communicates itself to the company. They respect him for his mastery over his craft and love him for his genial humor. A trace of the burr he brought out of Scotland at the age of nineteen still clings to his speech. And every male who crosses his path is addressed as "laddie."

From his eyrie he waves to Heather Thatcher on her throne. "How are you, queen? Hot? Never mind, it's hotter up here."

Rathbone is about to present Colman to his generals. Over a blue velvet robe he wears a cape embroidered with the lilies of France. Lank locks of hair straggle from under one of the skull caps affected by Louis ("it's me boodwah cap," he informs you later). For the moment he stands tall and erect. In a tunic of gray, and gray, silverlined cloak flung back over one shoulder, Colman stands beside him. A hairdresser comes up to adjust a stray lock of his wavy hair. "What are you doing there behind my back?" he murmurs. "Cutting it off for a keepsake," Rathbone murmurs. "Go 'long with you, Mr. Rathbone," she chides him and slips away. "Roll 'em!" They go into action. For a moment your eyes stick to Colman, insulting the general with a grace so exquisite and a humor so subtle that that gentleman hardly knows whether he's being insulted or complimented. Then your startled attention is caught by Rathbone —a Rathbone transformed, stooped and mumbling, rheumy eyes peering from under the hooded lids of a wicked old vulture, shriveled mouth twitching, ancient voice cackling approval of his Grand Constable's thrust. Until you see it, you won't believe it. When you do, you'll be likely to agree with Rathbone that this is the first real part he's ever had to play.

He met Lloyd one day at the Santa Anita racetrack. "What are you doing, Basil?" "Playing Tybalt." "What do you mean, playing Tybalt?" "It's what I've been doing for the last two years and a half—leaping about and yelling 'Ah-h!' I'm desperate, Frank. My kingdom for a winner!" "How about a horse called Louis XI in a race called 'If I Were King'?" "Don't pull my leg, I couldn't stand it." "I'm not pulling your leg. Do you want the part?" Rathbone's eyes were glittering, his tongue rolled over his lips, his hands went out, fingers twitching. "Gimme, gimme, gimme," he babbled.

English as Colman, he's Colman's exact antithesis—as effervescent as the other is restrained. "My impulse is to walk up to people, his is to walk away from them. He's typically British in his reserve, I'm typically un-British in my lack of it. I talk like one of those machines that someone's forever putting a nickel into. I've known Ronnie off and on for fifteen years, and I've never known him to be anything but gracious and pleasant. But he's learned the art of superbly minding his own business, which encourages other people to mind theirs. Me?—well, you see, I'm talking about Ronnie, which isn't my business, so I will now shut up." Rathbone's a camera fiend. What had really shut him up was the sight of Frances Dee, a vision in cloth of silver, waiting beside a courtier in a scarlet cloak for the cameras to roll. He leaped into the scene to take a shot of the vision.

Lloyd had first pictured Katherine de Vaucelles as a queenly blonde. He tested several and found them wanting. "I finally decided that the loveliest and most patrician face on the lot was Frances Dee's. Of course she's neither blonde nor stately. I could have wigged her but I have a prejudice against it. I think the audience resents seeing one of their favorites change color. So I tested Frances as she is, and gave up my blonde without a quiver. She's a joy to look at, she's a good actress, and if you'll show me another face in Hollywood with more breeding, I'll eat Basil's skullcap there."

Villon catches sight of her across the crowded throne room and makes his way to her. He addresses her in language that exceeds the formal courtesy permitted a stranger. He all but makes love to her under the noses of the court. Brows lift, frowns gather. The scarlet-cloaked courtier claps his hand to his sword. A tremor flits across Katherine's face, then she lifts it, grave and beautiful, and deals with the audacious intruder herself. Mr. Lloyd is right. She'll make a proud, though not an arrogant, Katherine. She'll make you understand what it's most important you should understand—why Villon adores her.

The day wears on. With Colman in every scene, hope fades for today. "Come tomorrow night," they tell you. "Night shooting's always a little more informal. It's easier to let the bars down."

You arrive at 8:30, to be told that Colman took his departure at eight. This is no trick. It's nobody's fault—least of all Colman's—that the schedule had to be changed at the last minute. You feel decidedly flat, but you swallow your disappointment and stick around for the night shooting.

This is the Court of Miracles—a square in the slums of Paris, where the riffraff is feasting on food and wine released by Villon's order. The sagging balconies of tumbledown houses look as if they were about to collapse under the weight of carousers. Fires burn in the open. Huge sides of beef brown slowly on turning spits. From a scaffold twelve feet high, Lloyd shouts: "The man who's flashing the dagger—don't do that, laddie." There's a roar of laughter as the laddie turns to reveal the face of a bearded patriarch. The scene goes on. The crowd mills round and round, shrieking, tipsy, gnawing at loaves, flinging their heads back for the last drop from a flagon. "Long live Louis!" they yell. "God bless the king!" "A ver-r-y good take!" calls Lloyd. "Print it. Thank you. Relax."

Now comes a closeup of Villon's gang—five men and two girls—tattered, dishevelled and roughtongued like the rest of them. One girl sits perched on a hogshead—her vivid, brooding little face lighted by a pair of blue-green eyes, a tousled mop of bronze curls falling over her forehead. The other, a merry-eyed blonde, has just flung a tankard of ale at the boor who's called her virginity into question. "Toughen it up, Jimmy," Lloyd directs her. Jimmy is Alma Lloyd, the boss's daughter, named Jimmy before she was born because he grew tired of hearing her referred to as It. She served her apprenticeship as an actress with little theatre groups and on the road. Last fall she went to New York and hunted in vain for a job. Then came a letter from her father, asking if she wanted to work with him on the production end of "If I Were King."

"Before that he'd always said, 'Oh, just come and stick around.' But this time, being away, I got it in writing—a regular job at a regular salary. So back I came. I sat in on script conferences, helped with casting, research, costumes—right through the whole thing. Of course I wanted a part, but I couldn't ask for it. I knew if daddy thought I was right for one, he'd give it to me, no matter what anyone thought. And if he didn't, he wouldn't, no matter how much I wanted it. It was on my birthday he sprung it. 'I've got a present for you. How would you like to play Colette?' I just whooped."

It's Jimmy who tells you that Villon and his tavernmates have been tagged by the irrepressible Rathbone, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. "And if you think Mr. Colman doesn't like a gag," she scoffed, "just listen to this one. "You see, daddy's always yelling about people being late, so we cooked up this scheme. We got back from lunch very early one day, turned off all the lights, and hid behind the scenery. All but Colman, who sat at his desk in the trial room, with one little blue spot burning over his head. Well, it just happened that was the day daddy picked to be late for the first time in his life. He'd been lunching with some executives and they'd kept him. Which made the joke all the funnier in the end. Because by the time he got there, poor Mr. Colman had fallen asleep. There he sat with his cheek on his hands, and in comes daddy to this perfectly silent set, doesn't know what to make of it, sees Colman, walks over to him, touches his shoulder, says: 'Ronnie—come, come, Ronnie'—you know, sort of solicitous and reproachful at the same time. Colman jumps up, shouts 'long live the king,' then we all jump out and yell 'long live the king,' with a sweet long juicy raspberry to polish it off. 'Nice work,' says daddy, and Colman sighs like the father of seven children: 'Yes, dwarfs will be dwarfs, you know, Frank—just a little dopey.' Which made the whole thing practically perfect."

The other girl—the one with the blue-



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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.



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green eyes and the face that has something both sweet and smoldering—is Ellen Drew. One day an agent saw her and asked her if she'd like to be in the movies. "Would you?" she returned wearily. In stories, of course, such things couldn't happen. In Hollywood they do. She was signed for stock at Paramount, and for two years stayed there. Then Wesley Ruggles saw her in a studio play and cast her for a part in "Sing, You Sinners." She didn't know that Frank Lloyd had seen her in the same play till he sent for her and said: "I'm going to test you for Huguette." She turned white, her knees wobbled, and all she could manage was a "thank you."

She went on location with the other picture. Meantime Lloyd summoned a few of his fellow-workers to a projection room one morning. "I want to show you something." The test was run, the lights went on. Lloyd turned in his seat. "What do you think?" "Swell!" they roared in chorus. "That's what I think, too."

Ellen, having dinner with the company, was called to the phone. As she slipped back into her place, Fred MacMurray eyed her sharply. "What's the matter with you? Look as if you'd seen a ghost." "I'm going to play Huguette," she said, buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

She met Colman for the first time when they made a costume test together. He told her he'd seen her original test and thought Lloyd had made a perfect choice for the part. "Here I was, two years ago, wrapping up candy," she broke out impulsively. "You'd think I'd be paralyzed, working with Ronald Colman. But you don't stop to think it's Colman. He doesn't let you. He's so completely simple. He doesn't make a fuss about anything. Even when he blows his lines, he doesn't get excited like the rest of us—just says, 'I'm sorry' and does it again. And he's been so heavenly kind to me—taught me so many little things without making a show of it. I'll never forget the first important scene we were to play together. He smiled as he passed me and said so that no one else could hear: 'This is going to be a good one for us. This is one we're going to pull them out of their seats with.' It was like a shot in the arm—and, oh, he must have known how I needed it!"

Which is all grist for your mill. Only you still haven't talked to Mr. Colman. Mr. Colman's working or Mr. Colman's rehearsing or Mr. Colman has simply melted into thin air. Eventually Mr. Lloyd takes pity on you. "We're making just one short daylight shot tomorrow. Come in at two and I'll see that you get to him." He's as good as his word. He nails your quarry, and your quarry greets you as affably as though he'd been looking forward to this for days.

"What would you like to know that I can tell you?—I've been wanting to play this part for years. I suggested it once or twice to Mr. Goldwyn, but the suggestion didn't take. Then Mr. Lloyd came to me and said: 'Will you play Francois Villon for me?' My impulse was to jump at it, but I felt a qualm or two that needed soothing. You see, it's not an absolutely set-up story in the same way as 'Tale of Two Cities' might be. The old stage play was theatrical. I felt that the screen version, without sacrificing any of the drama, should be made more plausible. For myself, I didn't want to go slashing about with a sword and striking attitudes. However, I needn't have worried. Mr. Lloyd explained how he meant to have it treated, and that Preston Sturges would work along that line. So I signed up gladly, and sailed into it. Sail's the right word, too—perhaps breeze is still better. It's gayer than any other version I've known—rollicking, as Villon was—and real as he was, even though this adventure wasn't."

He flicked at his brown velvet cloak with its emerald lining. "I tried to do what I could for reality by taking some of these elegant costumes home and wearing them round the house to get the feel of them—a little hard on the household, but they bore with me. I thought it might keep me from strutting about here like a dressed-up popinjay. I grew my own beard for the early sequences, too—another ordeal to watch, for a dirty, scrubby beard it was. No, I didn't mind—not beyond the first week, when it proved a little tickly. Of course, it curtails one's social activities just a little—" he said, smiling broadly—he, whose social activities are confined to a circle of friends who'd remain unruffled if he grew a forest on his face for his own good reasons.

The scene was called. It was brief—action without dialogue—Villon fleeing from his enemies in the palace, and finding sanctuary in the room of his love. They shot three or four takes in about ten minutes. "Thank you, Ronnie. That's all." Catching your eye, he lifts his brows in helpless wonder. "I don't know what they're thanking me for. It's very polite of them."

What *you're* hoping, only it's nothing so tangible as a hope—what you're wistfully dreaming rather—is that he'll come back and talk some more. But by now a photographer has him in tow.

"I'm so sorry," smiles Mr. Colman. You know exactly how sorry he is. But it doesn't matter. If Colman were king, he could do no wrong. So far as you're concerned, Colman *is* king.



Dick Powell, Jack Benny and Ken Murray get hot trying to make good as instrumentalists in an impromptu band organized by Tommy Dorsey, right, conducting.

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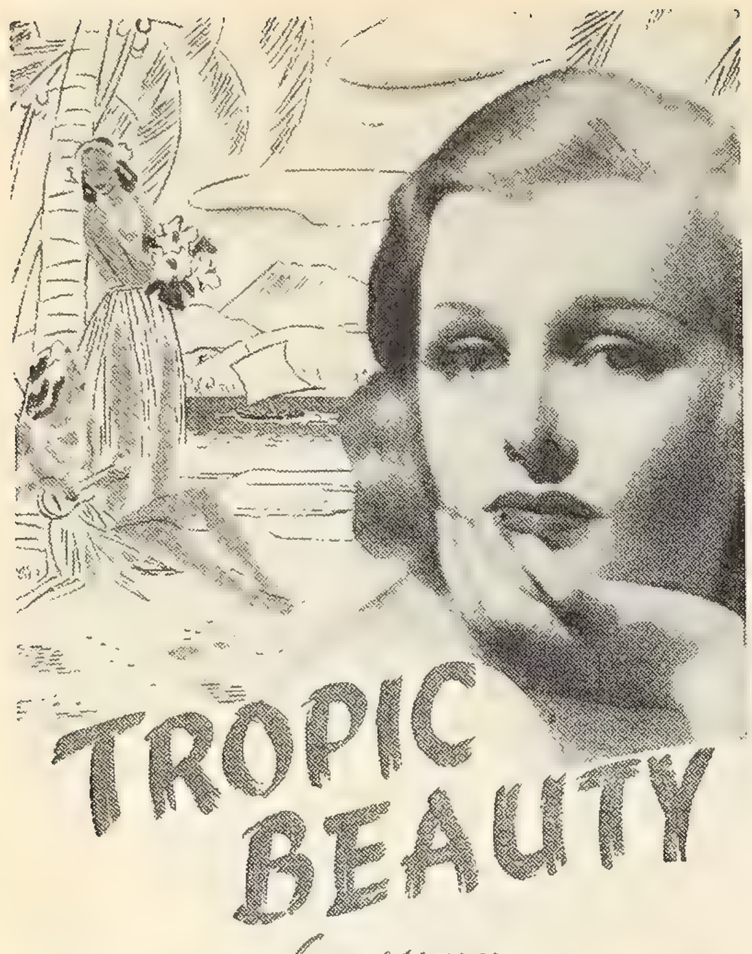
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NEW TROPIC SHADES

Salute to the Quints

Continued from page 33

my ears when told it was that of the doctor who shared the fame of the Dionne Quintuplets. I realized this would mean much more than a part to any actor, that it would definitely identify him in the public mind with a world event. But there wasn't anything sure about it so far as I was concerned. Henry King, the director, thought I might look it well enough, but he was afraid Mr. Zanuck would object to my Danish accent. I was sure he would. So, with no hope at all, I went back to M-G-M. Just as I walked into his office, Mr. Mayer, at the telephone, said, 'Here he is now, you can talk with him.' It was Twentieth Century-Fox wanting to know if I could be ready to start for Callander the next day. That was my luck—they didn't have time to think of anyone else."

Taking the unassuming Hersholt at his word, his was an emergency call, very like the one Dr. Dafoe had on that startling night that set telegraph and cable wires humming the world over. "There was no time for a thorough test," he went on. "But at eight that night they made a quick test of my hair. Something would have to be done about it if I was to look at all like Dr. Dafoe. But there was no time for it. When we got there it was twenty below, with a heavy snowstorm falling—marvelous!"

There spoke the true Scandinavian. But I was anxious to hear more about the impromptu doctor by the grace of Hollywood. "That's the way I felt, anxious," admitted Mr. Hersholt. "The first thing for me to do was meet Dr. Dafoe, and I was terribly nervous. I didn't know how he would take it. I had come over from North Bay, ten or twelve miles from Callander, and, quite aside from the weather, I had cold feet. When I got to his office the doctor was busy with a patient, so I sat in his little waiting room trying to work up nerve enough to face him decently. At last he came out, and we both looked at each other—I couldn't scare up a word to say to him. He didn't know me from Adam, but after sizing me up he remarked, 'So you're the fellow.' That was all. Then he kept looking at me, while I stood there gulping. It was a wholly impersonal thing for him, but a tough spot for me. I couldn't talk pictures with Dr. Dafoe because he didn't know and didn't care anything about them—didn't even know that Garbo was alive. He said the only picture he had seen was 'Sunshine Susie,' made in England ten years before. As 'Sunshine Susie' didn't exactly warm things up, I made a quiet sneak outdoors, where twenty below seemed almost tropical."

Happily, Mr. Hersholt now warmed up to the point of telling of his first meeting with the quints. "I saw them five minutes before we started working next morning in the hospital nursery. They took my breath away. There they were, all in their cribs, so lovely they put a lump in my throat. With Dr. Dafoe standing out of sight, Dorothy Peterson and I were ready to play the first scene with them. 'Don't handle them too much,' the doctor warned us. I lifted two of them from their cribs to a bed. They plucked at my mustache and at the pencil in my pocket, and weren't at all frightened. Because of my make-up, I thought they took me for Dr. Dafoe. They were then only a year and a half old. From then on we were careful never to work with the babies longer than fifty-five minutes each day, not counting Sundays. Dr. Dafoe saw to it that we never exceeded that time even by a second."

There was no mistaking Mr. Hersholt's deep affection for his little friends. It was evident they had crept into his heart to stay there. "It was not until we went back to make the second picture, 'Reunion,' that I was able to identify them. By that time they were all gymnastic and loved to climb. I know they climbed all over me," he laughed. "We had lots of fun when we weren't working. Emilie liked me best. She always smiled and ran to me. One day she pulled out my watch and broke it. But it was only a dollar watch, and I let her keep it. Afterwards she gave me her wooden whistle, putting it in my mouth for me to blow, then into my pocket to make me understand I was to keep it. Even Dr. Dafoe was now very friendly, talking books and sharing my interest in first editions."

What must the good doctor have said, I wondered, on that eventful birthnight when he himself had had no rest. "That's what I wondered," agreed Mr. Hersholt, "so one day I asked him. He told me, with the arrival of the fourth, then the fifth baby, he said, 'Gosh!' Now if that isn't small-town, what is?"

As for the illustrious parents, Mr. Hersholt had enjoyed the honor of meeting Papa Dionne, but not Mamma Dionne.

"It was one day on location I met the father," he related, continuing his saga of the fertile North. "Papa Dionne had driven out to where some of us were working and was sitting in his car. He looked exactly as John Qualen had made him look on the screen. I walked over and said, 'How do you do?' 'How do you do?' he replied, without so much as moving a hand. 'This is beautiful country,' I remarked. 'Yes,' he said. 'You have beautiful children.' 'Yes.' 'It is cold.' 'Yes.' Then I gave up.

"What interested me most of all, aside from the babies," said Mr. Hersholt, "was the place itself. Here was a village of five hundred souls that suddenly teemed like a city with endless streams of people. There never was a day with less than six thousand visitors, and on one day while we were there the number grew to thirteen thousand. All were alive with curiosity, staring right and left. We were part of the show, at least the side-show, finding ourselves attracting attention as 'Movie actors from Hollywood.' I never felt less like an actor in my life. It was all tremendously real to me. What gave that place world significance was the great number of newspaper correspondents. One day I was made acutely aware of them. The publicity man had taken Miss Peterson and me out to a picturesquely wooded region to be photographed. Floundering through the snow some distance ahead of them, I fell into a ditch. For two minutes I was knocked out completely. I felt a sharp pain in one leg and was afraid I'd broken it. Unable to move, I lay there thinking, 'Well, this settles you. You've been given the chance of your life, and now you've lost it. You'll not be able to go on with the picture.' When I was taken back to the hotel at North Bay twenty-five or thirty newspapermen made a rush for me. There was no stopping them from sending stories about the accident, so I had to telegraph my wife not to worry, that I wasn't seriously hurt. Dr. Dafoe took care of my leg, but didn't say much about it. For that matter, he never said much about anything. When we went back to make the second picture I asked him what he thought about the first one. 'Pretty good,' he said—not a word about me."

Good-naturedly dismissing this rugged indifference to cinematic art, Mr. Hersholt earnestly added: "Dr. Dafoe has said that 'Five of a Kind' will be the last picture that the quints are allowed to make. But I hope not. I can't help loving those kids and wanting to see them again and again. They're lovely babies, and they brought me wonderful luck. And whether it lasts or not, I'll always have my lucky piece."

Lola Lane, Rosemary Lane, Priscilla Lane and Gale Page

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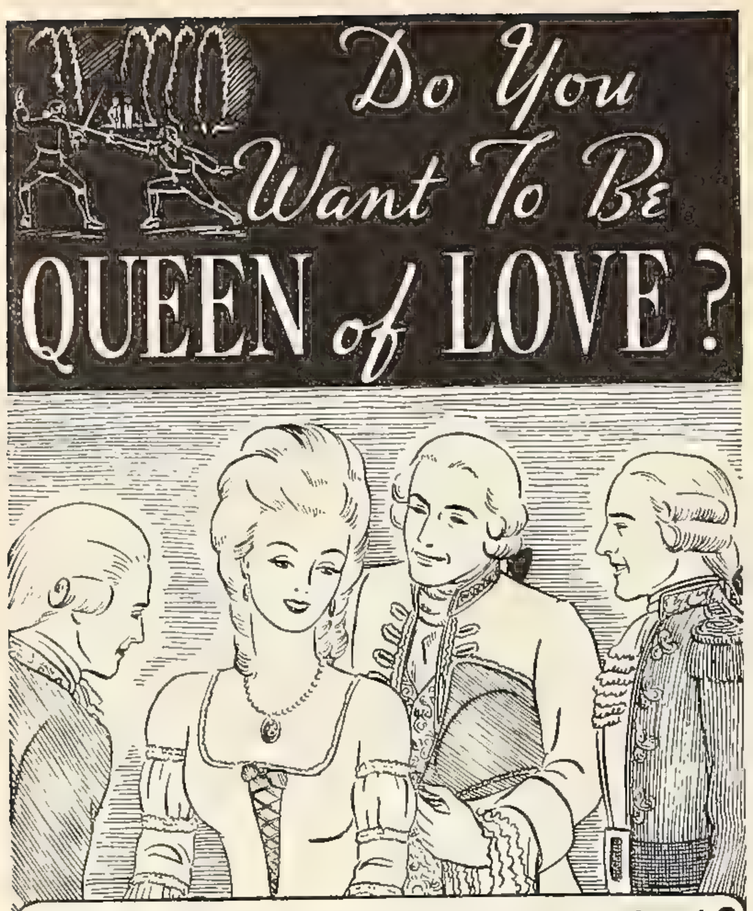
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Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
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From Peanuts to Pictures

Continued from page 34

and I had some of the best times in my life down there, and some hard ones too.

"Some folks think they need money to develop their talents, but I still play the same instrument now that I did when I only had fifty cents to buy a couple of pieces of iron pipe and have 'em welded together with a whiskey funnel on one end. I haven't paid out any money for advance lessons on the bazooka—because there isn't any professors who know any more about it than I do.

"When I was poor I never had to decide what tie to wear with what shirt, or what shirt to wear with what suit. I had one suit and pair of shoes for Sunday best and the nights I was courting a girl, and my working clothes. Now I have to stop and reflect on what is best to wear at what time of the day. If I'm going golfing, I put on my golfing pants, and if I'm going to the races I wear sports clothes. If Mrs. Burns and I are attending an afternoon party, I have to puzzle out whether I should wear a comfortable business suit—or if it will call for formal afternoon dress. When I didn't own them I never found myself in the predicament of arriving at one of these fancy parties in white tie and tails, when everyone else had on a tux. Sometimes when I get all duded up I arrive and find the rest of the guys lounging around wearing slacks and sport shirts.

"I used to drive a little car that I could get around in quickly in the traffic unnoticed. But now folks think I should drive big ones. They attract attention and are awkward to handle and park. When I lived in a little apartment I'd go home to my own little family circle. Folks never came for long visits—but now they pile in from everywhere.

"When I look back I think I was the happiest man that was ever poor. I've made my bed in hay stacks many a night, and in sweet clover fields and lay out there under the stars—and admired the beauty of nature. Sometimes I've had to eat strawberries or apples or whatever I could find. For days I've been so hungry that a lean carrot out of a farmer's patch tasted better than the best New York-cut steak I've ever had here in Hollywood.

"When I was riding the rods I washed my shirt out in a river and swam while it dried on a hickory limb. No sir, rich folks don't have the opportunity or the time for that free kind of happiness."

Bob's face was fairly beaming. I could see he was visioning that part of his life, rich in happiness, though poor in material things. "I never had to be a hobo," he mused over the words, then, "I just sorta had the wanderlust in me, I guess, when I was a kid." He went on, "My father was engineer for our county and I studied civil engineering at the University of Arkansas. When I left school I decided to grow jumbo peanuts and be the peanut king of the country. I drew up a lot of fancy stationery and everything. I was going to become a big industrialist—but somehow those peanuts didn't seem to want to grow as big as my ambition for them. So I went out of the nut business. Then I went over to Oklahoma with my Uncle Fud and we raised hay, but the wanderlust spirit kept popping up in me—and I headed west.

"Down in the railroad jungles over a pot of stew I heard the boys talking about the fruit grown down around Provo, Utah—so I headed for there. I picked fruit all summer and sorta hung around, for one farmer had a pretty daughter; one of the prettiest I ever did see. Night times we hired hands would gather around the back porch after supper and sit and sing in the moonlight. If I'd only had my bazooka then, this story might have been different. I had matrimony on my mind strong enough, but she just thought I was a hired man, so it didn't do me no good.

"I heard that a big power and light company was figuring on putting in a terminal sub-station to generate power from Idaho, so I caught a ride in a buggy and went up to the construction outfit. On account of how I had some education, they made me foreman of 75 men. They were all foreigners—and I had to talk to them through an interpreter. Well it seems my orders was plain greek to them, so I had to learn to talk Greek too. It was curious how I got on to the knack of talking their language. I never could figure that out.

"Then the company made me manager of a construction boarding house. I had to plan meals—good filling ones for 30 cents per man, three times a day for 300 men. I used to go down to the markets and buy three beef at a time. I got out a cook-book and learned how to saw off steaks and chops as good as any butcher. Those were happy days—and what hunks of steaks a fellow could eat!

"Out in the west they have lots of church socials and dances, and they always welcome strangers who come to the community and settle for a spell. I looked forward all week to those church suppers and dances. The fried chicken and pots of beans and hot biscuits we'd eat! And then the home-baked pies and cakes and home-made ice cream. I could freeze a freezer full of ice-cream faster than most. In fact, I got to be sort of a champion. Sometimes the girls would bring the baskets filled with lunch, and the men would bid for them. I was usually pretty lucky—in getting a good-looking girl and a good lunch basket both. But some of the men would sure draw lemons!

"Then I went up into Idaho where I made about two dollars a day. There was never a more cheerful or hospitable bunch of folk. They didn't like a fellow because he was supposed to have money—they just liked you because you was yourself without any pretense of being more. Then I got a hankering to travel about again—and I did. In the course of events I wandered back to Salt Lake City. I got a job as night clerk in a little upstairs hotel. There was lots of actor fellows who stopped off there traveling on circuits, and I sort of got bit by the acting bug. I met a pretty girl, again. Gee, was she pretty! She was singing in one of the cafés, and I used to

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go in there to eat just to hear her sing, and get a chance to talk to her. I figured that if I was an actor we could team up and I'd get acquainted with her. So nights at the hotel I started writing up an act.

"There was a couple of musicians who were down on their luck, and when I was off shift I got them and the girl together and we rehearsed the act I had written. Finally we decided to form a vaudeville troupe. We called ourselves 'Three Smilers and a Nix'—I was the Nix. Well, sir, we got engagements in all of the show houses around and then there was none left, and our money ran out.

"That didn't discourage me none. I got a farmer to let us ride with him in his spring wagon up to a little town called Logan. We bumped along with him on his buggy. I got a megaphone and went around the city streets advertising the show at the top of my voice. And I got a bang out of the kids. They followed me around like I was the Pied Piper.

"We got an engagement at the show-house. Then the girl—well, she musta had a beau back in Salt Lake City. Anyway the second day she walked out. That left our show without much of an act.

"It was haying time, so the rest of our show went to work in the hay fields. Fact is, I slept in them. One night out there under the stars I was wondering what I could do for a new act. I had been monkeying with a couple of pieces of pipe, humming through them, and I got the idea of making me a bazooka. Well, sir, I went right down to a plumber and we made one for fifty cents. The beauty of my invention was that whenever it got broken I could get any plumber to make me a new one.

"After dark I lay out there in the hay figuring up tunes, and pretty soon I had an act. I called it 'Harmony Hobo.' I played all the little towns in the west. Then I hit it out for home to see my folks back in Arkansas. Yes, I rode the rods."

At this point a property man interrupted us to tell Mr. Burns he was wanted back on the set. "Now don't go away," he cautioned, "I'll be right back." He was gone for almost an hour. I could hear him and other members of the company as they acted a scene.

"A swell fellow, Bob Burns," commented the property man as we waited. "He takes everything very serious—even himself, despite all of that humor he's noted for. When his first wife died a couple of years ago, it just about broke Bob up. He was awful fond of her, I guess. For a whole year he went around here as sad as could be. But now that he's married again, he's happy and singing all of the time and 'specially since the new baby came. He brings more visitors on his sets than anyone around the studio. Most of 'em are from Arkansas. All those folks he writes about in that newspaper column of his come out here to visit him. I have an idea that's one reason why he built such a big house—so he could make them welcome. Have you ever met his new wife? Gee, she's pretty. Blonde with the nicest ways. She was Harriet Foster, his secretary, and I can tell you they're real pals." But before the property man could tell me more Bob came around the corner and resumed his seat on the plank on the saw-horse. He continued right where he left off. "No, sir, I was as happy as a fellow could be in those days—and I was as poor as anyone could be. When I got home everyone was enlisting to go to war so I went up to Chicago where I joined the Marines. Well, after I got back, I had to have a profession, so I got out my bazooka—took it to a plumber to fix it and went to New York to try being an actor again. I got a job in New York in the night clubs. And when I got a hearing in one on Broadway, and got signed up for a few weeks—I had my first taste of real fame. I made quite a bit of money for a fellow like me, but first thing I knew there I was down in New Orleans, peddling bananas. But I had too much acting in me to stop, so when I couldn't get another engagement I organized a carnival show of my own in Atlantic City. It went along pretty well, then I got a chance to get back into vaudeville.

"You know life's a strange thing. I toured all over the country—and twenty years later I found myself back in Logan, the little western town where I'd invented my bazooka out in the hay fields. I was playing 'Soda-Pop,' the black-face with the Gilmore Circus, and I went out and told the audience that I'd been there twenty years before and I hoped I could come back in twenty years and apologize for my act. The manager didn't like that so well—but the audience was tickled at such a remark.

"Well, we toured on until we got to California. When I couldn't get another engagement, I got a job in pictures doing bits. Then Bing Crosby put me on his radio show—and you know the rest.

"Money doesn't make happiness. It's nice for folks to think you're being successful, but shucks—I was just as happy when I was poor and didn't have more than a dollar in my jeans, as now, when I can write out checks and know that the bank won't refuse 'em."

"But you can buy anything you want, do anything you want, have anything you want, when you have lots of money," I interrupted.

"But that's where you're wrong, and that's why I've been telling you all this," Bob remonstrated. "Anyone who has his health, his freedom, his ability to earn a living, is not poor. He's rich and doesn't know it. And he sure ought to be happy."

Glamor Gets a Face-wash

Continued from page 29

have now become a lot of dreary sun-worshippers. Those grand gals who once in gold lamé put on a scrumptious act in white drawing-rooms now spend endless hours in bathing suits toasting their chassis on the sands of Santa Monica midst flies and fleas. You can't possibly give a dinner in Hollywood now unless at least six of your guests are on some kind of a frantic diet. Cooks get awfully mad when they sweat over a batch of tasty squabs only to have the guests shout calories as they are passed around and demand a little cottage cheese and lettuce leaf. And athletics—oh, hell! The place smells with them. Everybody (who rates) is out batting balls and jumping horses and keeping fit. No wonder some of the best stars, after days spent in the California sun, resemble a rare old piece of Moroccan leather when they appear before the camera.

Moving pictures, those quaint old things, have practically become a side line with most of the stars. They are far more interested in their athletics than they are in their screen careers and had rather make a hole in one than win an Academy Award. Name me a star and I'll tell you where his or her real interest lies.

It's no secret that Bing Crosby had rather play golf and race horses than go boo-boo on the screen. Clark Gable likes to get his pictures over with as quickly as possible so he can go duck shooting, fishing, or big game hunting. And speaking of Clark we naturally think of Carole, who is no slouch herself when it comes to shooting. Carole, who used to be pale and interesting, has become the best woman skeet-shooter in these parts—only last week at the Hollywood gun and rifle

club she shot twenty-four clay pigeons out of twenty-five, and Carole uses a regular gun too, one that would knock your shoulder right out of joint. She's quite a deadly tennis player and often gets up at seven in the morning, much to the distress of her Bel-Air neighbors, to practice her serve. Irene Dunne is another of the girls who gladly gives up those heavenly hours of early morning sleep to get in a couple of rounds of golf before the sun warms up. Irene is a hole-in-oner.

Another elegant golfer is Ruby Keeler who can make strong men weep by the straightness and distance of her drive. And boy, can she sink them. Ruby had much rather give you an interview about golf than about herself. Joan Crawford swims like a Weissmuller, and so does Norma Shearer. Norma doesn't take to sun much, but Joan schedules her day so that she can have so much time every morning for a sunbath. She and Cary Grant have the best tans in Hollywood. Ginger Rogers is another of the mermaids but is even better at tennis—the way she can whack those balls is really something. Claudette Colbert, whom we used to call "lead-in-the-pants" because she was such a sissy she stood in one spot on the tennis court without budging for an entire game, now flies through the air like the man on the trapeze and lets nothing in the shape of a tennis ball get by her. Claudette's chief interest, however, is skiing—a little something she does exceedingly well, and will talk about until you fall down in exhaustion.

When Olivia de Havilland first took up archery (inspired by "Robin Hood") she shot an arrow into the hoof of the cow next door, but she has improved since then and can now pick you out a bull's eye any time. Olivia never drinks because it is bad for her, and never fails to eat because it is good for her. Patsy Kelly and Jack Oakie, the last of the old guard who said I like food and by golly I shall eat food, weakened not long ago and both of them took off more than forty pounds by walking and dieting. Patsy, whose only exercise consisted of walking to the studio commissary, for a couple of weeks walked as much as twenty miles a day. It gets 'em all sooner or later. Tennis becomes a career and walking becomes a business. And everybody's wholesome.



Relatives, real and reel. Anita Louise, Bette Davis and Jane Bryan, right, relatives in "The Sisters," are visited by Bette's real sister, at star's left.

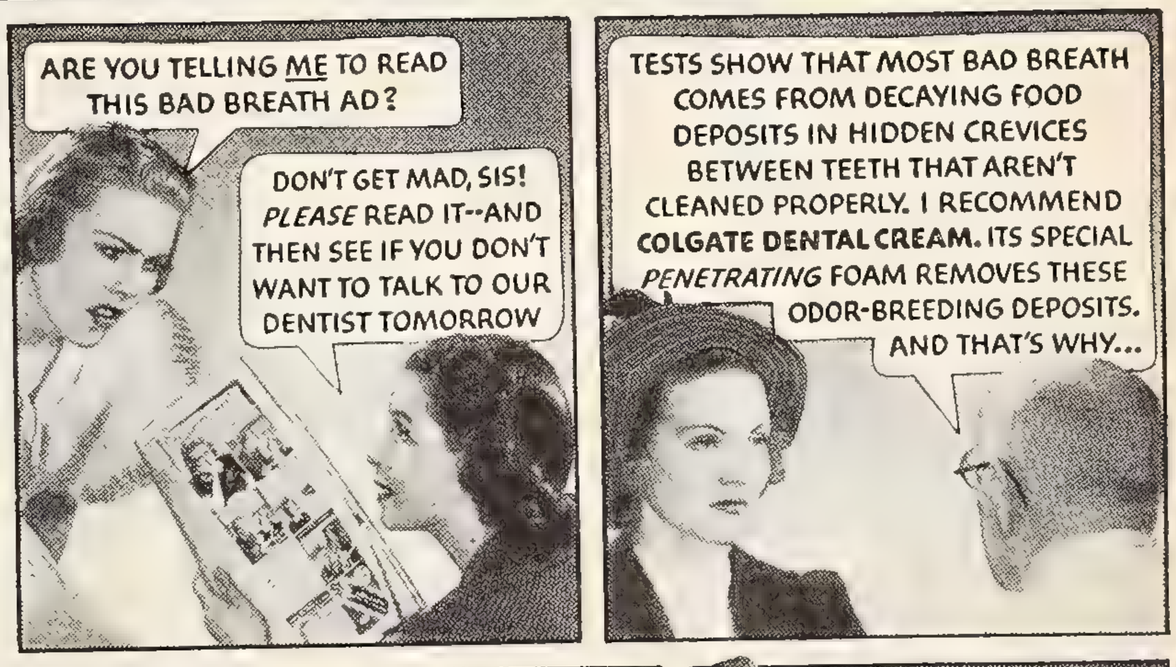
Everybody except Hedy Lamarr. Thank goodness for Hedy. I decided that I must see Hedy and warn her about Hollywood—never, never must she go in for health. She must keep that mysterious sultry charm, that lovely thrilling glamor. Why, I might even encourage her to have sunken cheeks. So I called on Hedy. She immediately asked me if I would have a Scotch-and-soda and that cheered me no end—here at least was someone who wasn't afraid of ruining a liver by taking a drink. "My butler is out," said Hedy, "I will fix the drinks." Charming, charming, I thought. And then I saw Hedy fix the drinks and my face fell. She filled two tall glasses with shasta water, and I mean filled and splashed a few drops of Scotch in each. Why, that exotic creature doesn't even know how to mix a drink!

But that wasn't all, I wasn't to be let off anything. She promptly invited me to have a swim, and when I refused suggested a game of tennis, assuring me very naïvely that she was quite good at both sports. "And walk," said Hedy, "I adore walking." Well, dear reader, all I can say is that that Hedy who looks so alluringly unwholesome in the Casbah is far different from the real Hedy Lamarr. And I'm convinced that health is here to stay.

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LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S....



NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!





London

Continued from page 51

Adolphe Menjou have been there several times too, buying curios for their collections back home in Hollywood.

Darryl Zanuck and his pretty wife Virginia went shopping around London along with Darrylin, Susan, and Richard, who politely told me his poppa was "something in a studio but he doesn't know Snow White anyway." The Twentieth Century-Fox executive spent most of his vacation playing polo and he has also been making arrangements for Shirley Temple's visit to England next spring. She may play in a film on her company's lot at Pinewood Studios where they are now completing "Piccadilly Circus" with Gracie Fields, Mary Maguire, Roger Livesey, dancer Jack Donohue, and Mr. Asta. The latter has turned very temperamental since he crossed the Atlantic. Maybe he doesn't think our climate so good as California for he's fought his stand-in dog, refused to eat his stew and rye bread lunch one day, and barked quite rudely at Leslie Howard.

And it's not as if Pinewood gardens haven't the greenest old lawns and shadiest trees even a terrier screen star could want. Brian Aherne was exercising round them the other day, with his wide grin and a vivid sea-blue jacket exactly the same color as his eyes. "Fancy you noticing me!" he laughed. "People seldom do. I travel all over America but the fans never tear my clothes to shreds like they tear Clark Gable's. I only had a crowd once and then I discovered they'd mistaken me for Gary Cooper, who was around those parts too." So I consoled him by making him escort me to lunch in the great oak-panelled studio restaurant once the saloon of the liner "Mauretania" and transported to Pinewood in pieces for reassembly.

James Fitzpatrick looked in at Pinewood the other day with his bride Lesley—"giving her a real live travel talk on London," he said in the famous deep-throated voice. Clifford Odets came along another afternoon and had tea and a few words with our natives, not forgetting pretty little Nova Pilbeam who seemed to find his quick staccato chatter most entertaining judging by her gay laughter. You'll soon be seeing the eighteen-year-old star in another thrill film called "Death of a Ghost" and handsome Michael Redgrave will be her leading man.

Michael was prominent at the party given to brunette Margaret Lockwood to celebrate her marriage to a London business man. She was specially delighted with the cabled congratulations she got from George Arliss who really gave her her first big chance in his film "Doctor Syn." Margaret is charmingsly unaffected, knits her own jerseys, seldom wears make-up off the screen and goes in for gardening in a practical manner which means doing all her own digging and planting. Her current picture in production at Gainsborough Studios is "Rob Roy," based on Sir Walter Scott's classic novel of wild adventure and romance in old-time Scotland—it's Princess Elizabeth's favorite book, by the way.

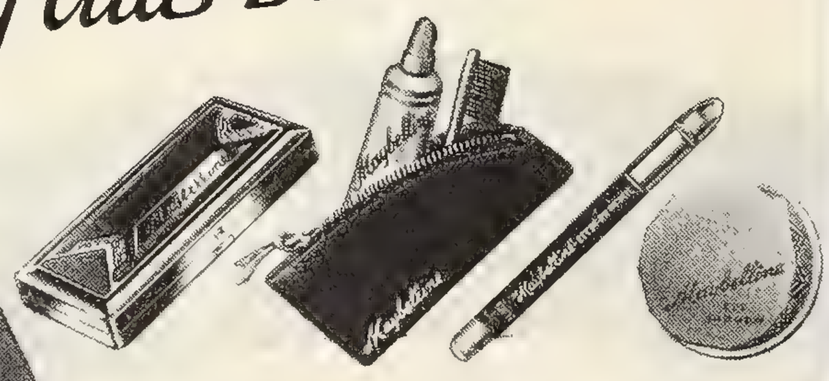
When I stepped out dining and dancing in the West End the other night I got lots of up-to-the-minute fashion notes from the screen girls I saw. There was exotic young Vivien Leigh dramatizing her tawny hair with green chiffon draped Greek style and belted in gold, and Elizabeth Allan demure as ever in frilled pink tulle with wee rosebuds in her curls. Gertrude Neisen had a backless ice-blue satin and ropes of pearls, while saucy blonde Lilli Palmer fancied sheer black net with long transparent sleeves and handsome Barry Mackay for her escort. Lilli starts work soon in "Girls Must Live" and Barry is going to sing and dance with Jessie Matthews again in her musical now called "Climbing High."

At supper-time I spied Raymond Massey and his sweet-faced wife Adrianne entertaining a party including Tamara Geva with a cape of ostrich plumes and Noel Coward and Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye. Nearby was the loveliest young thing I'd seen for ages who turned out to be seventeen-year-old Corrinne Luchaire from Paris. She had a sensational success in her first film in France so Alexander Korda promptly signed her up and she makes her English-speaking début as a girl criminal in "Prison Without Bars." She has wide eloquent dark eyes and an infectious rippling laugh and the true French chic in clothes—nothing smarter on the silver floor than her black satin with round off-the-shoulders neckline and scarlet roses pinned in a bunch at her waist.

It was in a far less exclusive café—an Italian spaghetti joint in Soho, to be honest—that I met Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester eating steaming *risotto* and planning their next two films ahead. They never seem content to worry about one at once like other producers. Charles is currently playing *Mr. Davey,* the parson-smuggler of "Jamaica Inn" which Alfred Hitchcock is vigorously directing and popping in some new touches for which his Hollywood visit inspired him. After eating, Charles and Elsa went off to a little local theatre to see a Fredric March picture—they only go to the luxurious big cinemas for special premieres they can't dodge anyway. Elisabeth Bergner is another star who likes to sit unknown in the cheap seats though she has never been persuaded to watch herself on the screen as yet.

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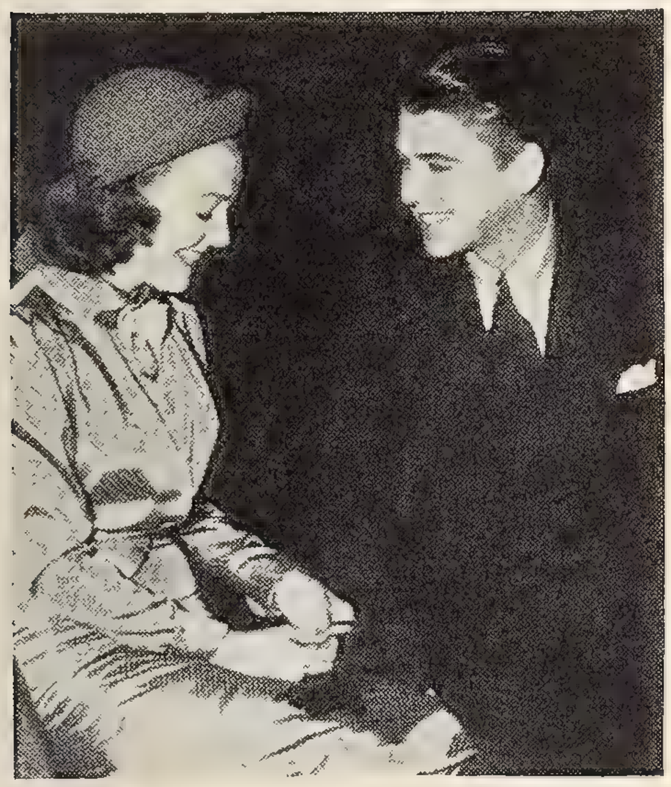
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He Dared to Marry

Continued from page 65

program on which Frances Langford, a shy, quiet girl with deep brown eyes and a wistful, tender mouth, sings regularly. Almost at once he fell in love with her. But though he had been sought out by some of the most sophisticated women in Hollywood, when he himself was in love he hesitated to ask for a date, because he had no reason to believe that Frances was at all interested in him. Then, as luck would have it, his sister, who had in the meanwhile met Frances, said to him, "Do you know who's coming over for dinner tonight?" When he heard it was Frances, he broke another engagement, so that he might be at home when she came. This time their meeting was less formal, and he managed to get up courage enough to ask Frances to see him again. Soon they were seeing each other almost every night. When, for business reasons, he was away from Hollywood for two weeks, he missed Frances Langford more than he had ever dreamed he could miss anyone. Shortly after he returned to Hollywood, they eloped, using their real names of Julia Langford and Charles Locher in the hope that they could keep their marriage a secret. But it is almost impossible to keep anything a secret in Hollywood, and so four days after their marriage, the story leaked out.



Stars now! Jane Bryan and Ronald Reagan get top billing in "Girls on Probation."

"Samuel Goldwyn was very much hurt that we hadn't taken him into our confidence," Jon said, his eyes twinkling, "but he sent us a bouquet of flowers anyway."

It was typical of Jon that when he decided to get married he got married, and did not stop to weigh what effect it might have upon his career. When he was first offered a contract by United Artists, elated though he was to get that contract, nevertheless he stipulated, "I will sign nothing unless it is understood that my private life remains my own." You see, he was familiar with the studio practice of building up eligible young men by asking them to be seen with famous feminine stars. Dozens of young men, eager to get ahead in Hollywood, have allowed their studios to dictate to them with whom they shall be seen and with whom they shall not be seen, but Jon was determined to have nothing to do with this mockery of real love for publicity purposes. "If I go out with anyone," he said, "it will be because I like her and for no other reason."



Pretty smart . . . But she didn't know how important "Lysol" is in Feminine Hygiene

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"If anyone had asked me to take an actress out so as to get my name into the newspapers I should have flatly refused," Jon told me. "Had my job depended upon it, I would have said, provided the girl were nice, 'All right, I'll take her out, but you'll have to foot all the bills and do it in grand style, providing me with Rolls-Royces to take the girl out and orchids to shower upon her, because there's no use doing a thing unless it's done right.' I respect Samuel Goldwyn, however, because he never asked me to do this, although almost every other studio in Hollywood does require it of a newcomer."

I asked Jon if he had any rules by which he planned to steer the frail craft of marriage through the shoals that beset it. During an interview which took place before his marriage, Jon once told me, "If a woman argues with me about anything whatsoever, I say, 'Look, I can't stand arguments. I won't argue with you. If you insist on arguing, one of us will have to go.'"

Now he put it a little differently. "Always try to agree," he said. "If I think something is too expensive, Frances will try to think so too. Recently she sold one of her automobiles (she had two of them) because we decided that one automobile apiece was certainly enough for us. If two people are in love they've got to have arguments sooner or later. [Note the change of view marriage has brought.] Suppose, for instance, Frances wanted to go somewhere and I didn't think it was a nice place for her to go. To protect her, I would have to argue with her; I love her too much to allow her to do something which might hurt her. So far Frances and I have had no serious arguments, but we have had some discussions which might have ended in spats. However, none of them lasted more than a few minutes—then we always kissed and made up. Take our argument about the fence, for instance. Frances asked me to go shopping with her for a fence, and I liked a split rail fence which I thought would look very attractive painted white. "'Oh, no,' said Frances, 'a split rail won't do. I'd much rather get a steel fence, so that vines could crawl up over it.' 'But, Baby,' I said, 'I was just trying to help you. I do think a split rail fence would be more attractive, and there's no reason why vines shouldn't be able to climb over it just as much as over a steel fence.' When we got home, we still hadn't reached any agreement. Five minutes later, Frances came down and said, 'Johnny, I don't even want a fence!'

"Usually we go shopping together. Before Frances has a dress made, she shows me a piece of the material and I tell her whether I like it or not. When I need a suit, she may buy a whole flock of suits on approval, and I'll pick one of them out, knowing that she likes them all. Men are good judges of women's clothes, and there's no reason why a wife who wants to please her husband shouldn't be guided by her husband's tastes. As a general rule, he knows what is becoming to her and what isn't. One day Frances came home with a very smart hat, with a little bird on it. But unfortunately, the hat wasn't becoming to Frances—it didn't seem to go with her stature, her eyes, her lips, her hair. I saw that at once and laughed at the hat."

Cameramen were leaving the next dressing room, where Frances had been photographed in many poses, and Jon asked if we could adjourn to that room, so he and Frances could have lunch together. We did. Frances' eyes were shining. She looked dark and cool and lovely with a pink ribbon around her hair, a silk white housecoat trimmed with blue that brought out her exquisitely moulded figure, and gold sandals on her feet. Between Frances and Jon passed a look so intense that all the world could have read their love in their eyes. It was like a living thing in the room, and I thought as I sat there that it is given to few women to be loved and cherished as Frances is.

She laughed when I mentioned the hat with the bird. "I paid more money for it than for any other hat I ever bought," she said. "It was a sky-blue hat with a veil tied under the chin, and a decoration that looked like a tiny yellow bird in its nest. I thought the hat was beautiful, and so did my friends, but when Jon laughed at it, I began to dislike it and I never wore it again."

"Why don't you wear it?" Jon said. "I think I'm beginning to like it."

"I couldn't wear it again," Frances laughed, "not after the funny thing you called it. You said it looked like a hen's coop."



Chic! Janet Gaynor has it in a suit designed by Omar Kiam.

"Will Frances go on with her work?" I asked.

"As long as she wants to," Jon said. "It's part of her life, and to stop her from singing would not be fair, for people who are gifted should use their gift as they were intended to, to give pleasure to those who can appreciate it. So long as her singing brings Frances any happiness, I want her to go on with it. When she wants to retire, that will be all right with me, too. But regardless of whether she works or not, I want to be the man with the long trousers. I think it's every man's duty to pay his wife's expenses within reason. Frances will be living in my home, wearing the clothes and jewelry I give her. So far as I am concerned, I hope she puts all the money she makes into the bank. If, however, she ever wants a definite luxury which I cannot afford to buy for her—like a fur coat that costs $5,000—then, of course, she'd buy it from her own income. We both hope to save up enough money so that eventually we can retire and go on a trip round the world together. We believe in taking nice long trips together. If two people love one another, there is no reason why they should ever want to take separate vacations.

"Which brings me to my second rule for a happy marriage. Have interests in common. Frances and I both love boats, the sea and fishing. Neither of us is very crazy about parties and night life in Hollywood. In New York, we do like going to night clubs, because there is so much to see, there are so many different kinds of bands. Our third rule is: Live alone, never with in-laws. Living alone, there are only two people who must agree. It is much easier to get two people to agree than to get three, four or five people to agree. Our fourth rule is: Live within your income. If we think we need something, we will discuss it first, and buy it only if we decide it is really necessary. For instance, recently we decided to have a boat built. On the surface that sounds like an extravagance, but we figured out that if we didn't buy the boat, it would cost us as much to entertain in Hollywood and seek relaxation there. And the boat is by far the better investment, because we both prefer it to any kind of amusement we could find in Hollywood. Neither Frances nor I believes in keeping up a front or entertaining lavishly to impress other people."

Once an agent, acting without Jon's instructions, went to Goldwyn and demanded a raise for his client. "He can't eat at the Trocadero or at the Clover Club or put up any kind of front on what you're now paying him," the agent said.

"What of it?" Goldwyn exploded. "He doesn't have to eat at the Clover Club or the Trocadero or drive a nice car, as far as the studio or the public is concerned. They'll like him just as much if he doesn't try to put up a front." It is characteristic of Jon that when he heard of the agent's tactics he was so furious he fired the man and apologized to Samuel Goldwyn.

"My fifth rule for a happy marriage," said Jon, "Is to try to get an expert viewpoint outside your own on financial problems. For instance, Frances and I both have the same man to handle our investments. If we didn't get the viewpoint of an expert, we both might make a great many mistakes, and blame them on each other."

"What about children?" I asked Jon.

Those gray-blue eyes suddenly became very agitated and a crooked little smile played around the corner of his mouth. "What right has any man to say whether his wife will or won't have children?" he exploded. "My own mother almost died on the operating table as an aftermath of childbirth, and so did Frances'. Since a woman must undergo all the travail and suffering of childbirth, hers and hers alone should be the final decision. If Frances ever wants to have children, that is all right with me; if she wants to adopt a child, that is also all right. At the present time, with all the suffering we see around us, it is hard to tell whether it is such a great kindness to bring a child into the world or not.

"I consider it purely a matter of luck that I have a job. If Goldwyn had not needed someone to play the rôle of Terangi and if Joel McCrea had not refused the rôle and if William Wyler had not directed my test as ably as he did, I would never have gottten the chance to play the part. When I first came to Hollywood I was offered two excellent positions, but I got those offers only because the people who made them were friends of mine."

Any day now, the hero of "Hurricane" will return to the screen. And when he does, you will find him a more exciting actor than ever, for if "a man's no good without a woman," how can an actor reach his greatest heights till he has found the woman he loves?

Producers Are People

Continued from page 67

Goldwyn temperament, in spite of their contrasting backgrounds, a most happy marriage. Frances seems to have no regrets about her abandoned career. She has thrown all her interests into those of her husband, whom she finds amusing when he is temperamental, and always interesting.

Sam himself tries to make pictures that she will like, taking her opinions very seriously. He would have liked to have her play in the Colman picture. Maybe, he admitted, she would have liked to play in it too. But Sam again was a little scared.

"Everything is so perfect this way," he said, "I don't dare take a chance. Maybe it would be all right. I don't know. Maybe. But it's not worth taking a chance."

With all the fortune he requires already accumulated, Sam Goldwyn is making pictures because he likes to make pictures. He is making the kind of pictures he wants, important films, usually serious dramas, always with a perfection of detail and atmosphere that is the Goldwyn trademark. Sam, Polish born, and once the best glove salesman in New York state, wants perfection in everything; and he'll yell until he gets it.

Darryl Zanuck is another who makes the pictures he likes. His studio likes to call him dynamic. For once, the expression fits. Zanuck is wiry, tense, restless. He never seems to relax. Conversation with him is a form of exercise. Zanuck strides back and forth across the room, gesturing nervously, sometimes hopping atop a desk, or perching for a second on the arm of a chair. He never stays anywhere long. His vacations are as restless as his workdays. He shuts up the studio for several months each year and takes to travel.

This summer he spent in England, playing polo. Arthur Caesar, speaking of Hollywood executives, once murmured, "From Poland to polo in three generations." But Darryl Zanuck, born of a Swiss father and an American mother, hails from Wahoo, Nebraska. He was born there just thirty-six years ago, on September 1, 1902. Into those thirty-six years he has crammed adventure and work. His characteristics, so noticeable in 20th Century-Fox pictures, developed early. He was only fifteen when, adding three years to his age, he went down to fight Villa in Mexico. He had a hand in the World War in France. Returned to the United States, he ignored his small stature and became a longshoreman. He had to earn a living somehow. Over in France, he had been on the staff of the A.E.F. newspaper, "The Stars and Stripes." That started him writing. Between jobs as a longshoreman and bouts as a professional prizefighter, Zanuck wrote.

He is still writing. Out in Hollywood they will tell you that 20th Century-Fox writers are only stenographers for Zanuck. But when you repeat this to Zanuck, you'll have to listen to a lot of language. He has the best writers in Hollywood, Mr. Zanuck will assure you, with emphasis. He works with his writers, but he does not dictate. He has too much respect for writers. And everyone is probably right!

Zanuck, once affectionately described by an associate as "our miniature sabre-toothed tiger," spends his days in story conferences. He is a grand idea man. He gets ideas everywhere, from newspaper headlines, from biographies, from the lists of best-sellers. Those lists are a big help to him. Keyed up to an amazing sensitivity about public taste, he says that books are always far ahead of the stage, that he studies trends by finding out what people read.

Although he has a finger in every scenario, Darryl Zanuck tells the truth when he speaks of his respect for writers. Rin-Tin-Tin, the dog, was his first star. Those old silent films made him a producer. Mr. Zanuck is willing to give other scenarists an equal chance. Almost all his associate producers have been writers.

And as for the unconscious influence of the three small Zanucks, that can be seen in the special interest taken by the 20th Century-Fox chief in any picture with a juvenile star, Shirley Temple and Jane Withers are both on the same lot. Mr. Zanuck says he is frightened of Shirley: she is so extraordinarily intelligent that she overawes him. But, when he's not snapping out an idea for a fast musical or a topical drama, Mr. Zanuck is working out suggestions for one small actress or another. He spends more time on the children's pictures than any others.

Walter Wanger is quite another proposition. A New Yorker, educated at Dartmouth, long accustomed to wealth, he would like to experiment with controversial subjects. Occasionally he does produce one, a "Blockade" or a "Gabriel Over the White House." He likes intelligent films. It was he who made "Private Worlds." But he fills in his schedule with moneymakers, expert commercial jobs that bring in the funds with which to take chances. Probably the best-looking of the producers, certainly the most fluent in speech, Walter Wanger can talk a highbrow film with the best of them. He is shrewd enough not to live up completely to his conversation. He can talk of a Theater Guild of the Cinema; and he's made films no other producer would attempt. But, with tongue in cheek, he can turn out program pictures.

David O. Selznick, another of the independent producers, is unique in Hollywood. He is a producer's son who has grown up to be a producer himself. From childhood

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Selznick was trained for his job. Even while attending Columbia University, he worked in the publicity department of his father's company. He went from there into the story department of another studio. His interest in scenarios is still one of his distinguishing characteristics. Years of writing and editing have made him respectful of other people's ideas. His films, "David Copperfield," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Prisoner of Zenda," are marked by their fidelity to the originals. Mr. Selznick is married to the daughter of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's production head, Louis B. Mayer. His brother, Myron Selznick, is a highly successful agent. This is a real Hollywood family born and brought up in the industry. But David Selznick's vacations are spent attending the races at Saratoga with Jock Whitney.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., son of Universal's former head, is also a Hollywood child grown up to be a producer. At the age of nine he was, unofficially, an assistant to his father. Many a director can remember the time when Mr. Laemmle turned to his small son and asked his advice. At the age of twenty-one he was placed in charge of the studio.

Alexander Korda, puffing away at a two-dollar cigar, will admit readily that he was a flop in Hollywood. Once a newspaperman in Hungary, Korda made his first pictures in an old barn near Budapest. He could not quickly adjust himself to Hollywood methods. Discouraged, he tried London. There he got into his stride, sometimes directing such films as "The Private Life of Henry VIII," sometimes engaging such directors as Rene Clair for "The Ghost Goes West." He is still continental in his outlook and his humor, a sophisticated wit that the Hollywood of silent film days did not relish.

Hal Roach, rotund in spite of his polo playing, goes back to the early days of Hollywood. He left Elmira after graduating from high school, and struck west in search of adventure. He found it, prospecting in Alaska, playing cowboy in front of movie cameras, becoming assistant director on slapstick comedies. He still likes slapstick. That early training clings even to his latest and dressiest films.

Jesse L. Lasky's son writes poetry, gets it published too. Mr. Lasky himself, for years Paramount's production head, is a dreamy sort of fellow too, as you might guess from his independent films. He began his career as a musician, playing a cornet in bands before trying vaudeville as an actor and producer. He was among the first of the big Hollywood producers, turning out fifty and sixty films a year. Now that he is on his own, he enjoys gentle, sentimental pictures, often rather poetic, like "I Am Suzanne" and "Zoo in Budapest." Music is still important to him, as "The Gay Desperado" proved. Those years in Hollywood have not undermined his distaste for the stereotyped. He does not, like his son, write poetry. He tries to film it.

A term as Paramount's production head seems to be a training-school for independent producers. Emmanuel Cohen, who had been in charge of the company's newsreel for several years, now makes some of the Bing Crosby and Mae West pictures on his own. He is a brisk little man intent upon studying audience reaction. To his amusement, he has discovered that most of the audiences at Mae West comedies are women. His only explanation is that women want to find out what Mae West has that they haven't got!

In the big studios even associate producers may have to accept unwelcome assignments. But the independents — and Darryl Zanuck, although head of a big studio, is closely associated with the filming of each picture—turn to the stories they like and understand.

Get a Load of Merle

Continued from page 63

Aherne with a hard look in his eye, "tell the captain to take the boat back to the shore—at once!" "I won't return to the shore," snapped Merle, returning the look, doubled and redoubled, "I came on this trip to catch fish, and I'm going to catch fish. There's no such thing as seasickness, really, it's only mental. If you go below I'll never forgive you." So for hours poor Brian stood on deck, completely green, fishing like mad and mumbling, "It's really only mental."

Lucky are you if you can catch her in her sentimental mood, for Merle wasn't born an O'Brien for nothing and when that Irish blood starts boiling she simply gives her all to the sentiment-tender. She is passionately fond of poetry, and at the drop of a hat will read volumes of it to you for hours at a time. Whenever she finds a bit of verse in a newspaper or magazine that she likes she cuts it out and pastes it in a scrapbook. If she likes you very well she gives you a book of poems, and don't think that you will get by with a polite little thank-you note. No indeed, Miss Oberon checks. Two years ago she gave me a beautiful volume of collected poems and practically every time I have seen her since she has asked me if I read one of the poems in the collection. Some day I'm going to break down and read those damn poems.

Many things have touched her very deeply in her rather short life, but two things stand out. So deeply was she touched by both of them that tears come to her eyes when she tells you about them. One of them happened some years ago when she lived in India and used to go to market every morning with her mother, whom she called Mumsie, and who died only a short time ago. Every day as they approached the market a little Indian coolie boy, about nine years of age, would rush up to them and offer them his basket in which to put their purchases. He seemed such a bright little fellow and so devoted to Merle that her mother gave him a job as house boy. Just to be near Merle seemed to be all he asked of life. When she was sixteen she left with her uncle from India and the little coolie boy with tears running down his dark cheeks was the last face she saw as the train pulled out. He would haunt the mail-box and when there was a letter from Merle he would seize it jubilantly and stand behind her mother's chair while she read every word to him. Months passed and one day came a letter saying that Merle had decided to stay in London—and would never come back to India. That day the little coolie boy quietly disappeared and has never been heard of since.

And then there was last Christmas in London, a rather gay Christmas, for Merle has many friends in England, and very few of them connected with movies or the theatre. Early Christmas morning there arrived a large box of roses from one of the leading florists and the card read, "From the gang at the studio." Greg, and Eddie, and Mac, and Alf—the boys at the Goldwyn studio who handle the camera, the lights, and the props, on Merle's pictures and who are supposed to be the most hard-boiled people in captivity. "Just think," says Merle almost choking, "they remembered me on Christmas and I was six thousand miles away."

The devotion of the people who work for Merle is really something. She's got to be good to rate such amazing devotion out of a group of people who are famous for their disinterest, particularly in stars. If a columnist takes a crack at Merle the entire studio rises in rebellion, and the boys simply beg Merle to let them take a swing at her.

(You don't see *me* making any cracks—I've seen Eddie and Mack and Alf.) Equally devoted are her servants—and I can well understand why after spending a Sunday with Merle recently in her Santa Monica beachhouse. She had given the day off to the two maids, "poor dears, it's so far from the movies down here at the beach, I like to give them plenty of time off." And to her chauffeur and his wife and family she had presented a box at the polo matches. Consequently Merle had to do all the little housewifely chores herself.

When she's in her gay mood there's no gal funnier than Merle. She can't stand a "life of the party" sort of person and you never find Merle making an exhibition of herself. She likes people who tell amusing stories and make her laugh and Merle's little dinners usually include David Niven, George Cukor, Reginald Gardiner, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who can always be counted on for merry anecdotes. Merle's stories are never cruel or vicious (though like the rest of us she loves to "dish" Hollywood dirt) but are usually jokes on herself. She likes to make you think that fans never recognize her and she can't resist telling how at the gala opening of "Marie Antoinette" the fans gathered about the car and seeing Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., they immediately yelled, "There goes Doug and Marlene Dietrich." Director George Cukor is constantly playing gags on her, but she loves them. Recently, among the guests at a party she attended was a certain writer in Hollywood who has been none too gentle in the things she has written about La Oberon. Cukor sensed the situation at once, dashed up to the writer, and begged her to have a seat "right here between Merle and me, oh, you know Miss Oberon, don't you?" And before Merle or the writer could make pretty talk Cukor, enjoying himself immensely, added, "Merle, I think Miss —— is charming, I don't see why you called her an old cow."



Tête-à-tête! Marjorie Weaver and George Murphy, as a romance duet in "Hold That Co-Ed."

Merle is very warm and affectionate with her close friends but she simply can't get used to the Hollywood way of kissing and screaming "darling" at people you hardly know. "I became absent-minded at the Trocadero one night and forgot to kiss one of the producer's wives there," says Merle, "and the next morning six people called before breakfast and wanted to know why I snubbed So-and-so. By noon it was a feud and the next day it was served to Hollywood over breakfast in the lowdown column of the *Hollywood Reporter*. Now, I kiss everybody who looks like they expect to be kissed." (Boys, the line forms on the right.) "When I first came to Hollywood," Merle continued, "and people I had barely met and didn't even know by name called me darling I thought I must be frightfully fascinating and that the entire town was in love with me. But I soon caught on."

John and Elaine Barrymore's Honeymoon

Continued from page 55

I had awakened her sentimental interest while playing a romantic rôle, I was grieved, not to say shocked, at that revelation. If it was possible for me to appeal to her as a headliner worthy of the Chamber of Horrors, I could only conclude I might have instantly and completely swept her off her feet as Jo-Jo, the Dog-Faced Man."

"His *Svengali* fascinated me," vouchsafed Mrs. Barrymore. "But I'm sorry I didn't see his *Hamlet.*"

"You'll never see it," he informed her. "The only way I'd even consider playing *Hamlet* again would be to black up. Too many have done it since mine—about eighty, I think, would be a conservative estimate. But I should like to do *Macbeth,* I wouldn't play *Romeo* on a bet, just as my father used to say he wouldn't play it for two reasons—*Juliet* and *Mercutio.* Even though I am not returning to the stage in Shakespeare, it is like taking a high dive. Not that I'm afraid, for I am really glad to get at it. Interest takes away from any apprehension. It isn't as though I were going back to play *Huckelberry Finn.* Nor am I leaving Hollywood for good. I still have picture commitments to fill. But if the play is successful in New York I shall no doubt go on the road with it. I don't see why not. The theater in this country is by no means dead. If any proof of this were needed it was furnished by Helen Hayes in her recent tour. Here in Los Angeles the house was completely sold out for every per-

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formance long beforehand—you couldn't buy a seat. In my tour of 'Hamlet' I played all the opera houses, and they were crowded. I think that condition still holds good. I've had some of my happiest experiences on the road. And New York has always been very kind to me."

"It isn't that I feel any necessity to get away from pictures," Mr. Barrymore made clear. "They have given me variation of parts I couldn't possibly have realized on the stage unless my manager had been the Seven Little Tailors. And I can't think of anyone, including the Bard, who wouldn't find Walt Disney great competition. Except for the sustained performance, playing a part straight through, that the stage gives the actor there is no great difference between it and the talkies. But this was not true of the silent days. When I went into the game everything was acted slowly. The trouble with that tempo was that you couldn't be natural for a split second. You can't hit a guy over the head with a bottle slowly. But all that has been perfected. Today it doesn't matter particularly whether you are on the screen or the stage. And there are enough good actors for both mediums. On our last visit to New York we saw fine casts giving splendid performances."

"Wonderful!" confirmed Mrs. Barrymore.

"For me," pointed out the returning actor, "there will be the added interest of playing to a new generation. That in itself will be fun. I'd probably have gone back long ago if I hadn't loved sailing, then drifted into the celluloid cornfield. I blew myself to a boat and got married to it. That's not a thing a theater actor can do, is it? Even in pictures I ran pretty much to boats. In 'Raffles' I had to dive off one. It was on its way from New York to Bermuda and had nearly reached there when it was up to me to do my stunt. On board as 'technical adviser' was an ancient mariner from the isle Shakespeare immortalized in 'The Tempest.' In the discussion about my going overboard I noticed he was strangely silent. It was not till everything was set that he gave me a sad look and inquired, 'How you feelin' about it?' 'All right,' I told him. 'It's only a thirty-foot dive, and by hitting the water sideways it'll be easy for me.' 'Mebbe,' he remarked, and walked away with a funereal air. When I'd made the dive, he was the first to haul me up over the side, saying, 'Well, young fella, I never expected to see you agin.' 'Why?' I nervously asked. 'Oh,' he drawled, 'these are the most shark-infested waters in this part of the world.' then there was the time we were getting ready to make 'The Sea Beast.' They were planning to get a real whale and have me jump on it after I'd hurled the harpoon. Off at one side was an old whaling captain who just sat and stared at me. I didn't feel any too good about the acrobatic prospects and felt even worse when the New Bedford expert casually inquired, 'What's he done, and why do you want to get rid of him?' 'What do you mean?' asked the producer. 'Nuthin',' said the high authority on deep-sea monsters, 'but if the whale ever takes a swipe at him with one of its flukes it'll cut him right in two.' The conference ended without any decision. But as we went along with the picture I became aware of something sinister in the obvious fact that they were leaving the whale-killing for the last scene. There was only one conclusion to be drawn from that thrifty procrastination—the picture would be finished by the time the whale finished me. But at the last moment they got a rubber whale and I got a new lease of life."



Gloria Swanson, still chic; snapped in New York. Come back to movies, Gloria!

Having lived to return to the stage with all his arms and legs and things, Mr. Barrymore gratefully admitted: "I don't feel I've missed anything by being in pictures all these years. For that matter, I can't even say, as some movie actors do, that I have missed audiences, for I've had them in radio work. But I've been only too glad to miss curtain speeches. I'll never forget playing *Hamlet* in Minneapolis and St. Paul for a split week. Called before the curtain one night I made what I blissfully thought was a beautiful speech. I told how I loved Minneapolis, how my uncle, John Drew, had always loved playing there, and how glad and proud I was to be in that great and glorious city. Then I waited for a storm of applause. But there was a wet silence. Back in my dressing-room, I asked Fred Lewis, who was playing *Laertes,* 'What's the matter with them?' He gave me a pitying look and said, 'You know where you're playing, don't you?' 'Certainly I do,' I austerely informed him, 'Minneapolis.' 'You are playing,' Lewis patiently explained, 'in St. Paul'."

"That was a terrible break for you to make, Jack," deplored Mrs. Barrymore.

"I was always good at making them," he cheerfully responded. "One matinee day in Chicago when I was playing the wireless operator in 'The Dictator' with Willie Collier I wiped my hands on my white pants and got make-up all over them. Collier, always neat as a pin, was furious. 'You get a clean pair of pants for tonight,' he bawled me out, 'or you you don't put your foot on the stage!' I'd just time to chase over to Marshall Field's before the store closed. I told the clerk my size, but didn't try on the white ducks. When I squeezed into 'em that night I looked like a sea-going Frankie Bailey. Collier sized me up the moment I walked into a scene with a message for him. 'Sit down,' he said, something I'd never done before and was afraid to do then. 'Thank you, sir,' I said, 'but I must get right back to the wireless room.' 'Nonsense, old man,' he cordially insisted, 'take a chair and we'll have a nice little chat.' Both of us 'ad libbed' our heads off till there was nothing for it but take the risk. As I carefully lowered myself there was a distinct and most disturbing ripping sound in the rear."

"Goodness, Jack," prayed Mrs. Barrymore, "I hope nothing like that happens when we go to New York!"

"To safeguard your advent and my renaissance in the Broadway theater," he solemnly vowed, "I'll take along an extra pair of pants. Thus fortified against similar stage misadventure, I shall feel easier. Once I am there again, I think, too, the ghost of my illustrious grandmother will rest easier. Of course, I shall be leaving behind all the good fish I never have caught, but I am looking forward to happy days in my favorite metropolitan haunt, the Aquarium."

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 17

Rather interesting, costumes in this house. The thing I adore about it—it's so comfortable, so livable, and yet so pretty."

We wandered from the living room, where yellow love seats face each other across the white hearth, to the adjoining sunroom. Wendy's piano, laden with new music, dominates this room, but there is a couch in flowered yellow especially favored by Wendy's guests.

"We'll hang apples in these doorways," planned my hostess, "and we'll bob for them in tubs on the terrace. We're going to do the Big Apple out there, too, as a contest. We're having prizes. I've just had such fun doing it in my last picture 'Outside the Law' with Eddie Robinson at Columbia Studios. He's marvelous, that man. I thought when I heard I was to be in his picture: 'He's a big star. I wonder how we'll get on?' but he's grand! He might be the head electrician. He never puts on. You should hear him do his imitation of a Yiddish professor reading the Encyclopedia! We *die!*

"Anyway, Eddie and I do the Big Apple. They put spots on the floor so we will land in front of the cameras at critical moments, but Eddie—he gets lost in his art and it's up to me to pull him and haul him into the right spots. There I am, beaming at the audience and trying to do a Charlie McCarthy at him: 'Turn right. Over this way!' I never had so much fun in my life!"

We left the terrace, a wide bricked place furnished in green and white, which looks out over the gardens, and entered Wendy's bedroom. It's a dream in peach color, from the specially made peach carpet, flowered peach satin drapes, twin beds with padded satin headboards and peach satin covers, to the peach satin ruffles of the dressing-table. The closets are cedar-lined with mirror doors, and the bathroom, in peach and gray, is luxuriously large.



Adrienne Ames fares well in finery in come-back film.

"I never had enough room in a house before," said Wendy, as we surveyed the commodious dressers, closets and wardrobes. "Mother has an entire suite to herself upstairs, all in apple green—with a separate entrance, too, so that she can be as independent as she pleases, yet close at hand."

We moved on to the den, a quiet room in brown and yellow, the beige-and-brown plaid of the linen drapes matched in couch and chair. "We can make this room quite spooky on Hallowe'en," planned Wendy. "It's a grand background for orange lanterns and corn shocks. Speaking of corn shocks, we are serving the most unique salad ever! Corn shock and pumpkin—ever hear of it?"

CORN SHOCK AND PUMPKIN SALAD

2 cups diced boiled potato	Heinz Asparagus tips
1 cup sliced ripe olives	½ cup diced celery
	Cooked carrots
	Pimiento rings

Marinate potato and celery in French dressing. Drain. Combine with sliced olives, ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce with sufficient Hellmann's Mayonnaise to blend. Toss lightly together. Press this mixture into cone shape paper drinking cup, or mould into shape. Garnish plate with lettuce and place cone in the center. Stand asparagus tips around the cone, about three or four to a serving. Cut pimiento ring and slip over asparagus tips. Cut Jack-o-lanterns from large upper part of carrot, and allow to marinate in dressing. Cut out eyes, nose and mouth and fill with tiny slices of ripe olive, outlined with cream cheese. Set Jack-a-lanterns around shock.

"We're having small sandwiches of salmon paste. The paste is bright orange and it looks pretty on either white or brown bread. George has a black cat cookie cutter he's going to use on these sandwiches, and he's putting bits of olive on them for the cat's eyes. Ripe olives. But you can use green ones, of course. Then we're having rings of buttered bread with circles of yellow smoked salmon, topped with cream cheese or olives. These are grand. Naturally, there will be doughnuts. George





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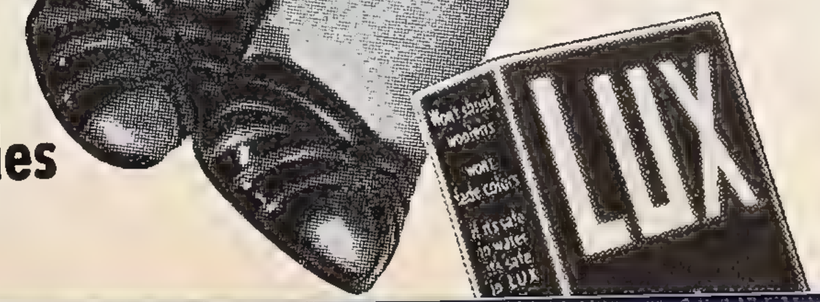
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AMERICAN DOUGHNUTS

½ cup sugar
2 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
2½ cups Swansdown Cake Flour
⅓ cup cream
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Grating of nutmeg or almond flavoring (few drops). Beat eggs until light. Add sugar gradually, beating until all is added. Then add cream. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and nutmeg together twice. Combine with egg mixture. This should make fairly soft dough. Add a little more cream or milk if too stiff. Roll out lightly and quickly on slightly floured board, to ¼ inch thickness. Cut with small doughnut cutter and fry at once in deep hot fat. Drain on paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

"In England, we make doughnuts without the hole in the center. They taste like fresh bread just out of the oven, and are filled with jam. Luscious!"

ENGLISH DOUGHNUTS

½ Fleischmann's yeast cake
2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
½ cup butter
Flour
1 cup luke warm milk
⅓ cup luke warm water
⅛ tsp. grated nutmeg (Burnett's)

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Add teaspoon sugar and flour to make batter drop easily from spoon. Beat well. Put aside in warm place to raise three quarters to one hour. Cream butter and sugar together. Add well beaten eggs, salt, milk and nutmeg. Add to batter. Work in enough flour to make a stiff dough. Set in warm place to raise six hours or overnight. Toss on to floured board. If too soft to handle well, work in little more flour. Pat or roll ⅓ inch thick. Cut in rounds with biscuit cutter. Place ½ teaspoon jelly, jam or marmalade in center of half the rounds. Glaze edges with unbeaten egg white and cover with plain rounds of dough and press together. Let stand on board to raise again for one hour. Fry in deep fat. Drain and roll in confectioner's sugar.

"I hope everything goes off all right. I had a dinner party last night—heavens, what a party! I wanted to be so grand. I told George to be sure to have things out of the ordinary. Well, you can get strawberries any time in California, of course, but we thought we'd be fancy and have those enormous frozen ones that cost a lot and hardly seem possible. George didn't know you had to defrost the things. Neither did I. So in they came, looking simply unbelievable, and everyone oh'd and ah'd—until they tried to eat them, when no one could make a dent in a berry. I was horrified. But my guests, all being perfect guests, smiled and said: 'Oh, mine are marvelous!—not a bit hard, my dear!' and all but broke their front teeth.

"That wasn't all. Earlier, I thought the butter tasted funny. I asked: 'Anybody notice anything about the butter?' And all those ladies and gentlemen, still perfect guests, cried: 'Not a thing!' and they all ate it to show me. Still, I knew better. Just before the dinner was over, it developed that something was wrong with the refrigerator and poison gas was infecting the contents.

"'My word!' I thought. 'I'll have a tableful of dead guests, presently!' I expected the homicide squad any minute, and I saw myself in court trying to prove I had no motive for murder. Heaven forbid anything like that at my Hallowe'en party!"

Hollywood Wedding

Continued from page 57

THE STORY UP TO NOW

A "publicity" engagement, arranged by the press agent of Mammoth Studios, makes its desired impression when it is announced that Dick Ramsey (long known as a Lothario off as well as on-screen) has become engaged to Jean Taylor, leading lady whose screen rôles as well as her simple private life has endeared her to the public as a refreshingly wholesome type. Dick ceases his attentions to Ruby Lloyd, cabaret singer whose rumored romance with the star had so worried Mammoth Studios. He never loved Ruby anyway. And now, suddenly, he realizes he is in love with the girl he is supposed to be engaged to "for publicity." Jean likewise falls in love with the man a press agent selected as her future husband. They decide to marry, and keep the wedding a secret. After the ceremony before a justice of the peace in an Arizona town, Jean confesses to Dick that she had been married before. Stunned, he asks her why she had not told him. As the current chapter opens, Jean is answering her husband's question about her previous marriage.

and clear and tender. Only a few minutes had passed, but they looked at each other as if years had swept by between them. She saw his bewilderment fade, and hunger come into his intensely blue eyes; hunger and thirst that was rooted in both the body and the spirit. A knife drove sharply through her heart at the hurt she had caused him.

"Darling," he murmured, "I should have known better! I was a fool!" His kiss was not only that of headlong young love, the hunger of a young and vigorous manhood, it was also a seal of deep confidence, of some age-old intimacy that had come to them with the first meeting of their eyes and lips.

There was a pink-gray dawn against the windows when she opened her eyes, and the desert morning was fresh with the scent of distant flowers and moist, waking earth. Dick was asleep, and she looked at him with eyes that were fiercely protective. Even tousled, he looked like some Oriental princeling. Suddenly, he opened his intensely blue eyes and looked at her.

"Dick!" she whispered. "Darling!"

They had two days for their honeymoon. Short enough, but it seemed as if time itself had paused. It was a lovers' idyll of dewy mornings, of amber noons and velvet, gem-studded desert nights; a poet's dream of Arcadia. Dick, in a hale baritone, hummed about *"a small hotel, with a wishing well—"* And then, they had to go back, and it shocked them with the abruptness of calamity.

"If we're to put this dandy little fraud over," said Dick, "and keep our business to ourselves, we'd better go back separately. You take the car and drive in, sweet. You catch the morning plane. I'll catch the afternoon plane. We can't arrive at Glendale together. The reporters will see us, and to them two and two is at least nine."

"But you'll be late at the studio," she said.

He grinned. "I figured on something like this. They'll look for me and I won't be around. My Jap valet knows I'm out in my cruiser, and his English is maddening. They'll get nothing from him. When I come in, I'll tell them a story about engine trouble—a breakdown, off Catalina."

"I hate this sneaking!" she stormed, suddenly. "Darling, I hate it! And I'll have to

lie to mother—something I never did before. I have as much right to take my happiness into the open as any other girl!"

She went home, unseen, and invented a tale of visiting a girl friend, at Arrowhead Lake. Her mother's adoring eyes were unsuspicious, and Jean turned away, feeling like a criminal. The defeat of old age, she saw, was never triumphant.

She met Dick again at the studio, and they went ahead with the picture they were making. She watched him work with a fierce pride tugging at her heart, and when they were in each other's arms, in the love scenes, Markel hugged himself and his lips grew taut, for their love scenes together had a sincerity, a sweep, that would light a moment of beauty, and the cameras would catch it.

"Damn! whispered Dick to her, one day, unheard. "I can make love to you all I want to—before the camera—in cafés—in public, at parties—but I can't in private! We have no privacy."

"Darling!" she whispered. "Don't! I hate it too!"

"Why can't we go away over the week-end, sweet?"

She shivered. "Oh, I want to! But—mother?"

"What a life!" he muttered.

"Have you forgotten," she reminded him, "that the studio wants merely an engagement? And that we both have contracts forbidding us to marry?"

"There must be a way to beat this racket," he grumbled.

"I think, Mr. Ramsey," she said, tremulously, "that I love you very, very much!"

The party given by Ben Glassman for Jean Taylor and Dick Ramsey was elaborate. The great house was perfection; the glamor and elegance of the men and women present a national byword. All the great and near-great were present. Glittering people, great names, famous faces; a nonchalant, wise-cracking group, full of shop talk and studio gossip. The party was to be broadcast by radio and published in the chatter columns and newspapers. And everybody came. Hollywood's most eligible bachelor was engaged to be married!

Dick Ramsey had shopped and bought Jean the most beautiful square-cut diamond that money would buy, and the newspapers learned of the dazzling engagement ring. There were pictures of Jean in the newspapers, of Dick, of the ring.

Sam Glassman isolated Dick at the party and thrust the newspaper clipping into his hand, covertly. "Look, robber," he complained, frowning, "I said we'd buy a few trinkets to make this engagement look real,



See—even a glamor girl like Olivia de Havilland gets runs in her stockings.

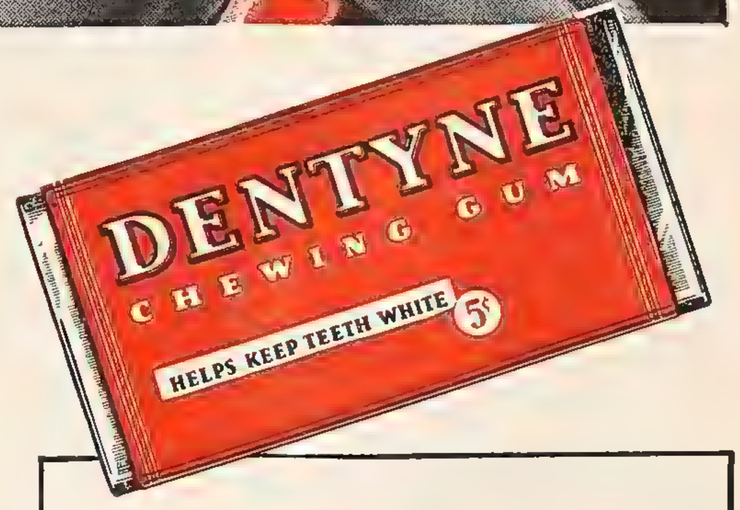
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but what's the idea of this Crown jewel?"

"Think nothing of it," said Dick. "It has to look genuine, doesn't it? And I'm no tightwad. Don't be a piker."

"Piker? You call twenty-five thousand—"

"All right, skip it! I'll pay for this myself!"

Ben Glassman's brows were puzzled as he watched Dick walk away. Dick Ramsey was chuckling as he walked out on the terrace, tired of the noisy party and the smoke-laden air. Hollywood had come to honor him and Jean, but the eyes of the guests were full of challenge; they were intent on their own high-tension familiarity, their own place in the spotlight of fame. Jean, he saw, through the window, was surrounded by an admiring group. His heart drummed with the pleasure of his secret knowledge: this unbelievable little beauty —this girl with the starry, wine-colored eyes and the crushed poppy mouth belonged to him!

He lighted a cigarette, and stood near the deserted swimming pool. The night was still and lovely. The orange trees swayed in a night wind saline with the ghostly savor of the sea, and the garden, nearby. He looked up, eagerly, as a slim, feminine figure approached, heralded by a fugitive vanguard of costly perfume. In the clear moonlight he recognized her, with a sense of disappointment. The girl was dark, directly, primitively beautiful. Every movement of her shapely limbs was designed to aggravate masculine attention, too quickly, too easily. Her swaying body and reckless eyes started a train of thought.

Dick said: "Hello, Ruby! You're looking fine."

She laughed easily and sat down with him, her eyes masked. "You're a good-looking brute," she said, lightly. "Haven't seen much of you, since your *engagement*. What's the gag, Dick?"

"No gag, Ruby," he answered, easily.

"I wondered," she said, "if it was a studio gag. You dropped me like a hot potato. I suppose I belong in an older script?"

His expressive face sharpened. He said, still easily: "You flatter me, Ruby. You have so many admirers—"

She chuckled, interrupting. "You do these imperturbable parts so beautifully, my talented darling! It all looks like a gag to me, dear. How long are you supposed to play around with the milk-and-honey angel?"

"It's no gag," he said, quietly. "It's real, Ruby."

She sat facing the house, and she saw the slim figure of Jean emerge. Banked fires smouldered in Ruby's obsidian eyes. She sidled close to Dick and threw her arms around his neck. Her eyes were suddenly luminous with avid desire, an unchecked rapacity was on her hungry mouth. "In that case, darling," she murmured, "you might kiss me goodbye—"

He drew his head away in distaste, but she pulled it down to hers and crushed her lips to his, holding him with a surprising strength. They both heard the slight swish of Jean's dress. She stood, looking at them, wide-eyed.

Ruby laughed with the assurance of a woman who is accustomed to dominating situations. "I don't find you amusing as the strong, silent type, Dick," she said, with easy urbanity. "You might introduce me?"

Jean said, deliberately: "Is that necessary? I've heard of you—from Dick. You're Ruby Lloyd, aren't you? You're singing at the Swan's Pond." Dick's face was dark with annoyance. Jean continued, without a trace of feeling: "I've heard a lot about you. You're really better-looking than I expected. Superficially, one might think you were really a nice girl."

Ruby smiled. "Charmed, I'm sure!" she murmured. "I also feel that I know you—Dick forming a sort of intimate connecting link between us." She turned to Dick with a poised deliberateness: "Your new fiancée needs to be housebroken, Dick. One detects the presence of claws. Come and see me, darling, when the milk diet palls. I get so lonesome for you—"

He began, furiously, "Ruby! You should—"

"Tut-tut!" she admonished, her eyes greedy and hot, like an angry cat's. "Too bad ladies can't use the same kind of words men do, isn't it? Be seeing you, darling!"

She walked away, poised, with an exhibitionist's skill in the handling of dilemma. Jean and Dick watched her go.

"I suppose you think, Jean—" he began.

"I don't dear," she said, softly. "I watched her, knowing she was an old flame. Dick, how much did she mean to you before—"

"Nothing, darling! I took her out several times, she came to two of my limited house parties, that's all."

"You didn't love her? You don't now?"

"No! Don't get any ideas! She thought that our engagement was all a studio gag."

"Isn't it? Some people are bound to think so—"

"But, darling! We two know better! I hate this! You're my wife, why can't we tell?"

"Not yet, dear. Why, if we were suddenly known to be married, it would spoil all of Glassman's ballyhoo. We're supposed to stage a love story. People like to think stars are in love with each other, maybe, but married!"

"Okay!" he shrugged. "Okay! But I don't like it! If you loved me the way I do you—"

"Oh, don't I, my dear?" she whispered, brokenly. "Don't I?"

"Come here, Mrs. Ramsey," he said. "Into the shadows!"

She was sitting in her lot bungalow, the next day, dreaming, wrapped in happiness and in a perfect peace. In a few minutes, she would go home. Dick, mysteriously, had claimed a business appointment tonight. He had questioned her, obliquely, about the great Travers home. She had seen it. A Mediterranean villa, a show place, with white marble steps leading to the eucalyptus-lined terrace. She had been told that except for the Villa D'Este, it was the most beautiful house of its type ever built. In her heart, she knew that Dick meant to buy it for their future home. He had been so devious, and so apparent! She looked at herself, make-up off, and saw a young girl whose eyes were like twin altar lamps, shining with her dreams.

The telephone rang. She answered, a slight smile on her lips. A moment later she said, "Who?" and the blood drained from her lips and cheeks. Incredulity and fear came into her eyes. She called to her maid: "You may go, Nora," she said, limply. The maid bobbed her head in the door and left.

Jean's hand went to her heart, as if to still the thunderous throb of it; then she spoke into the phone: "Hello? Now, will you please repeat that? I'm afraid I misunderstood you. You said—?"

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"No, you didn't, m'love!" chuckled a male voice. "What's up? Someone in the room with you? Can't say anything, eh? I had a time getting you on the wire! Well, Jean, this is Myles Tracy, all right—in the flesh!"

"But," she stammered, bewildered, "that *can't* be—"

"No? Well, it is! I want to see you right away, Jean. How's the lobby of the Roosevelt? No? Tell you what I'll do—I'll get a cab and drive out Wilshire. About a mile up, there's a church. I'll wait on the corner. You drive by. Something very important—*to you!*"

"I'll meet you," she agreed, faintly, and hung up in the confusion of utter shipwreck; then fear crystalized a grim purpose on her scarlet mouth.

She drove her little coupé out Wilshire Boulevard slowly, her mind a maze of hurt. Some prescience of disaster hung over her. She saw Myles Tracy finally, and pulled up. He got in without a word. She recoiled from him, involuntarily. He smiled.

"What do you want?" she blurted. Inwardly, she was frozen with antagonism.

He lit a cigarette and let smoke trickle through his flaring nostrils. "What do you suppose?" he asked.

"Money, of course!" She slapped him with the words. "How much?"

"Well, now, we can discuss that, Jean, can't we? I saw in the papers where your film star fiancé, Dick Ramsey, just gave you the most expensive engagement ring in Hollywood. You must be rolling in it these days, eh, kid?"

"I'm not!" she gasped. "I'm not! I just got a start two years ago. Mammoth farmed me out to Atlantic, but my salary stayed the same as at the beginning. It still stays the same until after my next picture—"

"Well, you must have some money! Dick Ramsey is a millionaire!"

"That doesn't mean I have millions! I have very little, and that little I saved, dollar by dollar! Why should I give you any money, Myles? My marriage to you was annulled—"

"Don't be funny!" he said. "You can say it was annulled, but I can say plenty of other things—that we slipped plenty over on your mother before the marriage—"

She gasped, revulsion choking her.

"Look!" he snapped, viciously. "I'm broke, dead broke. I have to have money, see? I don't care what I have to say about you to get it. I can dig up the records and show that we were married. I have a hunch you wouldn't want your Dick Ramsey or Hollywood to know that. I've seen the stories in the newspapers. Well, suppose it came out that you have been slipping one over on Hollywood?"

"You wouldn't dare!"

"Wouldn't I? Just try me, baby!"

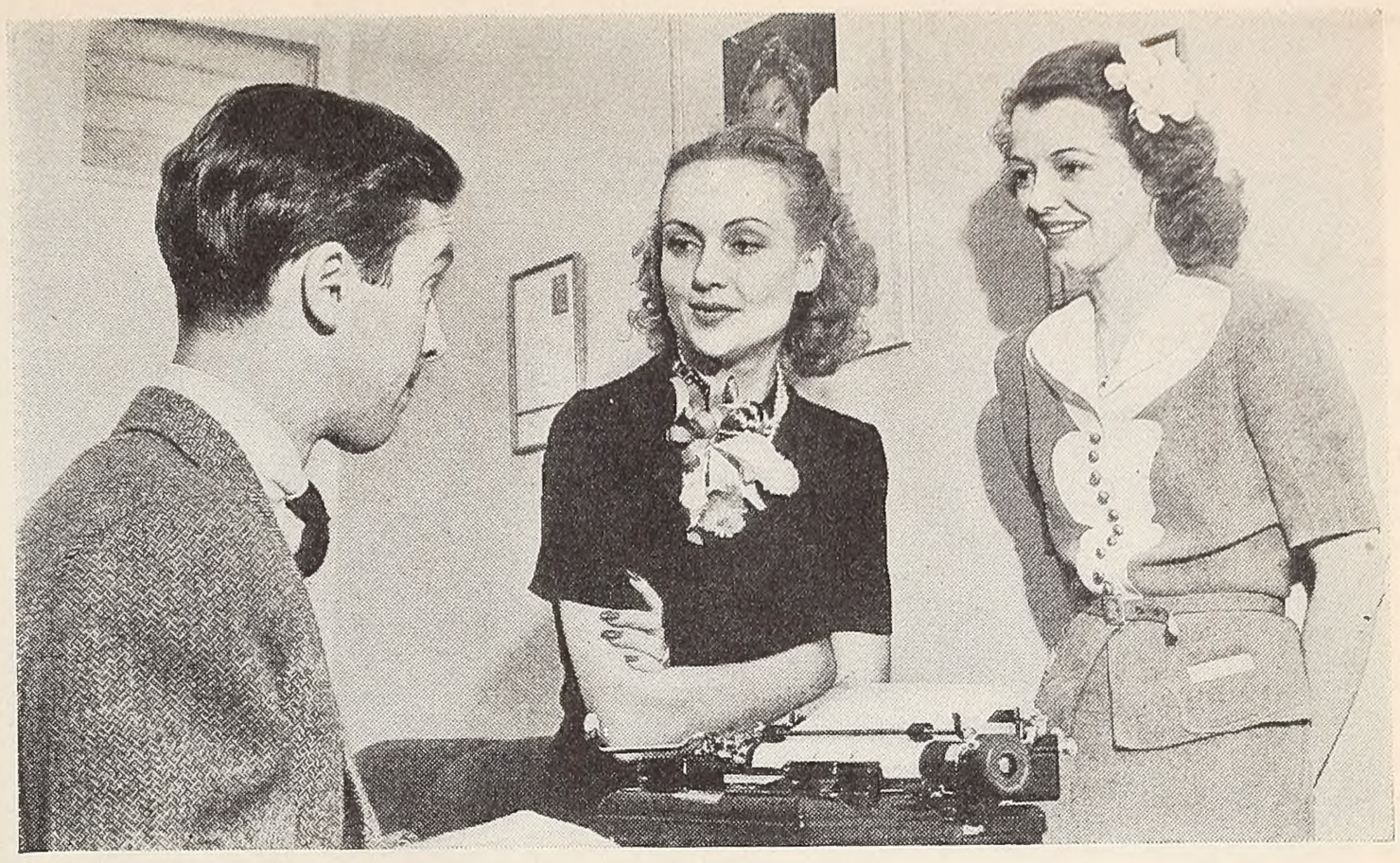
"How much do you want?" she asked, dully.

"Ten grand."

"Ten — thousand?" she echoed. "Why, I—"

"You've got it!" he said.

She calculated swiftly. "I have just about that much in the bank," she said. "I'll give it to you, but that's all you'll ever get. I believed you dead. What about that fire—"



Carole Lombard's office boy when she bossed her studio's publicity department for a week, was James Stewart, here taking dictation as Janet Gaynor looks on.



Freshness

is the secret of Charm...in a Movie Star or a Cigarette

FEAR that freshness may some day fade is a Hollywood headache to every star. For even the greatest talent loses much of its appeal when freshness "goes stale".

But freshness *can* be protected—and Hollywood spends fabulous sums to hold its priceless charm.

Likewise with cigarettes . . . Even the finest tobaccos lose their appeal when dampness, dryness or dust is permitted to rob them of freshness. But tobacco freshness *can* be protected—and Old Gold spends a fortune to give you the rich, full flavor and smoothness of prize crop tobaccos *at the peak of perfect smoking condition;* sealed-in with an *extra* jacket of moisture-proof Cellophane.

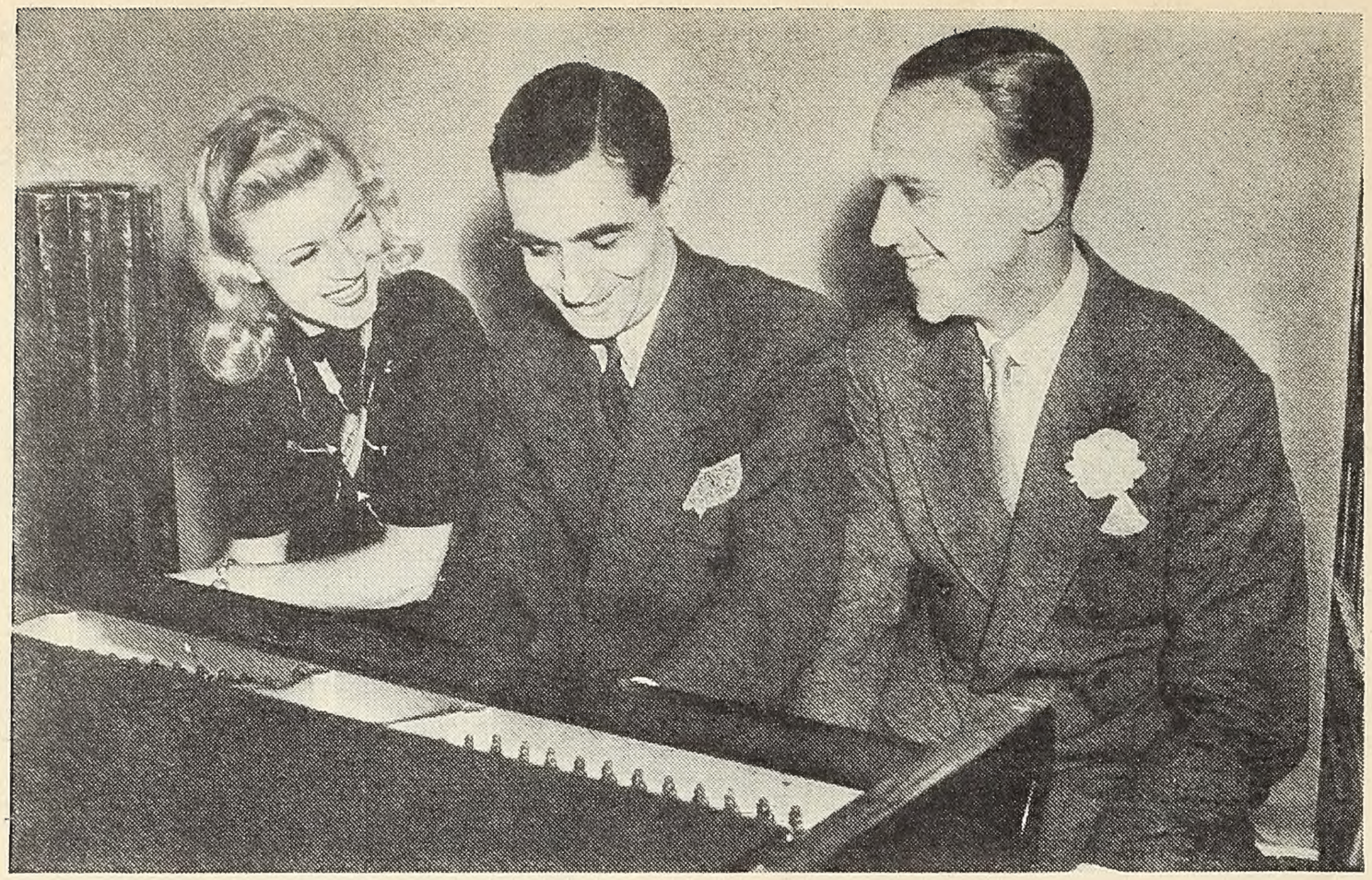
Try a pack, and see what that means —in richer flavor, smoother throat-ease!

Grace Bradley's charm of natural freshness is guarded by the sensible attention she gives to proper diet, exercise, and beauty care. (*She is currently featured in Republic's "Romance On The Run".*)

Copr., 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM.*

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.



"Sweet music," say Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; "glad you're going to dance to it," says Irving Berlin as he plays a tune he wrote for "Carefree."

"Sorry, but I'm very much alive, Jean."

"I—checked up," she went on, tonelessly. "I hired a lawyer and he checked up—" She bit her lip. Disgust and fear were in the swift, stabbing glance she gave him. "I wish you were dead," she finished, dully.

"But I'm not, baby! I was in trouble when that fire hit that hotel, in Frisco. It was my roommate, Jim Raeburn, who was burned to death. Remember him? He was with our stock company too. They found my clothes and papers near him and they thought it was me. I switched with him when I saw how it was going to be, dropped from a window and got away in a pea-soup fog. Fog's always been very kind to me, very lucky to me. Remember? I met you during a pea-soup fog, and we were married in one."

"You—changed clothes with—Jim Raeburn?" she whispered.

"Yeah. Of course, that's all over, years ago. I went to Mexico; lost this finger in a mine accident. Just got back to try the movies and read about your success and your engagement in the newspapers; and the engagement ring Ramsey gave you. I thought I deserved a little something—to shut up. After all, I was really your husband—"

"Jim Raeburn?" she said. "He died in that fire? And his wife's dead, too! What about his little daughter, who was in that Oakland orphanage? What will become of her?'"

He shrugged. "I only took Jim's identity, m'love, not his obligations. What d'ye want me to do? Marry the gal? She's only about seven years old!"

Jean drew up at the curb and turned to face him, her eyes bleak. He had been a handsome leading man five years ago, when she had married him. He was still handsome, though his features had coarsened and hardened. There was a cheap flashiness about him which she could now see—the exaggerated collar, tightly drawn to his neck; the vivid tie; the sharply tilted derby; an exaggerated and not very immaculate fastidiousness.

"I'll give you ten thousand, Myles," she said, softly. "It's all I've got, all I've saved, in two years; and there will be no more. No matter what happens to me, there will be no more, understand? If you ever attempt to spoil my life here, to lie about me, I'll kill you, Myles. I'm not fooling, Myles, I'll kill you."

"Well, what do you expect me to say?" he blustered. "I won't bother you again. I'm going east in a few weeks."

"That will be the best and safest thing you can do. Don't ever come near me again. Let me alone. If you lie about me, if you spoil my life here—I won't care what happens after that."

"Yeah. Will you drop me at the Wolcott—"

She wrote the check—to cash, at his direction—by the light of the dash lamp; then she drove back to town; mechanically, in utter silence. She pulled up at the curb, near the hotel entrance.

A young woman, coming from the entrance, saw them and paused abruptly. Neither Jean nor Myles Tracy saw or paid any heed to the shadowy figure. It was Ruby Lloyd. She recognized Jean. Her eyes hardened.

"This is where you get out," clipped Jean, tersely.

Tracy's face hardened. "All right! And thanks, Jean. This dough will give me a fresh start. I need a break."

"Get out!" she repeated, tensely. "And—remember!"

He stood on the sidewalk, resentful, mocking. "Good luck!"

Darkness had fallen. She wasn't hungry, but she knew her mother would worry. At a drug store she got out and phoned home. The maid answered, and Jean hastily gave her a message for her mother. She didn't want to talk to her mother directly. She wasn't up to it, just now. If her mother knew that Myles Tracy was alive, and what he had threatened, and what she had given him to silence his vicious tongue, she would be deathly ill. No use worrying her. It would serve no purpose. She had to have time alone, to think things out for herself.

She drove on, hardly conscious of direction until she found herself in Santa Monica. As in a dream, she parked and sat for hours, watching the sea. She didn't know how long she sat there. She glanced at her watch. After eleven. Dick would be home now. It was unwise for her to visit him, alone, this time of night. If she were seen, there would be implications, but she had to take that chance. She had to see Dick. The only fair thing to do was to tell him the entire story. Together, they could better face the threat.

She started the car and swung it around. At a drug store, she called Dick's home. The Jap valet answered and told her Dick was not at home. She said she simply had to see him tonight. "I'll come over and wait for him," she decided, and hung up.

Thirty minutes before Jean called Dick's home, another young lady pulled up in a roadster in front of his house. She parked in the garage driveway, to one side, and walked to the door. In response to her ring, a Jap bobbed his head to her, grinning in recognition.

"Hello, Toto!" she said, sweetly. "I want to see Mr. Ramsey."

"Solly, he no home," smiled the Jap.

"In that case," said Ruby Lloyd, "I'll wait for him."

She walked past the Jap, whose eyes contracted momentarily. He had no orders to cover any such situation, and he wondered what to do about it. Miss Lloyd had been here before, at parties, he knew, and was a friend of his master's. He shrugged.

"Maybe not come fo' long time."

"I've got all the time in the world," smiled Ruby. "He'll be along. I'll wait for him in his study, Toto. You might bring me a Scotch and soda and a fresh package of cigarettes."

Toto bobbed his head. "Can do," he said, and went on his way to the kitchen. But the telephone shrilled, and he stopped to answer it. The master's Missy, Jean Taylor, was on the wire.

"Let me talk to Mr. Ramsey," said Jean.

"No home, Missy," said Toto. "Solly, he no home."

"Will he be home soon, Toto?"

"Maybe, no can say. Maybe yes, maybe no—"

"I'll come over and wait for him," said Jean. "I must see him tonight, Toto. Tell him so, if he gets in before I get there."

Toto's mind jumped to the other young lady, in the study, and his eyes narrowed. He had to do something about that.

"Solly," he began, "but boss—" He listened. The wire was dead. Jean had hung up. He scratched his head thoughtfully; then he went to get the Scotch and soda, the cigarettes.

In the cozy study, Ruby Lloyd put down the extension phone she had picked up when she heard it ring. She thought it might be Dick. Instead, she had overheard Jean's conversation with Toto. So, that was it! The immaculate Jean, the spotless dove, one of the minor angels of Hollywood—was not above a discreet rendezvous with her supposed fiancé! And Jean also had a sweetheart, on the side. Who else was that stranger who had thanked Jean for money, for a fresh start? Jean had taken Dick away from her, and she wasn't going to be choosy about how she got him back.

When Toto came in with the drinks, she said: "Fine, Toto! That will be all. By the way, I expect Miss Taylor here. Show her in here as soon as she arrives, will you?"

Ruby took a drink and lighted a cigarette. Then, deliberately, she took off her dress, her hat, her gloves. These, with her purse, she hid behind a pillow, on the couch. She stood, in diaphanous black lace underwear, and examined herself in a mirror, pleased and smiling. Looked like one of the costumes she'd once worn in a "Foibles" show. She drew on a silk dressing gown of Dick's which she found on a chair.

She sat down, sensational silk-shod legs crossed, and puffed her cigarette. She thought: "If that little blonde, Jean, arrives here before Dick comes, I'll tell her to try her boy friend at the Wolcott and let Dick alone, or I might tell the press about her giving that mouldy tramp money. I'll tell her she's trespassing tonight." And if Dick arrived first—if his engagement was on the level, as he claimed—she'd tell him about his fiancée and her secret. Ruby smiled. She'd checked up with the hotel clerk, after Jean drove away and Tracy went upstairs. She knew his name. She had overheard something, and she suspected much more.

She heard a car pull up in the driveway. Jean!

(To Be Continued)

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"MILO"... Blonde, brown-eyed daughter of the Henry G. Grays. Extremely vivacious ... well-liked. Her name is forever cropping up in the society columns as "being here" or "going there"... She studies fashion designing ... takes part in charity work ... swims, ice-skates, loves to hunt. She is a Camel smoker. In fact, "I smoke *nothing* but Camels," she says. "Camels are so mild. And when I'm tired, smoking Camels gives my energy a 'lift'." As one of her set puts it: "Oh, there are so many ways in which Camels *agree* with me!"

"PEGGY"... Daughter of the Philip Stevensons... A tall, slim creature whom even critical society photographers call "beautiful" ... She's been fêted from Newport to Palm Beach ... Usually on hand when charitable activities are being planned... Golf is her favorite game... Camels, her favorite cigarette... "Camels never tire my taste," she says. "And they never get on my nerves at all. Oh, I like Camels in so many ways!" Evidently, Peggy Stevenson appreciates what is meant when steady smokers say: "Camels *agree* with me!"

"LE BRUN"... She is a member of a historic Knickerbocker family ... the daughter of Philip Rhinelander 2nd... In sports, she favors the sailing at Bar Harbor, the hunts at Aiken... Her lovely eyes and ivory skin distinguish her in any gathering... She is known among her friends for her loyalty to Camels. "Camels are different!" she says. "For instance, with Camels, even after steady smoking, I have no jangled nerves. And Camels are always gentle to my throat." Adding: "Camels *agree* with me in *every* way!"

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"*Camels agree with me*"

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